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Collier's

January 19, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

JIGGS AND I

By George McManus

Creator of Bringing Up Father

A Gripping Novelette COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

Medit

By Rea

HENRY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32
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8/25

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Now! America's Newest Kind of Car with Exciting New Features!

Photograph by Paul Radkai

31.05 miles per gallon—all-time record set by a Rambler in the 1951 Mobilgas Economy Run! Even the big Statesman gets more than 500 miles to a full tank, at average highway speed!

Now in Ramblers! Yes, the famous Nash Airliner Reclining Seat is available in Ramblers as an optional extra. It easily adjusts to five wonderfully restful positions. A Nash exclusive.

This smartly upholstered All-Purpose Sedan is a heavy-duty hauler when you wish! Like all Rambler Airflytes, it gets up to thirty miles a gallon at average highway speed!

Like the Ambassador (above), the Statesman and the Rambler are built with all-welded, super-strong, double-rigid Airflyte Construction—safer, quieter and smoother-riding!

HERE's the new car sensation of the decade—the Nash Rambler Airflyte—with all the features America's been talking about—PLUS!

Here's all the breathless Rambler performance . . . all the record-breaking economy . . . easiest handling . . . with $300 worth of custom extras like radio and Weather Eye at no extra cost!

And now—the greatest of comfort features is available in Ramblers—the Airliner Reclining Seat. And the rich, new custom-tailored interiors for 1952 again set the beauty pace!

See the hardtop Country Club Sedan—the smart All-Weather Convertible—the sturdy All-Purpose Sedan—drive your choice. You'll join America in saying, "It's the car for me!"

Nash Airflyte

THE WORLD'S MOST MODERN CARS

Great Cars Since 1902

The Statesman *The Ambassador* *The Rambler*

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

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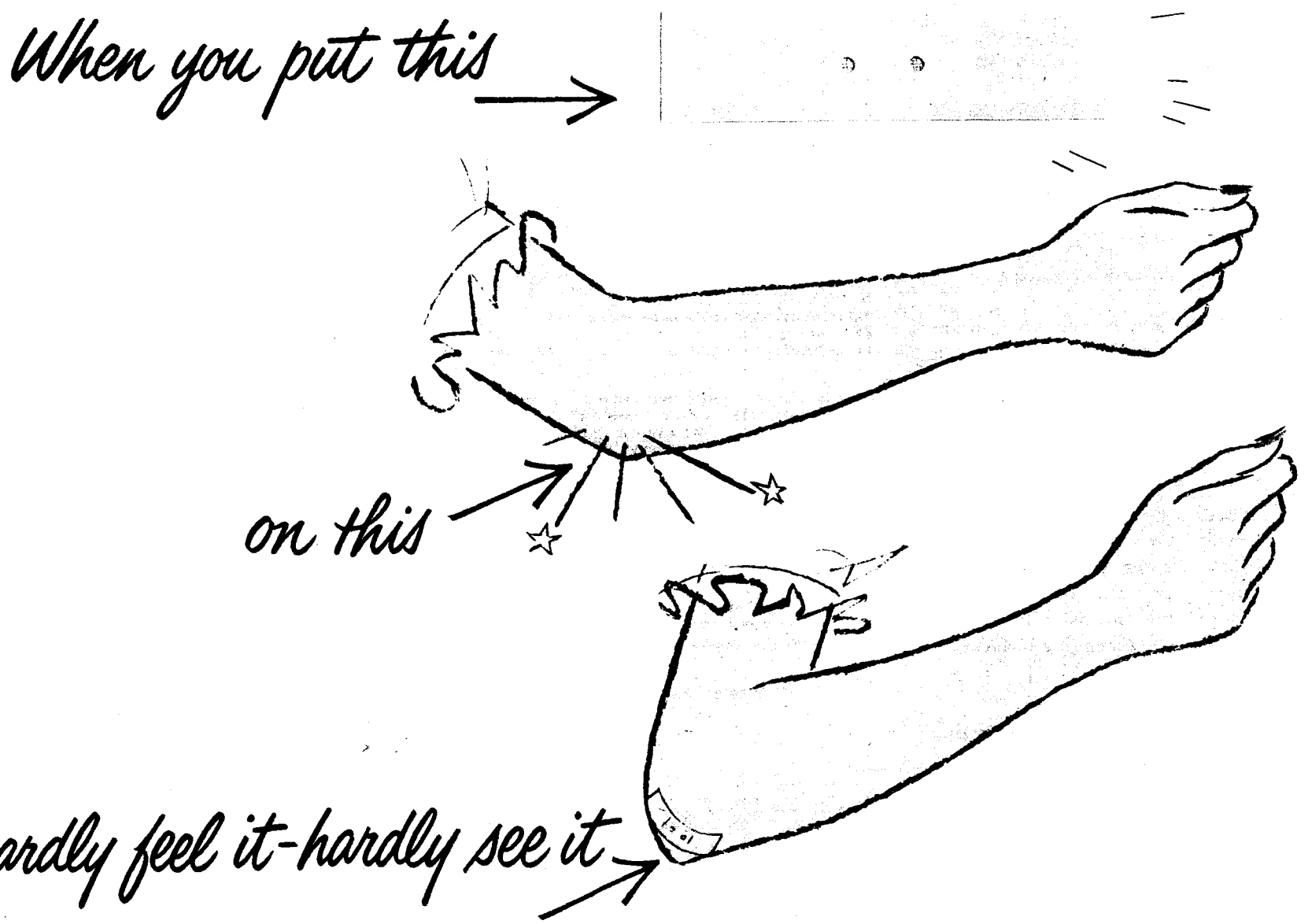

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January 19, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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keep hair groomed new non-greasy way

give it glowing "tone"!

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WITHIN recent years, research on diseases of the heart and blood vessels has brought impressive advances that are helping to save many lives today.

Recurrent attacks of rheumatic fever—the chief threat to the hearts of children—may be prevented by penicillin or other drugs. New hormone compounds are also proving helpful in treating acute rheumatic fever, even in cases in which the heart has been seriously impaired.

Diseases of the arteries that nourish the heart can be treated more effectively now than ever before with certain drugs that prevent the formation or spread of blood clots. Studies show that under ideal conditions mortality from these causes was reduced about one-third by the proper use of these drugs.

Great strides have been made in curing infections that attack the valves of the heart. Heretofore, such infections were nearly always fatal. Today, two out of three cases are cured.

In addition, other research studies point to progress in the detection and treatment of various heart disorders. Prominent among these are the recent advances in knowledge about how the body utilizes *cholesterol*—a fatty substance in the blood—which is suspected of playing a part in hardening of the arteries.

Diagnostic instruments of unusual precision are also being perfected. These promise to reveal diseased heart conditions much sooner than is possible with present devices.

Even with these and other advances, diseases of the heart and blood vessels continue to be the greatest hazard to life. Some 9 million Americans are affected by them, and they account for about 44 percent of the total mortality in our country.

Authorities say, however, that much can be done to help protect the heart, and reduce the toll from heart disease. Here are some measures they recommend:

1. Do not ignore possible warnings of heart trouble: pain or a feeling of oppression in the chest, rapid or irregular beating of the heart, shortness of breath, and excessive fatigue. Such symptoms are often of nervous origin, but their true meaning should be determined by the doctor.

2. Have periodic medical check-ups. Everyone, especially those middle-aged or over, should have periodic medical examinations. Such check-ups generally insure that if heart trouble should occur, it will be detected early, when the chances of successful control are best.

3. Follow a routine of healthful living. Such a routine should include a nourishing diet, getting plenty of rest and sleep, trying to avoid tension, and *keeping weight at normal or below.* The latter is especially important as extra weight is a contributing factor to several types of heart trouble.

Today, thousands of people with bad hearts are living practically normal lives simply by faithfully following the doctor's instructions. Among the groups aiding research on heart disease is the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, in which 143 Life insurance companies participate. Since 1945, the Fund has contributed nearly 4 million dollars to support studies on heart and blood vessel disorders.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

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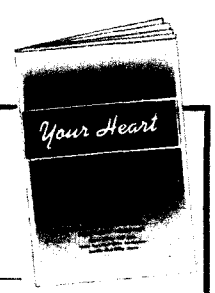

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MOST WANTED

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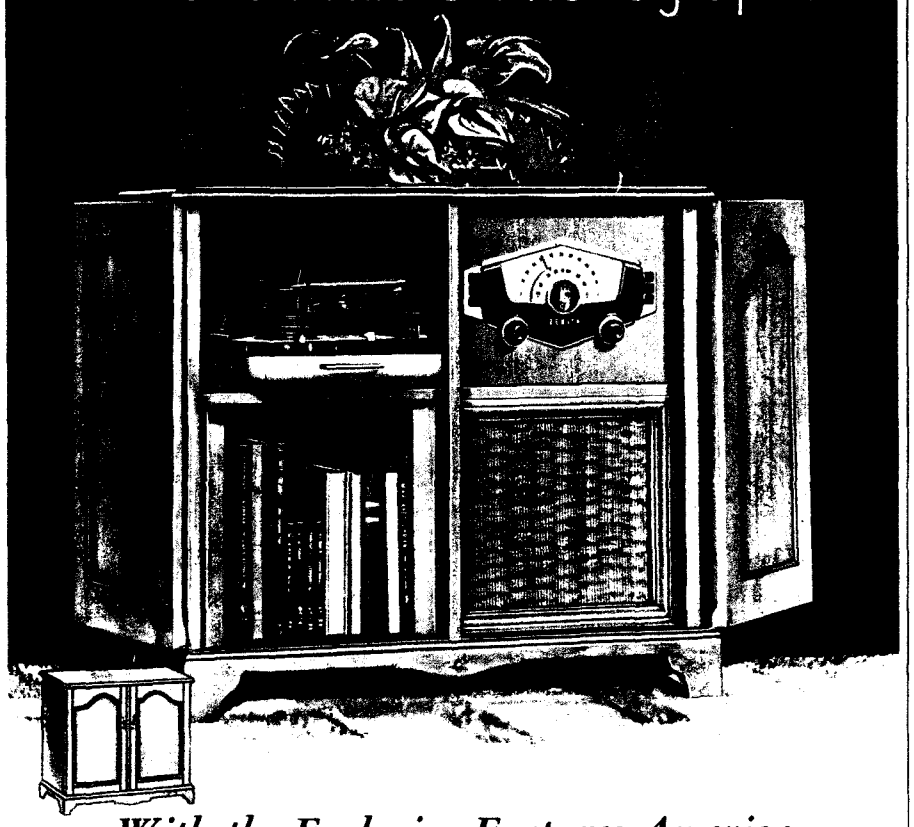


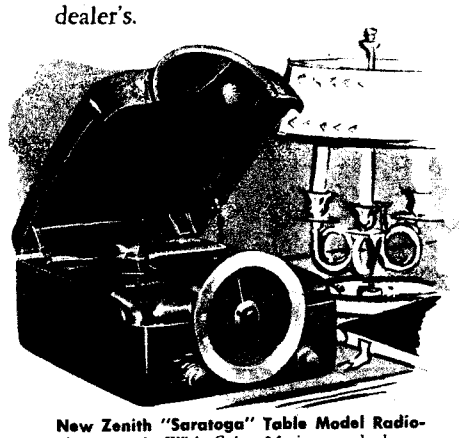
With the Exclusive Features America Wants Most in Radio and Record Playing

Ask any Zenith owner! He'll proudly tell you about Cobra-Matic, the simplest way to play any size record at any speed. Ask any Zenith owner! He'll let you hear the finest tone in radio—show you the greatest array of features ever assembled in a radio-phonograph. Only Zenith, with 33 years in Radionics exclusively, could build a set with such quality, such performance—a radio-phonograph the *artist* will applaud! Ask any Zenith owner, and you'll want to see the many fine models at your Zenith dealer's.

Zenith "Cobra-Matic"

SIMPLEST AUTOMATIC RECORD PLAYER EVER INVENTED

Just two simple controls. Plays *any* size record. Plays not only 33⅓, 45 and 78 R. P. M., but *any* speed now here or yet to come, including the new 16 R. P. M. Adjusts for perfect pitch, tempo and tone quality to suit your own ears—or for musical instrument or voice accompaniment. Available *only* in Zenith Radio-Phonographs.



New Zenith "Saratoga" Table Model Radio-Phonograph. With Cobra-Matic record player. New design Super-size 7½ inch speaker gives dramatic tone quality—the finest you've ever heard in a table combination. Modern Swirl walnut plastic cabinet.

Shown Above—New Zenith "Picardy" Radio-Phonograph Console. Many other superb combinations and radios for your selection.

Only Zenith has all these features

Cobra-Matic® Record Player. Plays any size record, any speed.

Powerful New "Super-X" Chassis. Finest performing in more than thirty years of Radionic progress!

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The Cover

Cartoonist George McManus not long ago rounded out his 40th year of drawing Maggie and Jiggs in his hardy comic strip, Bringing Up Father. On that occasion, Arthur "Bugs" Baer wrote: "There is an infinitely fine seam where George McManus stops and Jiggs begins. It could be the difference between self-analysis and introspection. Or between a salon and a saloon . . ." For the first of a series of informal reminiscences by the man who created a daily reading habit for 80,000,000 people, see page 9.

Week's Mail

Down the River

EDITOR: Here's compliments on your doing Raft of Fun (Dec. 8th-15th). The color cover of the Lethargia and crew was the berries, though the banana turned out white.

My daydream was stolen by this crew, as I too had desired for years to float the Ohio and Mississippi, though I had previous experience with both rivers. You show the towboat Monongahela that I served on a long time ago.

I have clipped the cover and already have it mounted in my den and radio room along with other water pictures.

ROY E. CHISHOLM, Jackson, Mich.

. . . Would it be possible for you to give me a bit of information? The story of Raft of Fun mentions that as the crew of the Lethargia passed the city of Pittsburgh it also passed the Golden Triangle. I have been trying to find out what the Golden Triangle is. Will you please tell me?

MRS. FRANK SHIELDS, Redford, Iowa

The Golden Triangle, in downtown Pittsburgh, is the area at the point where the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers meet to form the Ohio.

. . . In reading Raft of Fun, I noted with surprise that "the lockmaster . . . had been ordered by the Coast Guard to keep all shipping away from the Lethargia."

Now the locks and dams on the Allegheny are the property of the Corps of Engineers, U.S. Army, and always have been. Inasmuch as only Colonel Conrad P. Hardy, Army District Engineer at Pittsburgh, can issue orders to a lockmaster in that area, wouldn't "requested" have been a far better word?

IRWIN M. URLING, Baden, Pa.

Mr. Le B.'s Boycott

EDITOR: This is being written in answer to a letter by Philip Le Boutillier, which appeared in Week's Mail of December 8th.

First, let me assure Mr. Le Boutillier that I am in agreement with his opinion of your October 27th issue, Preview of the War We Do Not Want. But unlike Mr. Le Boutillier, I have no intention of boycotting Collier's magazine, any more than I intend to divorce my husband because he thought the articles were superb.

Mr. Le Boutillier would most certainly find his position as president of Best & Company insecure if all of his customers who were dissatisfied with some minor occurrence in his store decided never to buy there again.

Please inform Mr. Le Boutillier that no longer will Best & Company be the recipient of my business, which amounts to around $100 annually. I am sure that he will miss my patronage just about as much as you mind his not reading Collier's. And my influence as a nobody on his hundreds of customers will carry no more weight than does his well-known name on your thousands of customers.

May Collier's continue to serve this wonderful America as it has done in the past.

BERNYCE ORR, Livingston, N.J.

. . . In his letter, Philip Le Boutillier states his intention never to buy an issue of Collier's or to have a copy in his home. I wonder how Mr. Le Boutillier will know whether or not you published his letter, as he dared you to do.

I rather imagine, despite the withdrawal of his subscription support, Collier's will manage to stagger along. Of course, it may be a little tougher on your purse strings.

As for the issue in question I want to add my praise to the hundreds of approving letters you must have received.

HERMANN A. WENIGE, Jeffersonville, Ind.

High Brass & Tin Pan Alley

EDITOR: Congratulations on the fine editorial, Willie Strikes Up the Band (Dec. 8th). I was quite smitten with it, since I fostered this piece from its inception in 1944 at Fort Slocum, New York, to its publication as a musical number in 1951.

All former soldiers of mine who helped in the development of Sound Off (the Duckworth Chant) are getting a slice of the royalty pie. For Willie Lee Duckworth, who started the chant and who now lives in rural Georgia, I negotiated a standard royalty contract.

BERNARD LENTZ, Colonel, U.S.A. (Ret.), Larchmont, N.Y.

Second Generation

EDITOR: Adolph Watzka's words about our well-loved surgeon in chief, Dr. Harvey Cushing, were very moving (The Hospital Orderly They Call "Doctor," Dec. 1st).

The illustration used gave me quite a lift—you see, the "patient" is Eleanor F. Hortigan, Brigham (Peter Bent Brigham Hospital) '52 and I'm

TESS MCDONALD HORTIGAN, Brigham '28, Holyoke, Mass.

Bribegivers

EDITOR: I liked your editorial on Partners in Crime (Dec. 1st), and I am amazed that you and others, including myself, never thought to bring this subject up before.

So let us hope this article will bring some pressure to bear on the (I believe you said skunks) bribegivers as well as the bribetakers. You can't change certain unscrupulous people with larceny in their hearts by the simple act of preaching morality or stressing the vengeance of God. You have got to be realistic and bring pressure to bear on those individuals in the form of a law with teeth in it.

The paragraph you quoted on the law

(Continued on page 47)

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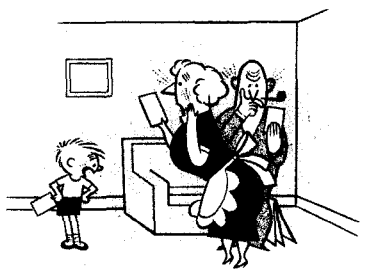
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Mr. Ray Boden, of Higganum, Connecticut, does not believe that the Boden Award for 1952 will be as eagerly sought as the Nobel or the Pulitzer prizes. He does not tell us the value nor the nature of the Boden bestowal. All he says is that it will be given to the office-seeking statesman who produces the longest and most noncommittal answer to the simplest question asked during the looming campaign.

★ ★ ★

Somebody in Burlington, Vermont, got the brilliant idea that in observance of American Education Week it would be nice if parents attended public school for a few nights. There are at least two Burlington parents who, having followed the suggestion, wish they'd gone to bed instead. They report that their little darling, aged ten, brought home the marks they got; and in his own way, he informed them that in the future he expected less harsh criticism of his own report cards.



★ ★ ★

Seldom—maybe never—have we heard from a fellow as violently skeptical as Mr. Joe (No Relation) McCarthy of Hannibal, Missouri. Somebody sent him the results of a survey made at Dartmouth College, which has it that women are more gullible than men. Omitting Mr. McCarthy's more vehement statements, he says: "I've been trying for years to fool several of them and they don't even take the trouble to begin listening with an open mind."

★ ★ ★

And in Philadelphia, says Mr. Cronyn DeSilver of Norristown, Pennsylvania, several business women, including physiotherapists, are planning an establishment which, as we get it, will be something between a gymnasium and a "languor studio." We're not at all sure what a languor studio is, and Mr. DeSilver isn't either. Maybe we'd better curb our impatience until the doors are open, scheduled for late February. What attracts us is what the ladies aim to teach: How to Dawdle Beautifully. Although dawdling has been practiced successfully for many years in Philadelphia, one of the organizers tells Mr. DeSilver that it has rarely been done with "charm, grace and ease." There will be classes for children because, Mr. DeSilver is told, it is difficult to teach the adult to dawdle truly beautifully unless the principles are absorbed early in life. Mr. DeSilver asked whether the tenseness of the times and today's tough competition wouldn't make dawdling, however beautifully executed, hazardous, if one hoped to eat regularly. On the contrary, he was told, there is no record of a true dawdler going without food and shelter. Furthermore, dawdling has undeservedly been frowned upon by the very people who need it most—parents, teachers, social workers, employers and policemen. Some of our foremost statesmen, we learn to our surprise, have made successful careers of dawdling. The trouble is, the languor studio's leading lights explain, that these world leaders have not done it beautifully. We'll keep you informed.

★ ★ ★

So far as this column is concerned, the watchword is Accuracy. Thus, we reject a contribution offering a tale of minor but ingenious mischief in Punkin Center, Washington. Our informant, whose name we mercifully refuse to reveal, starts out by saying it happened "in Pumpkin Center." There is no such place in the state of Washington as Pumpkin Center. But there is an honest hamlet near Yakima where honest American is spoken—and spelled as she's spoken. It's Punkin Center and no nonsense about it. We've asked our correspondent to cease writing us until he learns to spell.

★ ★ ★

And Mrs. Jennie Bostapple, of Little Rock, Arkansas, having consulted the stars, planets, omens, signs, augurs and portents, plus a few oracles, geomancers and teacup readers, predicts that General Eisenhower will be completely bald by January, 1953. This, she says, is good news because she has also learned from the above-mentioned sources that he will have been elected President and that what this country needs is a hairless man in the White House. Bald men, says Mrs. Bostapple, are wiser and more dependable than heavily thatched guys. Have greater strength of character, too. This latter opinion is concurred in by Miss Beverly Tyler, the actress, who puts the general at the top of her list of the 10 most interesting bald men.

★ ★ ★

We're told there was a cow but no lantern at the site of Mrs. O'Leary's shed when the Boy Scouts in Chicago gathered recently to celebrate the 80th anniversary of

LOWELL HESS

the great fire of 1871. The cow, eager to co-operate, looked around for a lantern, found none, but let fly anyway, kicking a scout for a pretty goal.

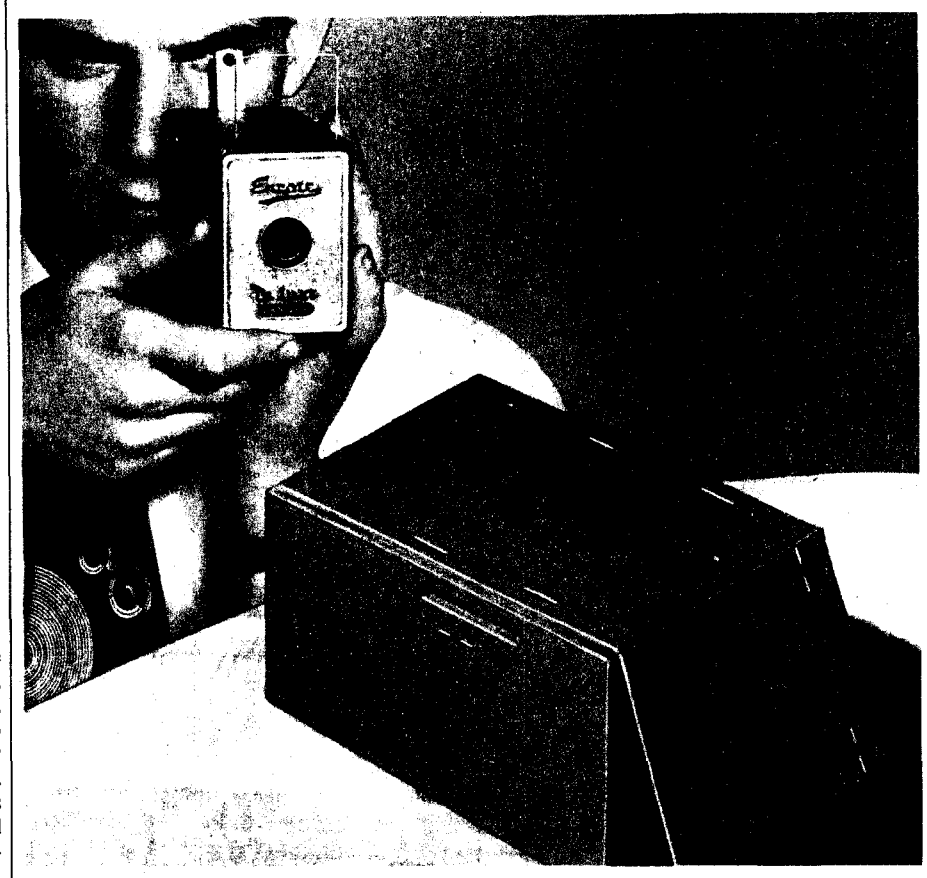
★ ★ ★

We have written to Mr. Harrison Todd, of Sacramento, California, wishing him the good luck he'll probably need in his new business enterprise. Mr. Todd has plans to organize a wife-sitting bureau which, according to his prospectus, will furnish any sort of a wife sitter desired—gay, silent, intellectual, scientific, political, sober, light, dark, handsome or homely. Any kind at all. There will be brave men to reassure the nervous lady whose husband will not be home until all hours. There will be philosophical gents who will rationalize any situation. And there will be a wide variety of ages—elderly gramps for ladies who like

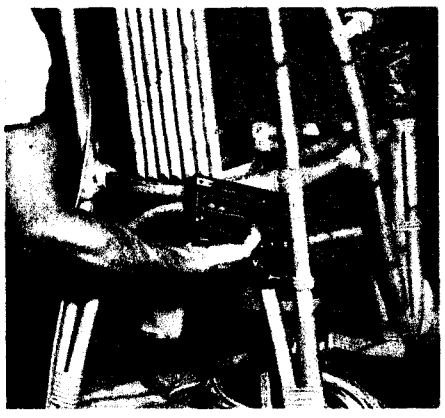
(Continued on page 57)

How much can YOU cut your fastening costs?

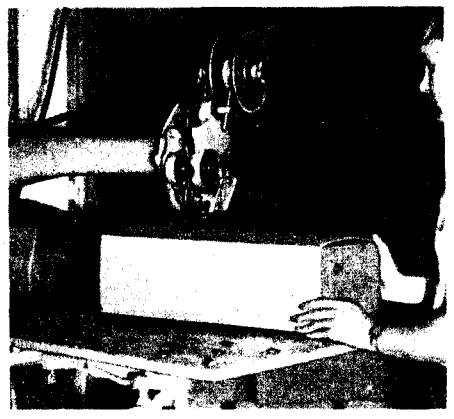
SEE HOW FIFTEEN STAPLES CUT THIS CAMERA'S COST IN HALF



THIS REVOLUTIONARY NEW CAMERA owes its amazing low price to 15 Bostitch staples applied by 5 different models of Bostitch stapling machines. *"Made by any other method, the camera would cost twice as much,"* says its manufacturer. To him, low cost is vital . . . You buy this inexpensive camera already loaded with film and sealed. After taking the pictures, you mail the camera, film and all, back to the maker for photo-finishing. He returns the prints and camera, loaded and sealed for more picture-taking. You see, his costs have to be low! . . . If you want lower costs, maybe Bostitch fastening can help you, too. Investigate!



FURNITURE MAKER CUTS LABOR COSTS 30% applying ¼" plastic strips to rattan joints. He changed from brass nails to Bostitch T5 stapling tackers. He gets more secure fastening, too.



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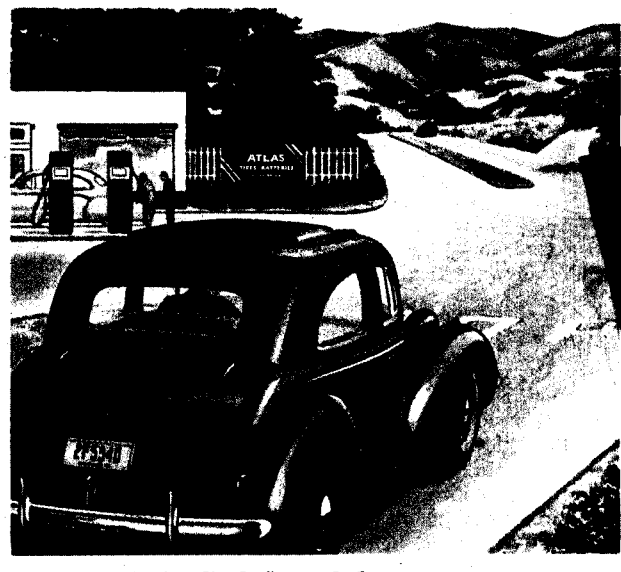

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Collier's, January 19, 1952

JIGGS and I

"In 40 years, I've grossed $12,000,000 and all I've had for capital is a retired hod carrier with a fondness for corned beef and cabbage . . ."

By GEORGE McMANUS
with
HENRY LA COSSITT

I AM not Jiggs. Maggie is not my wife. I have no daughter. These are answers to questions I am asked almost every day. Yet I think I may have become Jiggs. Or, if you like, Jiggs may have become me. They say if you live long enough with a person you come to look and act as he does, and Jiggs and I have lived together for 40 years—through 85,000 drawings of the comic strip Bringing Up Father.

We're both the short sort. At least we are now. Jiggs was once considerably taller, but for some reason he's shrunk until by now he'd be about five feet four inches tall, if he could step out of the comic page into real life. By something that may be a coincidence, I am exactly five feet four inches tall. However, we're both still growing—around the middle.

Jiggs and I enjoy being ourselves. Hedda Hopper says this should be easy for me. "George," she wrote once, "draws Jiggs the way he wants to act himself."

Maybe. Anyway, we both like people. We like restaurants and round tables, with people sitting around them enjoying themselves. We have never believed in exercise and we frown on athletics.

An old Irish doctor told me once that exercise was unnatural and unhealthy. "Never rush, lad," he said. "Never hurry. Never run. Nature didn't intend it. It'll kill you in the end." I agree.

I did try golf once. Looking back, I suppose it was because I knew you had to wind up in the clubhouse where you could have a friendly drink with the boys. Anyway, I took lessons, bought the best clubs, had a tailor outfit me with suitable apparel. When I was ready, I stepped up to the tee and swung. I missed. I swung again. This time I connected. The ball hit a tree, rebounded, barely missed me and rolled to a point behind me. I also broke the club. Since this obviously might have continued indefinitely, I quit on the spot.

Or take horses. Eugene Biscailuz, the famous sheriff of Los Angeles County, once persuaded me to mount one. Gene, besides being one of the most genial of men, is one of the best riders in the nation. He assured me I would love riding, too, once I'learned. Well, I tried. Gene says the horse looked startled when I got on. I know he turned his head, looked me in the eye, bared his teeth and snorted. I got off. I haven't been on a horse since.

I don't even play cards. I used to. I was a whiz at casino, but can you imagine going around at a party that's running strong in these days of canasta and cocktails, and saying, "Anyone for casino?" Makes you shudder, doesn't it?

I neither fish nor hunt. Nature in the raw was never as beautiful as Broadway in the night. Where food is concerned, I'm simple. I don't like French food or Italian food or any other kind of food but American food. Fish makes me sick and giblets and brains and things like that repel me.

Nevertheless, I once ate planked boa constrictor. This was at a dinner at the old Waldorf-Astoria in New York. They brought the thing in on a plank as long as a diving board, daintily garnished with vegetables and with a little figure of Jiggs astride. The board extended the full length of the table and everybody simply reached out and helped himself. It tasted something like turkey and everything was

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PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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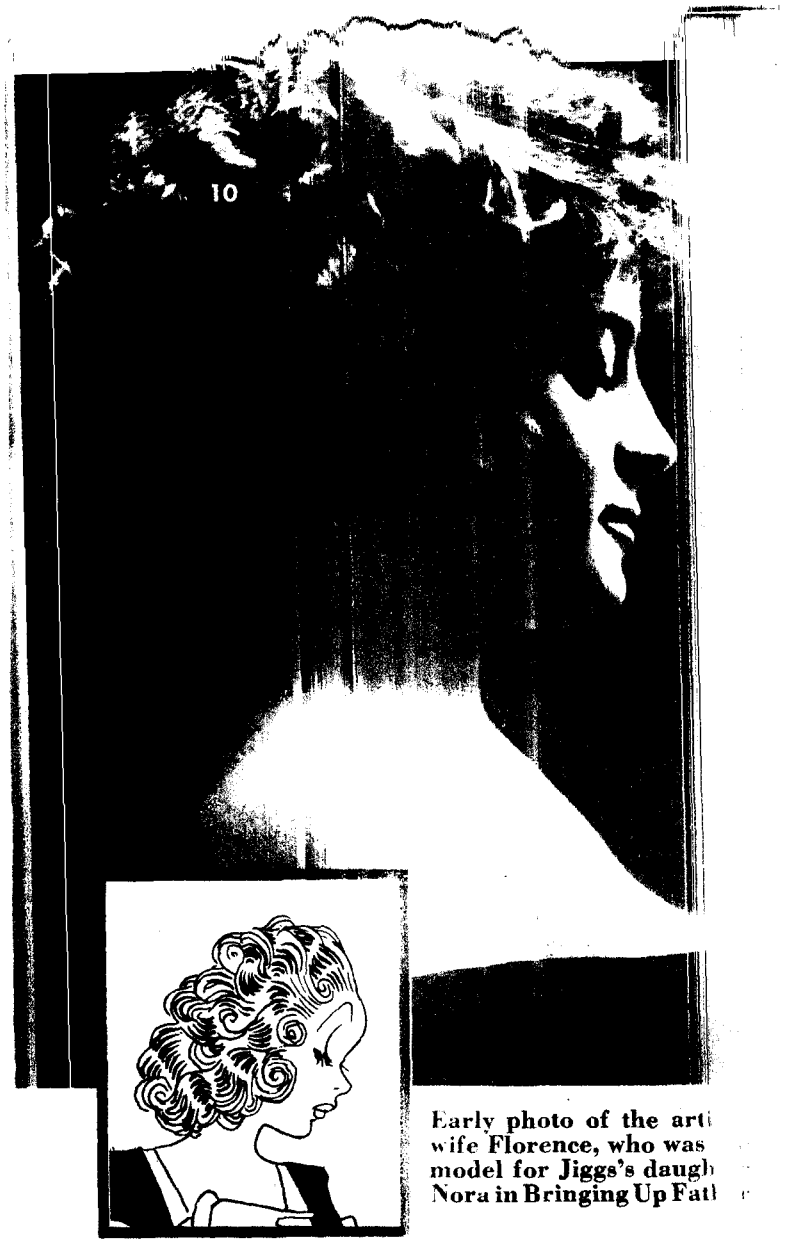

Early photo of the artist's wife Florence, who was model for Jiggs's daughter Nora in Bringing Up Father

Inspiration for Jiggs was Billy Barry, an actor whom McManus recalled seeing as a youngster in St. Louis

fine until two women fainted and a man excused himself in a big hurry. I was the man.

I also once ate 100-year-old eggs. This was at a Chinese dinner the late Bob (Believe-It-Or-Not) Ripley gave for me not long before he died. Besides the eggs, the meal consisted of shark's-fin soup, baby dragons, winter melon soup and something called "spiced livers of the birds of love." Columnist Arthur "Bugs" Baer, who was at the dinner—Rip dressed Bugs and me up in mandarin's costumes—looked at that "spiced livers of the birds of love" on the menu and said, "Naturally." There was also a dish that tasted like oatmeal laced with glue and there were other dishes I wouldn't dare describe. It was called the "100-Year Dinner" because so much of the food was 100 years old. I felt the same way afterward.

Will Rogers Quips About His Hobby

I do have a hobby. I like to take chandeliers apart and put them back together. Show me a fine crystal chandelier and I fidget. Dinty Moore, the restaurant man, used to have a crystal number in his place on West Forty-sixth Street, and one night I persuaded him to let me work on it. I had it apart and strewn over a table in fine disarray when Will Rogers came in. "What were you doing?" he asked. "Swinging on it?"

I am a ruthless man. Door-to-door salesmen and peddlers never annoy me more than once. I simply buy what they have to sell. That gets rid of them right away. Borrowers, too. I lend them the money. Why argue with such people? I've found that an attitude of firm acquiescence sends them packing.

My apartment and my studio are all cluttered up with encyclopedias, book sets, dictionaries, brushes and assorted gadgets. I buy the stuff and give it away. Last year I had no less than five copies of one magazine and four of another coming regularly to my studio in Beverly Hills, California. And I once had almost a quarter of a million dollars in insurance policies, the result of my firm acquiescence. I paid up the policies and cashed them in.

All this may be unsound economics but, in my view, it avoids depreciation of the nervous system. I learned about that very early in life, when I was a newspaper artist on the old St. Louis Republic and was privileged to work with a melancholy young man who bore the interesting name of Modest Stein. Incidentally, my first assignments on the Republic were to draw hangings, murders and suicides. I must have covered a hundred hangings. In fact, it is because of my experience as an illustrator of such lethal events as these that I became a comic artist.

That was right after I saw them hang a man twice. The rope wasn't right the first try and he just fell through the trap and landed on his feet. It was very early in the morning, and cold, and while the assembled witnesses and other newspapermen repaired to a bar across the way to restore themselves, I found a chance to speak to the condemned. "How do you feel?" I asked.

"All right," he said, "but it's a hell of a way to start the day."

I drew my first comic strip right after that, a thing called Elmer and Oliver, the details of which are mercifully forgotten. But I was shed of hangings and murders for all time.

Modest Stein was a copyreader on the Republic. He was as mild as ginger ale and a sweet soul, but constantly in torment because of financial troubles. Not his own. Others'. Modest couldn't resist a touch. He was a particularly easy mark for one reporter, whose notoriously bad judgment at the race track was legendary. This reporter was a charming young man, handsome and gifted with heavenly gab, and every time Modest reached a decision to be firm it was too late. He already had lent the reporter the money.

Modest grew gaunt. He brooded. He became surly and short-tempered. But finally he solved his problem in a way as unusual as his first name. One payday we were standing on the corner of Seventh and Olive, just outside the Republic, when the charming reporter came down the street with a gleam in his eye. He was all smiles, all confidence. Modest awaited him with strange calm. As the reporter began his pitch, Modest drew his pay envelope from his pocket and threw it down the sewer drain. "No!" he yelled. "Not a cent!"

Modest never worried after that. No more have I, although how much money I have thrown down the drain, I couldn't say. At least it keeps me from worrying, and I haven't done badly.

In 40 years, Jiggs and I have grossed more than $12,000,000, with the help of Maggie, Dinty Moore, Clancy, Nora the beautiful daughter, and assorted other characters, including Mallethead, Maggie's peabrained brother, who pops up now and then under various other insulting names that Jiggs gives him.

Twelve million is a nice round sum. It always impresses me. I work seven days a week, it's true, and generally eight hours a day; I usually am at my office by eight and never later than nine; I never have had a vacation in my life. But when I think of the investment in capital that would be necessary for such a return as twelve million, I am comforted. At 5 per cent, you'd have to have an original investment of $6,000,000 to get that sort of income. And if there had been a capital outlay of $6,000,000 40 years ago, I would have doubled that sum in profits alone, with my original investment remaining intact.

But all I've had for capital is a retired hod carrier who has a fondness for corned beef and cabbage and for being himself. And a drawing board. I've never had a staff, although for the past 18 years I've had an assistant, Zeke Zekley, who helps me with the strip.

It still amazes me. It seems not quite real, but there it is.

Perhaps it is because I never cared much about money that I've made so much of it. I used to carry $1,000 bills with me as pocket money. This frightened some people. It struck others as ostentatious. But since I had money, it always seemed to me that I should use it. I figured that if I carried that kind of cash, there was hardly a situation I couldn't meet in the course of an evening. Once, indeed, somebody actually handed me a dinner check for $2,200. This was at Luchow's Restaurant in New York and the dinner was for me, given —or so I had supposed—by King Features, the Hearst syndicate that handles Maggie and Jiggs. As it turned out, it actually was paid for by the syndicate, and the check was a gag; but I had the money and for a moment I was ready—if not exactly willing—to pay.

From boyhood, it never occurred to me that I wouldn't make money, but it always surprises me that I make so much. On the day the market crashed in 1929, I was in the Brown Derby restauant on Vine Street in Hollywood. When I heard the news, I went rushing over to my broker's on Hollywood Boulevard. I had some vague idea of selling short, but I couldn't get to see him.

Unperturbed by Financial Crash

So I went back to work and drew a strip. I lost a million and a half dollars in the crash but it bothered me not at all. I just supposed I never was meant to have that sort of money, so there was nothing to worry about. The strip I drew that day was a good one, I remember.

Actually, this loss has since been made up many times over, as you can see. Not, of course, that I have made $12,000,000 out of the strip alone. There have been comic books, the first of which went through 24 editions. It was endorsed by Charlie Chaplin, who said he always saved my comics and got ideas from them. Others who voluntarily gave their testimonials were Enrico Caruso, the great tenor, David Belasco, the producer and R. F. Outcault, the cartoonist whose drawings of the Yellow Kid really started the comic business in the United States. He is also well remembered as the creator of Buster Brown.

Then there have been novelties. More than forty concerns have manufactured such things as dishes, ash trays, soaps, playing cards, perfume bottles, jewelry, canes, fans, masks and articles of clothing with Jiggs or Maggie or Nora stamped on them. There have been animated cartoons, too, and a play called Father.

During the first World War and in the first half of the twenties, or for 14 years, there were seven companies playing Father in theaters across the nation and in Canada. Not until the advent of the talkies did this business cease. Moving-picture entertainment was better and cheaper for the average person in the average American town after that,

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McManus, unable to find own baby picture, used this shot of Queen Mary for promotion

George McManus in 1923. He started as newspaper artist for old St. Louis Republic at age of 14, later switched to the New York World and was hired by Hearst publications in 1910

and the road theater languished and died. But it was an immense business while it lasted.

Father, by the way, has been made as a movie 11 times. Incidentally, earlier strips of mine, such as The Newlyweds and Their Baby, Let George Do It, Panhandle Pete, and Ready Money Ladies, also were produced as films. Each of these strips was published in the New York World between 1903 and 1910, at which time I transferred to Hearst's New York American. I've been with the Hearst organization ever since.

Since I am a chain cigar smoker (between 30 and 40 cigars a day) I've always wanted somebody to bring out a Jiggs cigar; I've worked hard at it, but nobody pays any attention. This hurts me. But maybe it's just as well.

Since I'm not exactly unfamiliar with corned beef and cabbage, there was once a scheme to cash in on this, too. Somebody patented a way to can the stuff and brought me into the deal—for some cash, of course.

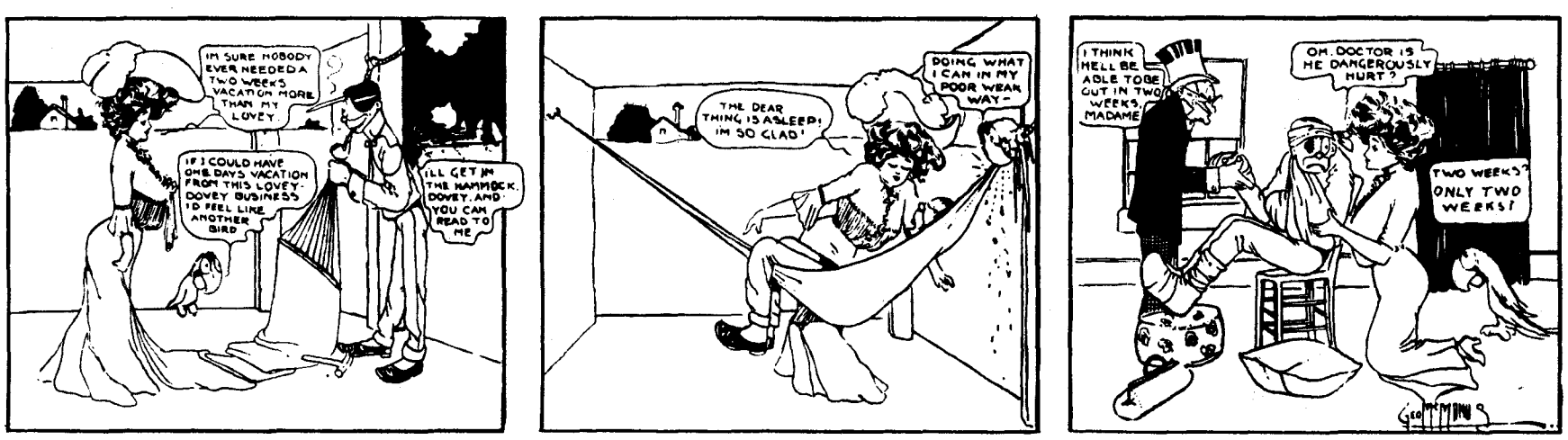
This was in 1929. An oil company was interested in building restaurants in its filling stations between Los Angeles and San Francisco, and the restaurants were to specialize in the new Jiggs Corned Beef & Cabbage, in which McManus had invested. Extravagant testimonials were obtained for the new product from such folk as Charlie Chaplin, Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth, Marie Dressler, Al Smith, and the then governor of New York, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. They all said Jiggs Corned Beef & Cabbage was manna and caviar and ambrosia for them and would be for anybody else who ate it.

We couldn't miss. But we did. On October 29, 1929, Wall Street caved in. So no restaurants in filling stations. No backers. No capital. Jiggs Corned Beef & Cabbage is still in the can.

Or take the time someone proposed planting large quantities of guayule plants in the United States to grow rubber. This, it was said, would make the U.S. self-sufficient in rubber. So a gentleman came to me and said there was a fine place for growing guayule plants near Fort Myers, Florida. Right after I bought, a hurricane blew everything off my property and left nothing but a mangrove swamp. The bottom dropped out of Florida real estate, too. And nobody brought any huge quantities of guayule plants to the United States.

Then there was the "oil well" at Torrance, California. I bought it. And they drilled and drilled. But no oil. One night I was having a party at my apartment on Sunset Boulevard in California. The late writer Mark Hellinger was there and Walter G. McCarty, the man who developed Beverly Hills, and Charlie Foy—*(Continued on page 66)*

THE NEWLYWEDS—Hubby's First Day of Vacation


IM SURE NOBODY EVER NEEDED A TWO WEEKS VACATION MORE THAN MY LOVEY
IF I COULD HAVE ONE DAYS VACATION FROM THIS LOVEY-DOVEY BUSINESS I'D FEEL LIKE ANOTHER BIRD
I'LL GET IN THE HAMMOCK, DOVEY, AND YOU CAN READ TO ME
THE DEAR THING IS ASLEEP! IM SO GLAD!
DOING WHAT I CAN IN MY POOR WEAK WAY-
I THINK HELL BE ABLE TOGE OUT IN TWO WEEKS, MADAME
OH, DOCTOR IS HE DANGEROUSLY HURT?
TWO WEEKS? ONLY TWO WEEKS!

One of McManus' earliest cartoon strips, before the creation of Jiggs and Maggie, was The Newlyweds, drawn for the New York World around 1906

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SPARK OF LIFE

By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

The time had come when waiting might save them, but 509 could not wait in silence; he had to resist. By his action he gave hope and courage to those who lived in darkness

This novelette, made up of portions taken from the first part of Mr. Remarque's forthcoming book, is a story of prisoners in a Nazi concentration camp in 1945. Because of the disturbing rebirth of supernationalism in Western Germany, and the fanatical rule of the Communists to the east, Collier's feels the story is timely as well as gripping. The hope felt by Prisoner 509 symbolizes the spark of life in all men, a tiny spark which, with millions of others, grows into a flame strong enough to consume the forces which try to break the individual spirits of free men with lies and the lash and the crematorium. The story offers a ringing denial that any tyranny can destroy the spirit of man.

The author says: "*Spark of Life* is based upon facts, documents, official reports, and dozens of eyewitness accounts. Although Nazi camps have ceased to exist, there are still others in the world, and they grow in number each year. As long as human beings are imprisoned, tortured and murdered for their convictions, humanity is a bitter farce. If this book can draw some attention to the fight against tyranny, its purpose will have been fulfilled."

SKELETON 509 slowly raised its skull and opened its eyes. It did not know whether it had been unconscious or merely asleep. By now, there was hardly any difference between the one and the other; hunger and exhaustion had long ago seen to that. Both were a sinking into boggy depths from which there seemed to be no more rising to the surface.

509 lay still for a while and listened. This was an old camp rule; one never knew from which side danger threatened, and as long as one remained motionless, there was always the chance of being overlooked or taken for dead—a simple law of nature known to any beetle.

He heard nothing suspicious. The guards on the machine-gun tower in front of him were half asleep; and behind him, too, all remained quiet. Cautiously he turned his head and glanced back.

The Mellern concentration camp dozed peacefully in the sun. The great roll-call ground, which the SS humorously called the dance ground, was empty, except that from the strong wooden posts at the right of the entrance gate four men were hanging by their hands, which were tied behind their backs. They had been strung up on ropes to a height from which their feet no longer touched the ground. Their arms were dislocated. Two stokers from the crematorium were amusing themselves by throwing small lumps of coal at them from a window; but none of the four any longer moved. They had been hanging for half an hour and were now unconscious.

The barracks of the labor camp lay deserted; the outside gangs had not yet returned. 509 lay on one side of the huge enclosure, facing the labor-camp buildings, close to a group of wooden barracks which were separated by a wire fence from the large labor camp. They were known as the Small camp. Here lived the prisoners who were too weak to work. They were there to die. Almost all of them died quickly, but new ones invariably arrived while the others were not yet quite dead, and so the barracks were constantly overcrowded. Often the dying lay piled in heaps in the corridors, or they simply perished outside, in the open.

Mellern had no gas chambers. Of this fact, the camp commandant, Neubauer, was particularly proud. In Mellern, he liked to explain, one died a natural death. Officially, the Small camp was called the Mercy Division—though there were few inmates with sufficient resistance to withstand the mercy for longer than one to two weeks. A small, tough group of these men lived in Barrack 22. They called themselves, with a remnant of grim humor, the Veterans. 509 belonged to them. He had been brought to the Small camp four months ago, and it seemed a miracle even to himself that he was still alive. The Small camp was generally considered by the other prisoners as a cemetery in which for a short while the dead still staggered about.

The smoke from the crematorium blew over the camp in black clouds. The wind pressed it down on the camp, and the vapors swept low over the barracks; they smelled greasy and sweetish and made one want to retch. 509 had never been able to get used to them—not even after ten years in Mellern.

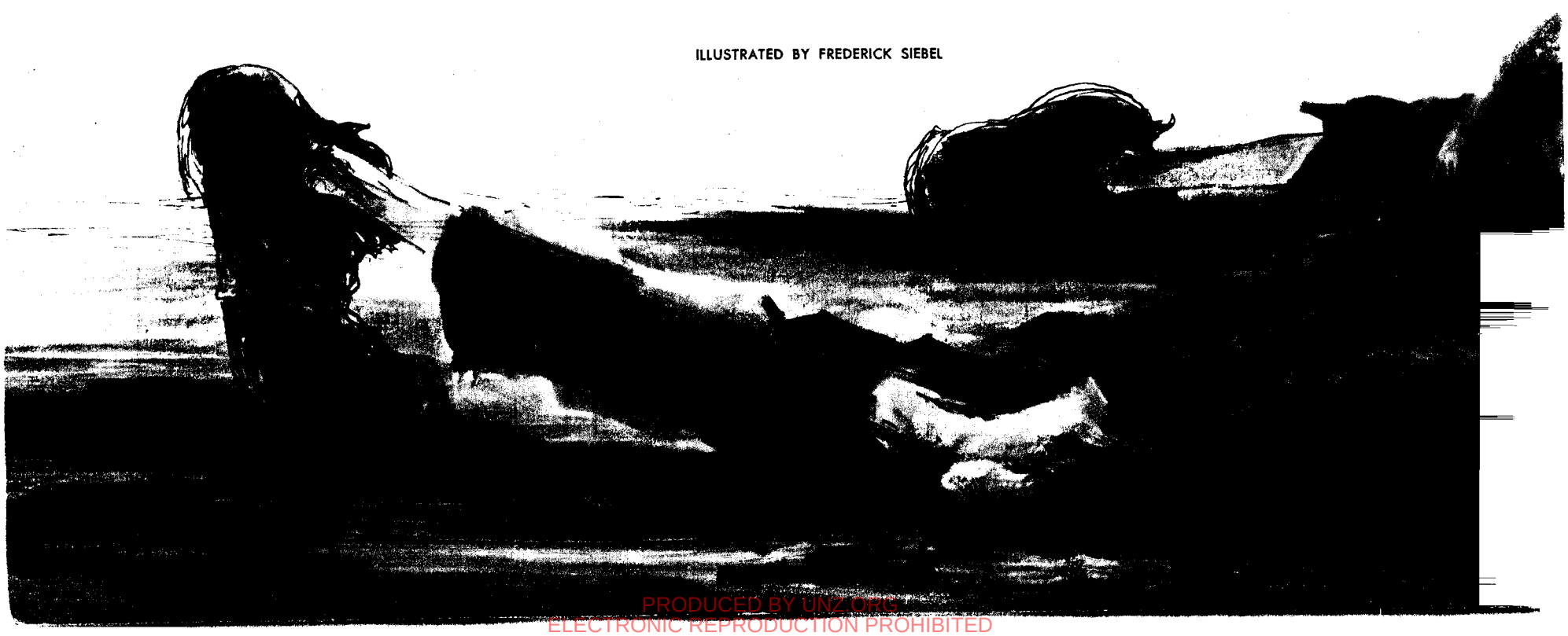
The March afternoon was mild and the sun already had some warmth. Even so, 509 felt cold—although he wore, in addition to his own clothes, the garments of three other people: the jacket of Josef Bucher; the overcoat of Lebenthal, the former secondhand dealer; and the torn sweater of the recently deceased Joel Buchsbaum, which the barrack had saved before the corpse was taken away. 509 had the right to lie half an hour in the sun. Berger, the room senior, had insisted that everyone still able to crawl should spend some time in the fresh air. The next one would be Bucher; then came Westhof. Lebenthal had refused; he had better things to do.

The camp was situated on a hill, and 509 could see the town through the barbed wire. It lay in a valley, beneath the camp, in the clear light of spring. It was an old town with many churches and ramparts, with avenues of lime trees and winding alleys.

509 let his head droop. *(Continued on page 58)*

"You've got to go to the hospital, dear man. We'll take care of you," Wiese said. "I'm not hurt," panted 509

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL



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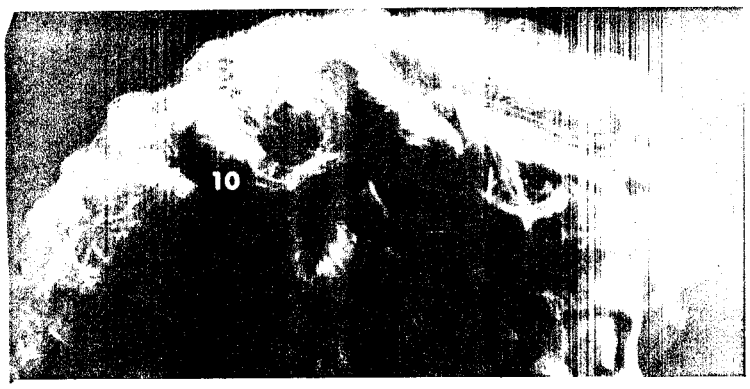

fine until two women fainted and a man excused himself in a big hurry. I was the man.

I also once ate 100-year-old eggs. This was at a Chinese dinner the late Bob (Believe-It-Or-Not) Ripley gave for me not long before he died. Besides the eggs, the meal consisted of shark's-fin soup, baby dragons, winter melon soup and some-

Modest never worried after that. No more have I, although how much money I have thrown down the drain, I couldn't say. At least it keeps me from worrying, and I haven't done badly.

In 40 years, Jiggs and I have grossed more than $12,000,000, with the help of Maggie, Dinty Moore, Clancy, Nora the beautiful daughter, and

14

The Fertility of Hunger

By JOSUE DE CASTRO

The establishment of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization after World War II gave official sanction to a fact long recognized by historians: that there can be no lasting peace while large areas of the earth are facing starvation.

The problem of hunger is an old one; in this article, a provocative new solution is proposed by a top expert on nutrition and food production, Dr. Josue de Castro, chairman of the FAO's policy-making executive committee. The material in this article is taken from his forthcoming book, The Geography of Hunger, to be published in February by Little, Brown & Company

PIX

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A noted nutritionist refutes the "overpopulation" theory as a cause of famine. Actually, he says, starvation stimulates sexual activity, resulting in more mouths to feed in the world's hungriest areas. His solution: increased food production, wider distribution and greater variety in diets

A STREET beggar's bony arm reaches out in supplication. A small boy whose matchstick legs cannot support his protruding "starvation belly" clings to his famished mother. Hordes of gaunt, hollow-eyed men and women clamor for food or stand sullenly, as if accusing all the world of responsibility for their plight.

You have seen such grim photographs out of India, China, Europe—many places. Your father saw similar pictures in his day; your great-grandfather would have seen them too, had the news camera been in use then. For mass hunger in large areas of the world has been with mankind throughout history, and the prospects are that it will continue to be—unless we toss out some of our pet theories about what causes hunger, and take a fresh look at the problem.

WIDE WORLD

ACME

WIDE WORLD

Unquestionably, the favorite of all entrenched theories is that it is "overpopulation" which causes hunger. Were there fewer people in this or that country, the "experts" solemnly avow, there would be no hunger, for there would then be enough food to go around. Famine, they add, is Nature's wise way of attempting to balance food supply and demand by cutting populations which grow out of hand.

The startling fact—now being recognized by a handful of scientists—is that this "overpopulation" theory is exactly the opposite of the truth. It is not too much population which causes hunger. On the contrary, and strange as it may seem, it is hunger which causes too much population. We have evidence which indicates that hunger actually breeds more babies, that the undernourished reproduce faster than the well-fed. In the world's starvation areas, there are too many people because there isn't enough to eat—not vice versa.

Take India as an illustration. If famines were part of Nature's plan for reducing excess populations, that teeming subcontinent should by now have been reduced almost out of existence, for in the past century Nature has thrown the book at it. In 1870 its population was 200,000,000; in 1901—after three decades of famines which killed off 20,000,000 people—its population was nearly 300,000,000. In 1951, many famines and many more millions of deaths later, its population was estimated at 450,000,000. Hunger has killed millions of Indians, but India's tribe increases by leaps and bounds. Something is making the population there produce more offspring than starvation can kill off. That something is hunger itself.

Nature operates with only one goal—survival. Every basic instinct of a living creature drives toward continuation of the group, even if not always of the individual. The color of a flower that attracts pollen-carrying insects, the camouflage markings of a butterfly's wings, the sharpness of a tiger's claws—all these are Nature's weapons to insure survival.

With human beings, the weapon is fertility. When starvation endangers the existence of a group or race, the energies of that group or race are poured into producing more people. When hunger cuts down two in every 10 people, and threatens a third, Nature sees to it that an extra three babies—or four or five, just to be safe—are produced.

Mass catastrophes—famines, plagues, wars—fail to wipe out the race or even diminish its numbers, because Nature never operates to reduce life but to increase it. After periods of pestilence or famine, populations always raise their rate of growth. The eighteenth-century Swiss scientist, Johann Heinrich Waser, showed that population losses from such mass killers are actually made up in 10 years, but the significance of his findings was lost on men committed to the "overpopulation" theory.

As a matter of fact, we don't even know what "overpopulation" is. Look through the writings on the subject and you will find no clear-cut definition. Presumably we could get one by selecting a country which has long suffered from hunger. Let's take China; everyone knows of the famines it has suffered, and the "experts" have long agreed that it is "overpopulated."

China has 104 persons per square mile.

But Holland, on the other hand, long one of the best-fed nations in the world, contains 686 persons per square mile. That's more than six times the population density of China, and yet no one has said that Holland was "overpopulated." If the theory that too much population causes hunger were correct, the Dutch should have been starving to death for centuries!

It is, therefore, scarcely surprising that those who attribute starvation to "too many people" have never ventured a concrete definition of how many are "too many."

The discovery that hunger breeds fertility, rather than the other way around, was not made by any one man. In the past 30 years or so, men in many fields have contributed bits of knowledge, but only recently has the whole picture emerged clearly. This has come about through statistical studies, lab experiments, and discoveries about protein metabolism in human beings and its effects on the production of hormones, those glandular secretions which control both sexual desire and fertility.

These facts together show that hunger is not an inevitable part of Nature's plan, and that the earth can support the entire human race—even if the present population triples—in health and in vigor.

Hunger, in short, is a man-made problem, and man can correct it, if he really tries.

Statistics plainly show that countries with too little food—or equally important, with the wrong kinds of food—countries where millions of people regularly and "normally" starve to death, are also the areas of the most violent increases in population: China, India, Egypt, and certain Central American countries.

On the other hand, in many countries whose people eat well, the population has been increasing at a slower and slower rate. That is the case in Australia, New Zealand, Sweden and the United States, for example.

The same principle also holds true as between different social levels within one nation, where the undernourished classes are the most fertile. The ancient Romans had a word for those who, on a starvation diet, had many offspring, or *proles:* they were prolific, the *proletarians.* And there is a popular saying in Latin America that "the table of the poor is meager, but fertile is the bed of misery."

Proteins Affect Progenitiveness

Folk wisdom is often sound, and newly discovered facts confirm the truth of this adage. The most significant of these new discoveries concern proteins—the building blocks of the body—and especially animal proteins, those derived from meat, fish, milk and eggs.

When statistics on the consumption of animal proteins in various countries are placed alongside statistics on the birth rates of those countries, they show that the most fertile groups are those which eat the least meat and animal products. Groups with a high intake of animal proteins have low birth rates.

Thus, in a typical year (1939), Formosa, where the average individual consumption of animal proteins was 4.7 grams daily, had a birth rate of 45.6 per 1,000 population; India, with a daily protein intake of 8.7 grams, had a 33 per 1,000 population birth rate; Japan, with a 9.7-gram daily protein intake, had a 27 per 1,000 population birth rate. On the other hand, Australia, with a daily protein intake of 59.9 grams, had a birth rate per 1,000 population of 18; the United States rate was 17 on a daily protein intake of 61.4, and Sweden had a birth rate of 15 per 1,000 on a daily protein average of 62.6.

If low protein consumption causes high fertility, there must be a specific process by which it does so. Nature may seem mysterious in many ways, but she also works in a materialistic, brass-tack fashion. Before a scientist can do more than express interest in statistics like the above, he will want to reproduce in the lab the results they indicate.

One scientist did precisely that, back in 1927, but his work was long neglected. J. R. Slonaker, professor of biology at Stanford University, conducted a remarkable series of experiments in which he subjected groups of rats to diets varying in protein content; meanwhile, he studied their reproductive histories for six generations. Slonaker found that diets rich in these bodybuilders increased sterility, retarded the frequency of "heat" in females, and reduced the number of litters and the number of young in each litter.

Slonaker's findings showed that as protein content of a diet increases, *(Continued on page 56)*

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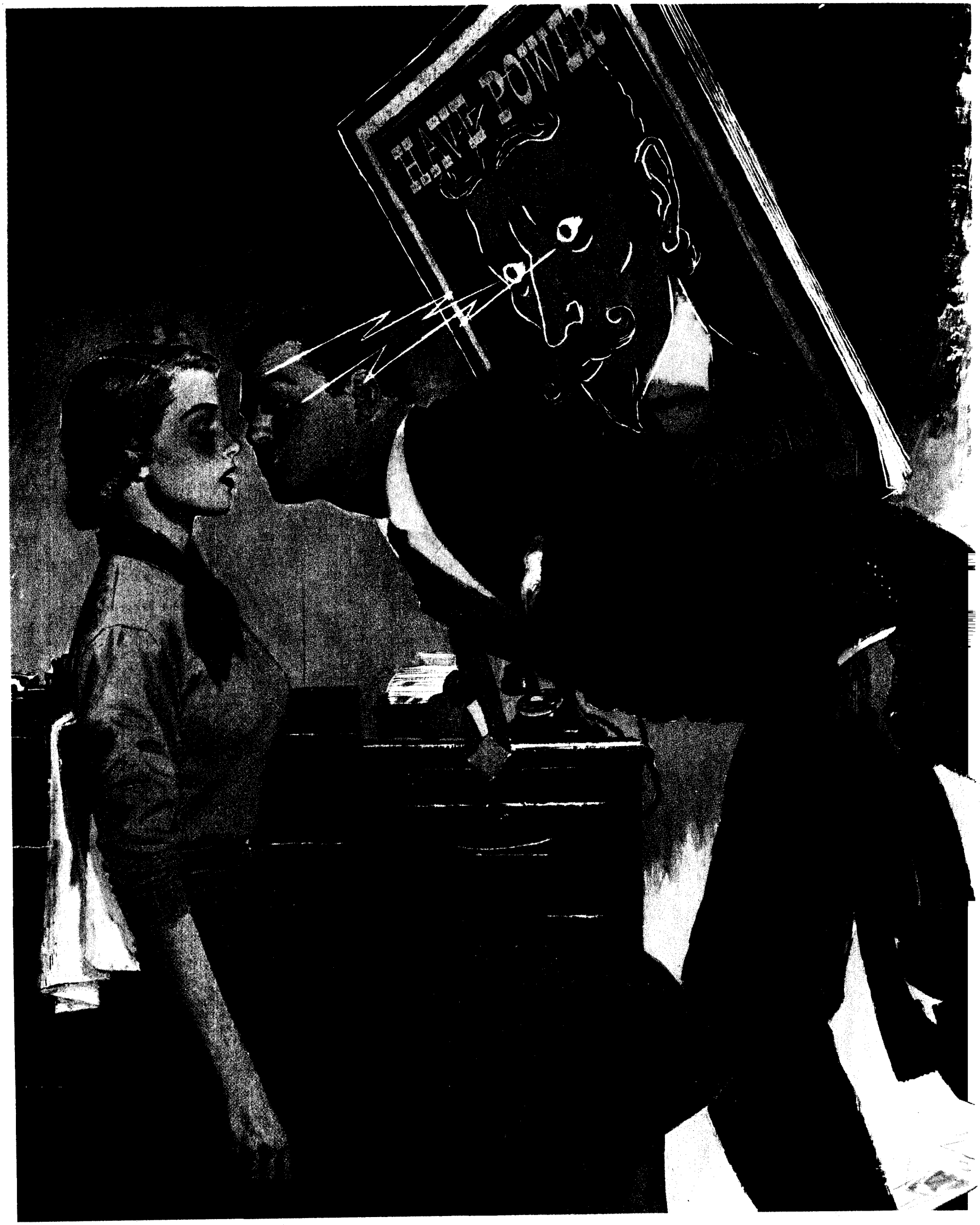

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Otis Pulver's Hidden Power

By LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

They don't come much shyer than Pulver. The old Pulver, that is—not the new, dynamic Pulver who, after one easy lesson, threatened to revolutionize the entire milk industry

OTIS PULVER glared down at the second-hand books on the sidewalk bookstall as though he might transfer to the books a little of the scorn he felt for himself. It didn't work, of course. His bleak misery, like a debt, was non-transferable. He knew that he had reached the ultimate in ineffectualness, in timidity, and he hated himself with the unhappy impotence of a man who has lost a game without ever having had the fun of playing it.

Otis was six feet six inches tall, with a gigantic frame to match, and since he had first sprung up to all this size at about sixteen, he had carried it around with him like a bag of burglar's tools. It seemed to him a shameful burden, setting him apart from the race of men like a second head. More particularly, it set him apart from the race of women. It seemed to Otis that men, who were apt to be interested in games, were more inclined to forgive his enormity—anyway, until they learned he had never been very good at games. But women—girls—Otis believed, must necessarily regard him as a disaster, and he had spent his adult life distantly admiring but avoiding contact with them.

But the trouble was, Otis was in love—hopelessly, desperately in love for the first time in his life. If only he'd at least dared to *ask* Miss Kronkite, the lovely, the enchanting new secretary in the office, to have lunch with him, he wouldn't seem quite so loathsome to himself now. Even if she had refused—which seemed to Otis absolutely assured—he would at least have tried. But to have sat like a terrified rabbit, or moose, for six solid weeks, silently worshiping Miss Kronkite across the room, and never to have dared to speak more than a strangled, apologetic greeting every so often . . .

Then, this very morning, he had sat there and watched Harry Gruber from Promotion walk over to Miss Kronkite's desk, smile his self-assured smile, and, as though it had only just occurred to him, ask Miss Kronkite to have lunch with him. And she had accepted. Right now, at this instant, they were sitting somewhere together in a cozy little restaurant, eating, talking, laughing.

It was insupportable. And it was, Otis bitterly acknowledged, inevitable. It had always been so with him. He had never got more than the crumbs; big as he was, great as was his capacity, he had never dared ask for a whole slice. It only hurt more now than all the other times because of Miss Kronkite. Love was a new and more exquisite agony. The longing was fiercer now—to have courage, to have strength, have power . . .

HAVE POWER—HYPNOTISM, said the big letters on the scarlet-covered book on the bookstall. Otis picked up the book and looked inside at the first page. *There is within you,* he read, *an untapped well of power waiting to be released. Learn to influence the minds of others—business associates, friends and loved ones—through the power of HYPNOTISM.*

On the cover of the book was a picture of a man with a mustache and goatee, from whose eyes emanated some white, jagged lines like lightning. The loved one or business associate who was presumably the recipient of these attentions was left tantalizingly just out of the picture.

FOR a few wild seconds Otis became the man with the lightning eyes. He turned them briefly on Mr. A. A. Corner, his boss, on Harry Gruber, then finally on Miss Kronkite. His mind began to chant crazily: "You will forget about Harry Gruber, Miss Kronkite. Your thoughts are beginning to turn to me. You will start noticing that I am alive, in the same office with you, only three desks away. You are going to want to have lunch with me. Yes, you are, Miss Kronkite. . . ."

Every Book On This Table—10¢. Otis tottered into the store.

He ate no lunch but hurried back to the almost deserted offices of the Sincere Premium Company, where he worked in Accounting, and sat down at his desk to read, oblivious of everything.

The surroundings were, in some ways, peculiar for the study of a book on hypnotism. The Sincere Premium Company dealt in objects for which people sent in box tops. Its premiums were things like catcher's mitts, painting sets and illuminated facsimiles of George Washington's Farewell Address. On the wall over Otis' head, as he read his book, was a sign which said: *A box top sent to Sincere is a ticket to upright living,* and beside it, the assertion: *I would rather be dead than insincere.*

Otis devoured all fifty-six pages of the booklet before most of Sincere's employees had straggled back from lunch. The literary style on the inside of the book differed sharply from the literary style on the cover and began with a detailed, almost long-winded, account of the life and career of Mr. Franz Anton Mesmer, the father of hypnotism. It picked up when it got to the part about the astonishing results Mesmer and his more accomplished present-day successors had achieved by hypnotizing their subjects—pain and illnesses relieved in a twinkling, remarkable posthypnotic suggestions carried out to the letter, unsuspected strength evoked from seemingly inconsequential mortals.

Then the book got down to business in a section headed: *Modern Methods of Induction;* and Otis leaned far forward over the book on his desk, unconsciously wedging his outsized shoes into his wastebasket, as he was inclined to do in moments of tension.

The usual modern procedure, he read, *is to place the subject in an armchair or on a couch where there shall be absolute muscular relaxation and passivity of mind. The environment should be conducive to sleep. The operator, standing at the side, holds up the index and middle fingers of one hand, a little above and away from the subject's eyes. The gaze is fixed on these, and verbal suggestions are made by the* (Continued on page 53)

A wildness seized him. Drunk with power, he bent forward and kissed Miss Kronkite tenderly on the lips. At once he drew back, appalled at what he had allowed himself to do

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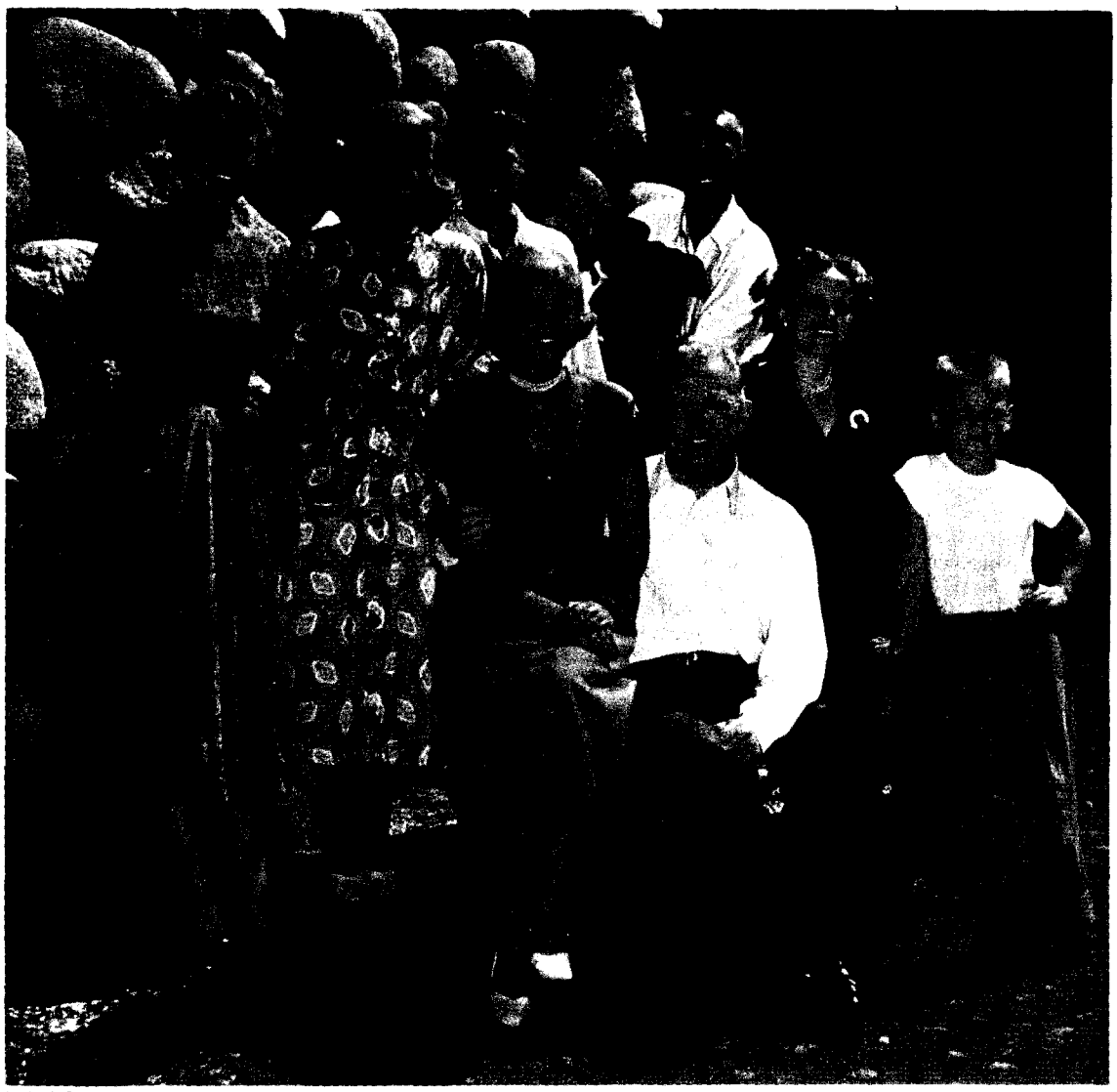
WILL WARREN PIVOT to



JOHN FLOREA

The "wonderful Warren family": in rear (l. to r.), Virginia, 23, now in business school; Nina Elizabeth, 18, who had polio; Robert, 17, in high school; college student Earl, Jr., 21; front, Dorothy, 20; governor and wife; Jimmy, 7, son of James Warren, not in picture

California's vote-getting governor may cop the G.O.P. nomination if Eisenhower and Taft block each other. Or, he could throw his votes to either. What's the man who has this power really like?

UNDER certain not improbable circumstances, Governor Earl Warren of California will be the Republican pivot man in 1952. He may direct the Presidential nomination toward the candidate he chooses as his beneficiary; or in case of a fierce contest between two other major candidates, with neither able to win on early ballots, he could be the nominee. He is expected to have California's convention delegation with its 70 votes, and a considerable number of votes from other states.

Naming names, this means that if General Dwight Eisenhower is available and has real strength but not enough to defeat Senator Robert Taft; if Taft hasn't enough to get the nomination for himself, and these two contenders become angrily snarled up, a third man with respectable strength of his own might be able to tip the scales one way or the other, or pivot around them to get the nomination and perhaps go on to the Presidency. If General Eisenhower is not available at nominating time, the anti-Taft forces within the G.O.P. are likely to center on somebody. That somebody is not necessarily Warren, but could be. Only if one of the two top contenders, Eisenhower or Taft, runs away with the nomination on the first ballot will the California governor fail to be a highly influential figure at the convention.

Whether Warren will make an active campaign for delegate strength in many states, or merely maintain his position of visible availability had not been decided in December.

Eastern politicians, many of whom think of the West as politically immature and remote, say the fact that Warren is from California is against him, despite that state's rank as the second most populous. His want of keen partisanship—a characteristic of the West—will weaken him nationally, they say, and his scorn for political machines (organizations) will be fatal. Besides all this, they claim California is so different that it is not truly representative; therefore Warren does not really know the people of the United States.

To this, Californians have a quick comeback. Their state, they tell you, is more nearly representative of the entire country than any other because half or more of its 10,600,000 population is made up of people who have moved in from other states, about 4,000,000 of them in the past 10 years. The governor and both United States senators are native sons, but 13 of the 23 House members now serving in Washington were born outside of California in 11 other states. (After 1952, California will have 30 House members because of its population increase.)

"If you want to see modern America in one state," says Governor Warren, "come to California. We have people here from everywhere. They are progressive, interested in solving the problems of today and getting ready for those of tomorrow. I think this is true of the country as a whole, too."

Earl Warren is the very impersonation of political California. He wins every time he runs for office within the state by a bigger margin than the time before, yet he has no organization in the conventional sense, and is disliked by many of the figures in his own party, especially the conservatives.

"Out here," a suffering Republican said to me, "nobody is for Earl Warren." Then he added with a sad smile: "Except the voters."

Adroit Tactics Confound Democrats

This crack is a distillate of the California political situation. The Democratic leaders certainly are not for Warren, because, as one explained to me, "We can't beat him. He takes so much of our stuff and appoints so many of our people, that when we try to fight him, it's like a guy hitting at himself in a mirror."

If that sounds a little mixed up, please remember that in addition to everything else, California is a place of wonderful political paradoxes. Registration shows the state heavily Democratic, but the governor, the legislature, both United States senators and 13 of the present 23 members of the national House of Representatives are Republicans. However, when this big Congressional delegation set up its own unofficial organization, it came up with Democrats as chairman and as secretary. And a few days after Earl Warren announced his candidacy on November 14th for the Republican Presidential nomination, President Truman put a capstone paradox on top of all the others by repeating his previously remarked description of the California governor as a good Democrat.

Old-line Republican professionals in California, of whom there are a few, are naturally reluctant to be known as opposing any man who plainly has the state's voters on his side. But they will express themselves almost eagerly, if their remarks are not for attribution, which is a fancy way of saying, "Don't quote me." Their bill of particulars against Warren as a politician runs about like this:

"He will not do the things that every experienced politician knows politicians must do to win. He does not denounce the opposition as all bad. He is openly friendly with Democrats, welcomes their help and gives them credit when he gets it. In campaigns, he often goes it more or less alone, leaving other men on the ticket to do their own vote hunting. He does not like controversial issues, and he does not show political gratitude in appointments to public offices."

But however frustrated some of the pros may be, they admit he has put over many of his ideas, has established an honest merit system in government, and that his hundreds of appointments generally are administratively excellent.

Governor Warren's selection of judges may be taken as illustrative of how he operates. In California the governor makes judicial appointments to fill vacancies, and to fill new positions until the next election. Because of the rapid growth of the state's population, and consequently of the need for more judges, Warren has made an extraordinarily large number of appointments to the bench —more than 170 since *(Continued on page 48)*

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the PRESIDENCY?

By JAMES C. DERIEUX

BOB LANDRY

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These are cheerful days for Mitch and Tony Bennett, whose Because of You sold a million

HE CALLS THE

Since bearded oboist Mitch Miller began supervising popula

IN THE gaudy shrine of the music business—a shrill, shaky joss house crowded with hierarchical figures wreathed in cigar smoke and dressed in two-button, single-breasted suits and white-on-white shirts with long collar points—the image before which most hopeful offerings are placed is the A. and R. man for a record company. "A" means artists and "R" repertoire in New York's Tin Pan Alley. An A. and R. man is a record-company executive whose job is to choose the songs his concern will make, the artists who will sing them, the musicians who will play them and the arrangements that will be used in their execution, as well as to supervise the actual recording.

It is generally conceded by, among others, song writers, music publishers, song pluggers, vocalists, instrumentalists, arrangers and disk jockeys, to say nothing of the record companies themselves, that a record is, today, the most powerful joss of all in popular music, bringing fame and money, not necessarily in that order, to anyone connected with its manufacture. As a result, the A. and R. man is subject to a tribal rite known as "romancing," which may encompass anything from the gift of a whole Lindy's cherry cheesecake to what the trade calls a cash "payola," or any number of other blandishments, varying directly in size and egregiousness with the importance of the A. and R. man.

At present, the most imposing totem in the music business is an artfully rumpled, heavily muscled man of forty named Mitchell William Miller, who is director of the popular music division of Columbia Records, a company he has raised from last to a dominant position in pop recording sales in less than two years; the musical director of Little Golden Records, a children's recording division of Simon & Schuster, the book publishers; and one of the two or three greatest oboists in the world.

Rosemary Clooney had to be convinced that Come On-a My House would sell. It did. Now she says, "Nothing happened to me until I met Mitch"

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HIT TUNE

By GILBERT MILLSTEIN

:cords four years ago, he's become absolutely tops in pops

Miller is running to fat at about the same pace at which his hair is receding. Beneath a potato-shaped nose, broken during a basketball game in his adolescence and only casually mended, he wears an exotic, reddish-brown beard and mustache which make him look curiously like a Max Beerbohm caricature of himself or a sixteenth-century nobleman viewed in a Coney Island fun-house mirror. He grew the beard 11 years ago, having been deterred up to that point by the fact, he says, that beards were seen mostly in cough-drop and patent-medicine advertisements.

By 1940, however, he had decided that he had become a good enough musician to justify growing a beard, which he did. He and his wife chose a tasteful model from a portrait of the Emir Feisal, by Augustus John, which appears opposite page 32 of T. E. Lawrence's Seven Pillars of Wisdom. Since then, the beard has brought him a considerable amount of attention, and people who know him are divided over whether he grew it to get it or as protective coloration. One day he was driving out Grand Central Parkway and was stopped for speeding. "I'm tired of picking up you United Nations guys," said the cop. "You think you own the road."

"But I'm not from the UN," Miller remonstrated.

"Then you must be that writer, Robert St. John," the cop went on. "What's the difference?" Miller was let go with a warning. The beard so impressed the artist, Saul Steinberg, that he included Miller (with oboe, which he thought made a nice balance) in a series of murals which now hang back of the bars in four American Export Lines ships.

Two Angles on the Same Personality

Miller is a man in whom his more fervent admirers profess to see elements of Americana that would attract Walt Whitman, Carl Sandburg and Stephen Vincent Benét, while most music publishers view him simply as an A. and R. man in whom may be discerned the elements that will attract royalties. The three-sided nature of his personality has cost him only sleep, of which he appears to need, at most, three or four hours a night, plus whatever naps he finds himself able to take wherever he happens to be sitting.

In the 22 months of his tenure at Columbia, Miller has not only put the company at the head of the class, at least financially and sales-wise, in the popular music field, but last year, in the weekly listing of the 30 best-selling popular records compiled by The Billboard, a highly respected trade journal, he placed at least seven and as many as 11. For a period of 14 straight weeks he held the first two places with three songs. Four of the songs he has picked and recorded for Columbia, including Jezebel, Come On-a My House, Because of You and My Heart Cries for You, have sold over 1,000,000 copies apiece.

Altogether, he recorded 22 hits last year, none of which has sold less than 250,000 copies (100,000 is considered to be a minor hit in the business) and several of which sold more than half a million each.

In addition, he has discovered, or "invented," as a song writer friend of his put it, at least two new singers. One of these is Guy Mitchell, who was born Albert Cernick and was singing as Al Grant when Miller heard him on an audition record, hired him without seeing him, gave Grant his own first name for a last one and a first one both men thought sounded good, too.

The other is Tony Bennett, who was born Anthony Dominick Benedetto and picked his own professional name, but otherwise feels that he owes pretty much everything else to Miller, excepting his voice, although he thinks Miller had a good deal to do with bringing it under control. With a single song, Come On-a My House, a fast, surging dialect novelty based on an Armenian theme and written by William Saroyan, the author, and his cousin, Ross Bagdasarian, Miller made a star out of Rosemary Clooney who, up to that time, was having only an indifferent success at Columbia, but who has since got herself a motion-picture contract and an apparently endless number of night-club engagements.

Harpsichord Jazz Shocked Singer

The record's distinction lies as much in its sophisticated use of the ancient harpsichord as a jazz instrument as in the singer's voice, and is only one of the techniques that have come to be known as Miller trade-marks on a record. Miss Clooney recalls that she was reluctant to make the record at all, since she did not think she could sing in a dialect. When she was told she would be accompanied by a harpsichord, she says, "I darn' near fell on the floor."

Miller assured her loudly that she could do it, spent several days hunting up a harpsichord, which he finally rented for $200 from a man named Fernando Valenti, who teaches at New York's Juilliard School of Music, and recorded the song. At the playback of the fifth take, which he decided to issue, Miller climbed ecstatically on a chair in a studio control room, closed his eyes, lifted his arms in the manner of a man possessed, and trumpeted gravely: "I'll get them to ship a hundred thousand of these out in three days."

Miss Clooney has forgotten neither this scene nor her benefactor. "Nothing happened to me," she told a friend intensely not long ago, "until I met Mitch." After a brief pause, she added thoughtfully: "And anything that happens to me after that is strictly anticlimax." She was also struck, as practically everybody around him has been, by the enormous quantities of physical energy squandered by Miller.

On a recent Monday, for example, he arrived at his office on Seventh Avenue in the Fifties, pulled down the Venetian blinds so that he could not be spotted by music publishers telephoning him from across the street and accusing him of being in his office when his secretary said he wasn't, and began the day by opening his mail. After an hour or so of this, he listened to records until noon, during which time he smoked three cigars, the gift of a music publisher whose songs don't particularly please him. At noon, he entered the audition room for publishers down the hall, an austere chamber painted in light blue, with Percy Faith, musical director on the East Coast for Columbia, and Joe Higgins, an executive of the company.

Between noon and 6:00 P.M., he heard out 50 publishers, to most of whom he said no. Miller says no to publishers more than most A. and R. men in the business and once wrote an article for a trade publication saying, in effect, that it was a good thing for all parties concerned. He also had two portions of yoghurt, half a bottle of honey, half a dozen hard-boiled eggs, six slices of bread, three containers of coffee, several pickles and the remains of whatever delicatessen sandwiches ordered by the others were lying around, as well as several candy bars filched from the desks of the office help. Shortly after six o'clock, he took a plane for Boston with Higgins, who was by then a thoroughly beaten man.

The two were in the Boston Statler at 7:15 P.M., arrived in time for the opening curtain of a musical comedy at the Shubert Theatre, and left the theater at eleven thirty, at which time Higgins gave up. Miller went on to *(Continued on page 35)*

Miller is a two-career man. Besides bringing Columbia's popular records to front-rank spot in 22 months, he's rated as one of world's greatest classical oboists. Leader is Daniel Saidenberg

Above, Mitch matches beards with pal Burl Ives. Below, the Miller family, foreground (from left to right), Maggie, six, and Mike, four. Center, Annie, 13. Rear, Mitch and his wife, Frances

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BARRETT GALLAGHER

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We watched it waddle down to the water and disappear. "Turtles and elephants," Herb said sententiously, "never forget"

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CAPRICORN INN

By DON TRACY

Yeah, those were golden days. There wasn't enough of it in circulation for money to seem important. But prosperity was just around the corner, and Herb and Clancy couldn't stand it

AFTER you leave St. Petersburg and cross the causeway to Treasure Island and drive down along the Gulf beaches, over John's Pass, you keep going until, on your left, sprawling gracefully on the white, palmetto-studded sand, you see the Capricorn Inn.

I knew the Capricorn when it was a small, immaculate cottage with a lean-to kitchen in the rear, set in a sandy wasteland that few people honestly believed ever would come up to the real-estate salesmen's predictions. That was back in 1938, and when I think of how cheaply I could have bought water-front lots then— But I didn't have the money, so why moan?

Nobody had any money on La Plata Beach in those days—Herb and Clancy no more than the rest of us. Herb and Clancy owned the Capricorn Inn, or did, at least, until the bank in Tampa said they didn't.

Clancy was a small, pretty girl who came from Vermont and had the most incongruous Yankee twang to be heard in Florida. Her husband, Herb, was a Georgia cracker, and while Clancy twanged, Herb "you-alled" and "sho-nuffed" in a sort of mellow obbligato. I never did know how the two had met, but we all thought the meeting must have been arranged by a particularly kind fate, because they were the best-matched couple on the Gulf Coast.

I'd been directed to La Plata Beach as the cheapest place a would-be writer could live. I rented a hurricane-damaged cottage for the round sum of nothing a week, the agreement being that I'd repair the place and take care of it from September till February first, when the owner, a Tarpon Springs man, hoped to move in some paying tenants. I was handy with tools, so the repairing chores took me only the long days of September. By the first of October I was working on my book.

I had girded myself against the friendly temptations of the Capricorn Inn. My budget had no place in it for any drinks except orange juice and coffee, and with coffee selling at the dizzy price of twenty cents a pound, I could afford only two cups of that at breakfast.

I had to pass the Capricorn on my way to the post office, and I'd seen and said hello to both Herb and Clancy, but that was all. Then came the afternoon when Clancy beckoned to me from the doorway of the inn.

"Got a minute?" she asked, in that down-East voice of hers. "We want to show you something."

I went in, and there was Herb poking at a huge sea turtle that lay on its back, gasping despondently, between the tiny bar and the four booths that made up the dining room.

"Hi, Gil," Herb said, without looking around. "Figure this. Man owed me a little bill, and he was sort of short of money, so he brought me this thing. What am I gonna do with this ol' gopher?"

"They say they're good to eat," Clancy said. "Are they?"

I nodded wisely. It was the first sea turtle I'd ever seen in my life. "Finest eating in the world," I said.

Herb cocked his head to look up at me. He had a round, bland face and light, curly hair, and he was always smiling. "How you cook 'em?" he asked. "Fella that give him to us didn't know."

"You have to butcher them," I said cautiously.

"You mean cut them up?" Clancy asked.

"Well," I said, "where I come from, we take a snapping turtle and nail his head to a tree and get a saw and—"

"Stop!" Clancy bleated. "I don't want to hear about it! I don't care how good he is to eat, you let that poor old thing go, Herb!"

"How am I gonna let him go?" Herb asked. "Thing weighs a ton."

We stood there, looking down at the turtle, wheezing, and paddling its legs helplessly in the air.

"If we turned him over," I said, "he'd probably crawl out of here under his own power. I read somewhere that a turtle will travel a hundred miles to get back to water. This one ought to be able to make it outside to the beach."

"Let's try it," Clancy said. The three of us managed to turn the thing onto its feet, and we stepped back, waiting for it to make a scramble for the Gulf. Instead, the turtle glared at us, hissed balefully, and sulkily retreated into its shell. We waited. The turtle outwaited us; a turtle is built physically and psychologically to outwait anybody or anything.

"Might as well have a drink," Herb said, finally. "No use us standing around dry while this big gopher makes up his mind."

"I'm sorry," I said, hastily, "but I don't drink much and—"

"Oh, we know you're broke," Clancy said. "So are we. So's everybody, looks like. This drink will be on the house."

"But I—"

"I hope you like bourbon and branch water," Herb said, "on account the soda-pop man wouldn't leave any fizz water or ginger ale today unless I paid something on the bill. Real nice about it, though."

"If the man with the turtle had come in before the soda-pop man," Clancy said, "maybe we could have swapped it for some soft drinks."

That was how most of us lived on La Plata Beach in those days. Few of us had any cash, so we swapped this for that. For instance, I wrote themes for a Tampa U night student who worked in a nursery over near Largo, and he paid me in bougainvillaea bushes, which I gave to Old Man Crooker, the grocer, on *(Continued on page 42)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

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With the carrier Coral Sea as nerve center, planes and ships of three nations combed a salt-water area of a quarter of a million miles

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED FREEMAN

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MEDITERRANEAN RESCUE

By REAR ADMIRAL DANIEL V. GALLERY, USN

The breath-taking story of one of the biggest air-sea rescue operations in the Mediterranean's history—set off by two pilots who ignored the rule, "When in danger or in doubt, run in circles, scream and shout"

SHORTLY after noon on August 2, 1951, a Marine orderly hurried into the flag messroom on the aircraft carrier Coral Sea, where the admiral and his staff were at lunch, saluted briskly and said, "Sir, the ship reports two Banshee jets are 10 minutes overdue."

Lieutenant Commander Danny (D.H.) Deaver, of Evanston, Illinois, fighter director officer of Commander Carrier Division Six staff, excused himself hastily and disappeared in the direction of the Coral Sea's Combat Information Center. The flight operations then in progress were an individual ship exercise in which the division staff was not directly concerned, but the other members of the staff bolted their dessert and hurried up to the flag bridge where they were soon joined by the admiral.

By this time the Coral Sea and her plane guard destroyers, operating 40 miles southwest of Crete, in the cobalt-blue Mediterranean Sea, were belching forth clouds of black smoke in the hope of attracting the attention of the stray Banshees. It was a hazy day, with a spanking 30-knot breeze blowing and the smoke which usually would have been visible for 30 miles or more was soon dissipated in the haze. This was the kind of day when you might fly smack over the ship at 30,000 feet without seeing it in the haze below.

Captain James S. Russell, of Tacoma, Washington, called down the voice tube from the Coral Sea's navigating bridge to Flag Plot and said, "Admiral, I'm going to make 180-degree 'S' turns, and I would like permission to fire antiaircraft shells with fuses set to burst at 20,000 feet."

"Affirmative," said the admiral. The white wake of a large ship is visible farther on a hazy day than the ship itself, and when the ship is turning, the wake is perhaps 10 times longer and much more conspicuous than when the ship is steaming straight ahead. The Mediterranean haze usually extends only up to about 5,000 feet, so a line of antiaircraft bursts at 20,000 feet would be visible to a high-flying jet many miles away.

These visual aids for lost planes—smoke, turns and shellfire—are relics of the early days of naval aviation. They are still worth trying even in the jet age. But, meantime, in the Coral Sea's Combat Information Center the best electronic equipment that modern science can produce buckled down also to the job of finding the lost planes.

This job was a familiar one for the Combat Information Center. Planes do get lost every now and then, but they don't stay lost long after CIC goes to "Panic Stations" and fires up its search radars and direction finders. Operators huddled over a dozen oscilloscopes, while the various radar antennas in the masts and fire-control towers swept the horizon, sea and sky. Direction finder operators clamped on to every voice transmission—recording times, bearings and call signs. Fighter director officers called the missing planes continuously on every frequency which they might be guarding. No answers were forthcoming.

Soon Lieutenant J. M. Campbell (now lieutenant commander), of Laredo, Texas, circling the ship at 30,000 feet with 12 other Banshees from the lost planes' squadron and listening in on the traffic from CIC, called down and said: "Coral Sea, this is Banshee number five. I'm over ship at 30,000 waiting for landing instructions. I am in communication with Straychicks (the code name for the missing aircraft). Give me your message and I will relay it."

The fighter director replied, "Ask them where they think they are, what course they are steering, and tell them to keep talking so we can get a bearing on them."

"Roger," replied Campbell. But although the planes aloft could hear and talk to Straychicks intermittently, the Coral Sea could not. We talk to planes on a very high frequency (straight line) wave, and therefore our sending distance is limited by the curvature of the earth, as are television waves. Because the planes were high up, their transmitters could reach greater distances before the earth's curvature interfered. The Coral Sea's direction finders were useless.

While the fighter directors sweated over the radarscopes, identifying and eliminating the blips from other planes in the air group, the hands of the clock raced toward the hour of 1310 (1:10 P.M.) when the errant jets would be out of fuel.

Propeller Planes Are Sent Aloft

So would the other jets now circling over the ship. The carrier sent aloft a pair of long-endurance propeller planes with special radar equipment, swung into the wind and began landing her jets.

During the next 15 minutes while the jets were landing, uneasiness grew to grave concern, which soon gave way to the grim certainty that the Straychicks were not going to make it. Contact with them through the new relay planes was intermittent. An order to head for the nearest land when they had 10 minutes' fuel left did not get through. But the missing jets reported they had the carrier's homing beacon on their automatic direction finders, were following it in on an easterly course and the signal was getting stronger. CIC got this secondhand from the relay planes and could take no bearing.

At 1305 time ran out. The high relay plane reported, "Jets say they have only 300 pounds of fuel left and are starting down to ditch."

At 1310 the following operational priority message cracked out from the Coral Sea's radio:

FROM: COMMANDER CARRIER DIVISION SIX
TO: COMMANDER SIXTH FLEET
1310
CORAL SEA HAS TWO JETS IN WATER POSITION UNKNOWN X

Up to this time, August 2d had been an uneventful day for the U.S. Sixth Fleet in the eastern Mediterranean. Of course, operating in that area, the Sixth Fleet has to be always ready for anything up to and including the professional consideration that the outbreak of World War III is a possibility. But on this day, operations had been quite routine.

The fleet had just returned to Crete after a four-day visit to Istanbul, Turkey, where, anchored in the Bosporus—gateway to the Black Sea—our friends the Turks, and others not our friends, could see it and ponder over its significance. The fleet flagship Salem was now taking Vice-Admiral Matthias B. Gardner, of Washington, D.C., Fleet Commander, to Beirut, Syria, not far from Jerusalem, where the murder of King Abdullah had threatened to explode the Near East only two weeks before. Two destroyers which had been showing the flag around Tito's bailiwick in Trieste were just emerging from the Adriatic and heading for Crete.

In Suda Bay, Crete, anchored near the beached and rusting World War II hulk of H.M.S. York, were the cruisers Worcester and Columbus, the aircraft carrier Oriskany, *(Continued on page 67)*

Out of fuel and miles off course, lost pilots ditched planes in sea, lashed life rafts together—and waited for rescue. They were prepared to hold out as long as a month, if necessary

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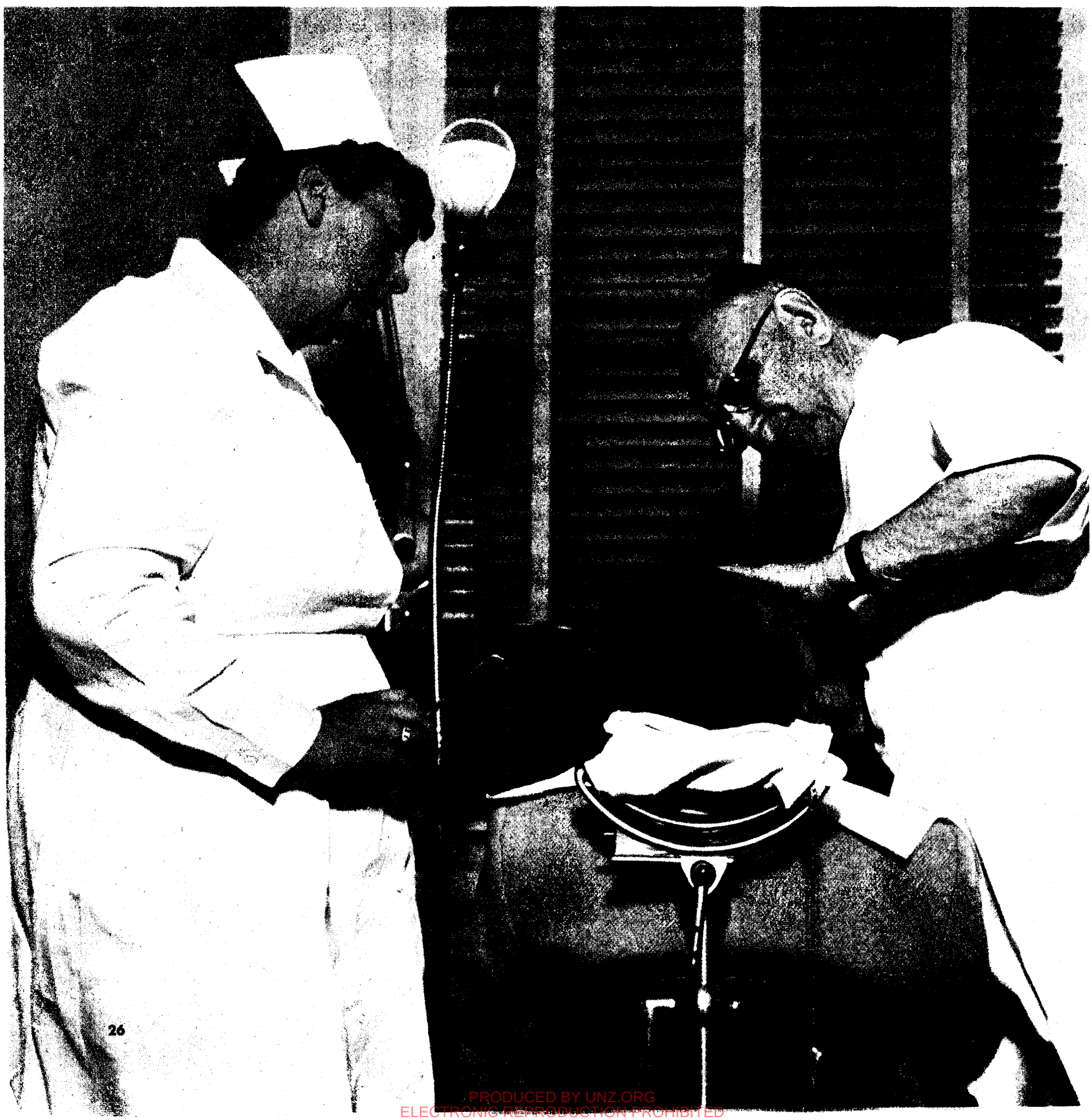
Concluding: LAST OF AMERICA'S TOOTH-PLUMBERS

"I GOT A TOOTHACHE,

By RICHARD DONOVAN and DWIGHT WHITNEY

That moan still sends Dr. Painless Parker—scourge of ethical dentistry—flying for his forceps. At 80, he works a 10-hour day, and reflects happily on the time when he ran a circus to lure the "rubes"

Dr. Parker, in his San Francisco office, injects novocain into a patient's gum before extracting a molar. The nurse is Frances Haney



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MISTER"

CONSIDERED coldly, Dr. Painless Parker, the wayward, spike-bearded advertising dentist and former medicine-show pitchman of Brooklyn and the Canadian frontier, had no business buying a circus.

It was 1913—a year in which dozens of circuses were being squeezed out of existence by a quavery newcomer, the movies. Beyond that, Dr. Parker was forty-one years old, the father of four, the millionaire operator of the largest chain of dental offices in the western United States and the owner of one of the finest houses in Los Angeles, to which city the Parker family had moved in 1906. It was time the doctor, a descendant of Baptists and himself a man grievously torn between desires to be an ethical, nonadvertising dentist, on the one hand, and P. T. Barnum, on the other, started settling down.

Nevertheless, the doctor was *not* considering the circus proposition coldly. For most of his career of pulling teeth in sidewalk medicine shows, the pitchman side of Dr. Parker's personality, the side that has made him one of the few surviving stalwarts of turn-of-the-century American folklore, had longed to express itself in the big time, under the big top. Thus, when the doctor found a rag-baggy, one-ring circus expiring on the outskirts of Los Angeles, he bought it at once at a close-out price.

"Think of it, boy!" the doctor, now eighty, exclaimed recently. "A genuine circus with lions, flying trapeze, sword swallowers and a girlie show. Marvelous!" the doctor went on, bounding up with a wag of the mustaches, flowing white locks and pointed Vandyke beard that make him resemble an aged Buffalo Bill. "Of course," he added, hastily, "the big tent had holes in it, the lions had mange. But it was the real stuff; the king of the rube shows; the climax of my career! I was the ringmaster, boy," the doctor said, his voice husky at the memory.

The Parker Dental Circus was a little queer as the big shows went, but that did not seem to bother the crowds that stormed it nightly. Draped all around the main tent was a 20-by 200-foot banner sign proclaiming: "Dr. Painless Parker; I am positively IT in painless dentistry!" Inside were placards and more banners, all bearing the Parker crest—a giant facsimile of a molar tooth with the doctor's handsome portrait superimposed on it. The bandstand was built in imitation of a gaping set of uppers and lowers so that the red-coated bandsmen seemed to be sitting in a gigantic, open mouth, in instant peril of mastication.

Outside, between the tattooed lady and the living skeleton, the doctor had set up a large tent labeled "Painless Parker Dental and Medical Clinic," and staffed it with four dentists, four doctors, four oculists and a dozen white-frocked nurses, not to mention thousands of dollars' worth of portable dental and medical equipment. This all-around human service station was the core of the show.

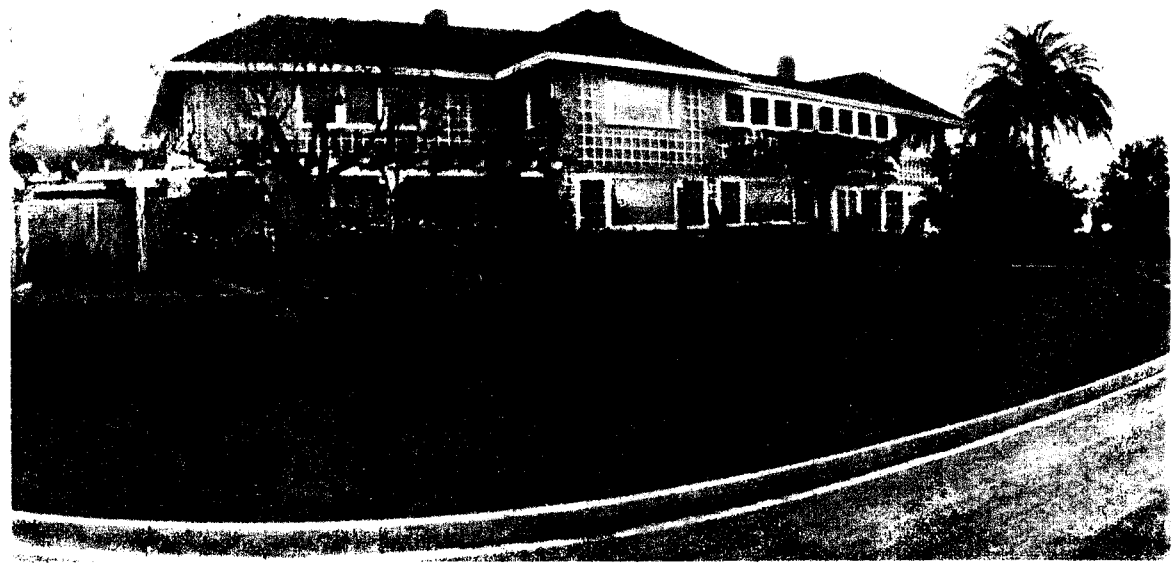
Between the acts every evening, Dr. Parker, clad in his ancient, bullet-riddled top hat, his cutaway coat, striped trousers and at least fifteen carats' worth of diamonds, leaped into the ring and belabored the customers with grisly descriptions of vicious little microorganisms boring away at their tooth enamel. When he felt he had them sufficiently cowed, he switched to his hell-fire sermon on the sins of dental neglect, and then he took a few pokes at the "Dental Trust" (the American Dental Association), which he claimed would rather see the nation toothless than cut dental fees. That done, Dr. Parker then urged everybody to follow him into the dental-medical tent—before it was too late.

"When they did follow me," the doctor mused, recently, "a disturbing question was settled in my mind. I knew that the folks we used to call rubes, the finest people this country has ever produced, were still abroad in our land."

When the doctor mentioned rubes, he spoke with genuine reverence. Rubes were the eternal customers, the lifeblood of the spellbinder's trade. The doctor could not count the times he had rescued whole settlements of them from dental disaster. The doctor had a boundless, indiscriminate love of rubes and his greatest fear was that creeping civilization might someday turn them all into sophisticates, thus doing away with the best friends a natural-born pitchman ever had.

Dr. Parker bought the circus to advertise his dental offices in various cities of the West, where most of his practice was carried on. He was in a period of great expansion at the time, opening new branches from Seattle to San Diego to Denver. Whenever he opened a new one, he took the circus along to promote it, playing all the small towns en route. By the time he had had the circus a year, there was scarcely a settler in the remotest hill passes of the West who had not beheld the doctor, resplendent in a rented uniform of the Yukhnov Cossacks, smiling and bowing and tossing showers of small coins to the natives from the back of a genuine, 100 per cent East Indian pachyderm. *(Continued on page 38)*

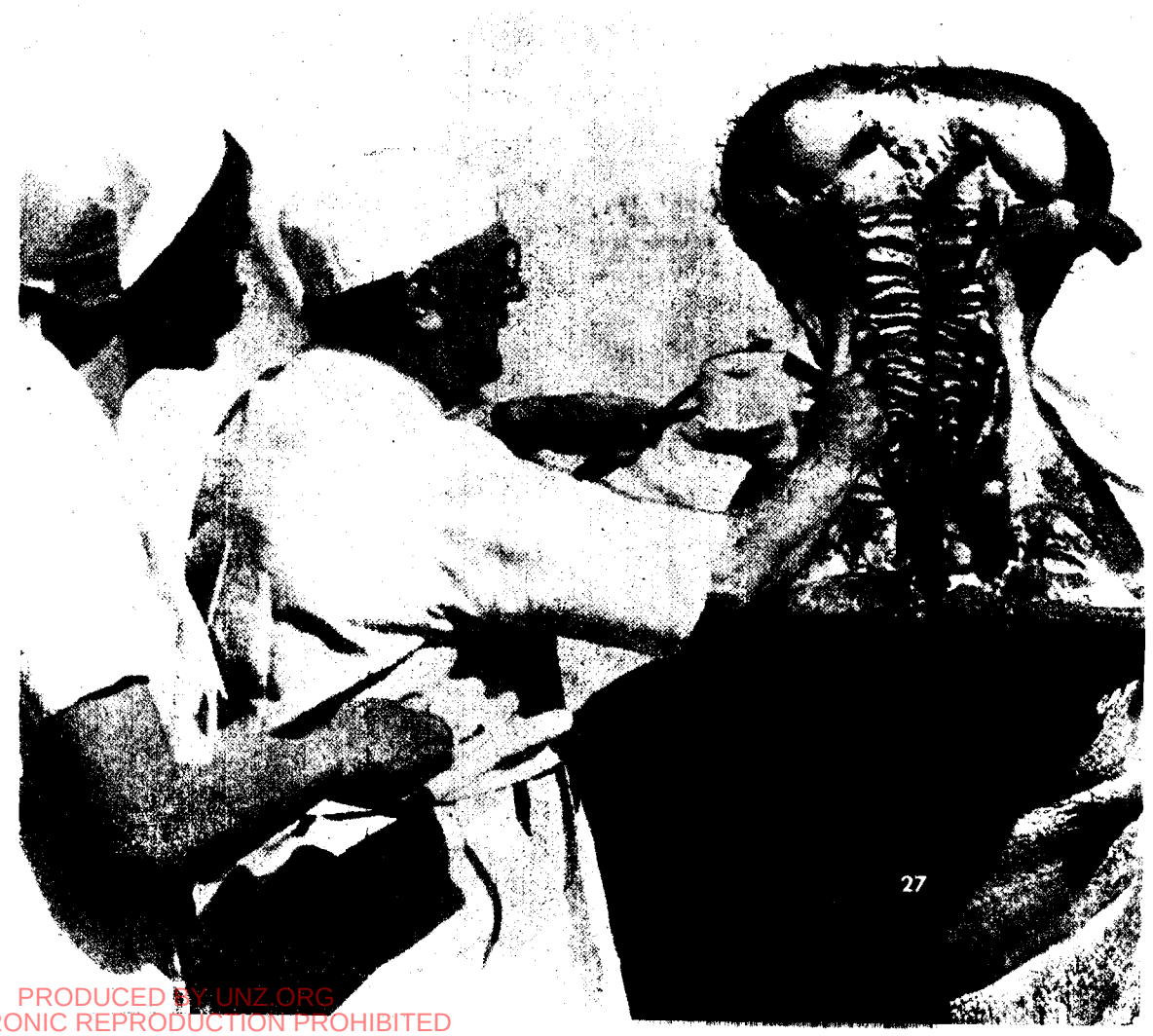
COLOR PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA



Wealthy Parker bought Valle Vista home in 1914, but now lives above his office

At 50, Parker raced his yacht Idalia from West Coast to Tahiti, placed second

Dr. Parker putting a gold inlay into the tusk of a hippopotamus in his circus



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In one of the funniest skits in the revue Two on the Aisle, Dolores Gray casts off her secretarial garb in futile attempt to divert architect Bert Lahr from his drawing board

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Collier's
COLOR CAMERA

BARE STAGING

A POLITE variation of a sprightly art has turned up in some of America's top stage productions and is being performed by some of the brightest stars of the current theatrical season. The strip tease is back on Broadway.

The present version is, unquestionably, more strip than tease, and the legitimate stage has given it a more acceptable setting than that provided by its rowdy relative, burlesque, banned in New York since 1942.

But call it what you like, Broadway is considerably enlivened by the sight of its leading lights kicking off their outer garments and getting down to brief necessities—which range all the way from black lace scanties to a turn-of-the-century nightshirt.

First, and perhaps most hilarious, bit in the season's undress parade is that of Dolores Gray, sensational singer of the revue Two on the Aisle. As a harried secretary carrying the torch for her boss, a prominent and preoccupied architect (Bert Lahr), she does her best to take his mind off his blueprints by pitting her personal charms against those of Fiberglas insulation and structural steel. She first removes her shell-rimmed glasses, then the jacket of her Puritan-proper suit. Finally, she throws off her skirt and, a vision in a minimum of black lace, flings herself across the architect's desk. Final frustration comes with Lahr's comment: "Why, Miss Travers, I've never seen you with your glasses off."

In the same comic vein, ebullient Janis Paige of the Lindsay-Crouse romp-with-murder, Remains to Be Seen, spends most of her time on stage in her underwear. As band singer Jody Revere, she tries to catch a few hours' sleep in her uncle's apartment, shortly after he has been murdered, before getting back to her job in Wichita with Pee Wee Baker and his touring Hot Cookies. But a constant influx of visitors, including a larcenous policeman, a drum-happy building manager and a skittish middle-aged attorney, interrupts her in various stages of dishabille.

Most logical, dramatically, of the Broadway disrobing acts is that of Julie Harris in I Am a Camera, John van Druten's adaptation of a Christopher Isherwood story. In her remarkable portrayal of Sally Bowles, an English girl living a life of unfettered Bohemianism in pre-Hitler Berlin, Miss Harris alternates between eyebrow-raising street costumes and negligees that are sometimes moth-eaten, sometimes maribou-trimmed, depending upon her fortunes. Julie's "strip tease" fits smoothly into the action when, preparing to dress for an evening on the town, she sheds her dressing gown and wanders around in her chemise.

But not all the laurels go to the ladies. Hume Cronyn's performance in The Fourposter, Jan de Hartog's gently amusing two-character picture of 35 years in the life of a married couple, offers hilarious competition. The modest bridegroom's attempt to undress by stripping down to his long underwear, then, in a panic of embarrassment at his own appearance, pulling his nightshirt on over it and, for reasons best known to himself, squeezing back into his suit, is one of the funniest scenes of the year.

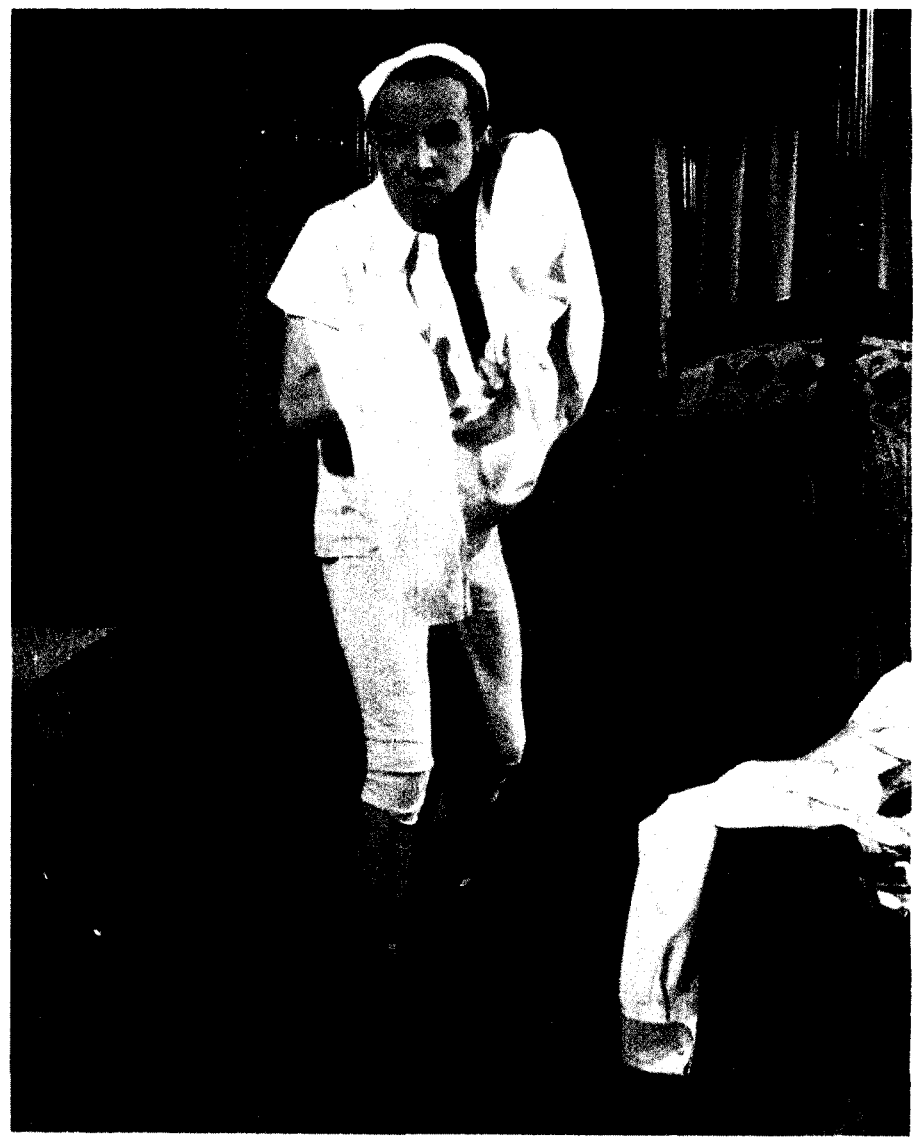
Drama sleuths on the trail of more significant trends may scoff at such a frivolous development. But theatergoers, who, unlike architect Lahr, have left their compasses and slide rules at home, are delighted.

EVELYN HARVEY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

Preparing for an uneasy night in the apartment of her murdered uncle, Janis Paige, star of Remains to Be Seen, kicks off last vestige of daytime attire

Julie Harris, uninhibited heroine of I Am a Camera, shares intimate scene with William Prince in Berlin lodginghouse



Current comedy of married life, The Fourposter, finds shy groom, Hume Cronyn, in hopelessly tangled state of undress

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LIONEL GILBERT

The Wicked Daughter

By BENTZ PLAGEMANN

IN SMITHFIELD, when they talked about the two beautiful Halsey girls, it sounded rather like a fable of the good and the wicked daughters. Clarissa, called Crissy, was the wicked one, impulsive and gay. She ran off to France with an artist who had no money, and broke her parents' hearts. It was Adelaide who stayed home, to care for their father when he was dying, and for their mother after he died.

But Crissy wasn't very happy in France, and Adelaide was sustained by her love for Charles Osgood.

"I'll wait for you, Addy," Charles said, just as he had said it ten years before, when he had first asked her to marry him. When he said "Addy," it was difficult to think of her as the town saw her—an old maid at twenty-nine, working in the office at the mill all day, going home at night to cook dinner for her mother. Her youth and beauty seemed held down, pushed back, like the soft hair under her "sensible" hats. There wasn't a girl in town who wouldn't have waited for Charles Osgood, but how long, they asked, could you expect a man to wait?

And then Crissy came home, leaving her failure of a husband, bringing her two little children with her—Jean, and the baby, Marie. She moved back into the old house. She was still lovely, with her free way of moving and her sudden laughter.

"You got back in time," Adelaide said. "Oh, thank God, you got back in time. I couldn't have done it without you." For that was the year their mother died, and when that was over they settled down together, two women and two children, with Adelaide earning the money and Crissy staying home to run the house.

That was when the town gave up. That was when they said Adelaide was really trapped and Charles would never wait for her. . . .

"We should have been married when I asked you," Charles said bitterly. "Before I went in the Army, or when I was home on leave, or when I got back. We shouldn't have waited."

They were on the porch of the old Halsey house, in the twilight, with the sun almost gone and the fireflies dancing in the fading light under the sycamore tree. Crissy was upstairs, putting the children to bed.

"I didn't want you to bear that burden," Adelaide said. "I didn't think it was fair to you."

Charles ran his hand through his hair. His honest, ruddy face showed how tired and confused he was. "It didn't seem like a burden to me," he said. "I loved your mother. We could have made a go of it. We shouldn't have waited."

"I wanted to be free when I came to you," Adelaide said softly. "I wanted to go to your house when I was your wife." Her voice trembled suddenly and its tone seemed to say that marriage and the hope of happiness were gone. "I wanted to be free," she said again. "Don't you see that?"

"Yes," Charles said. "I could always see that, but I think it was a mistake. I think what you say now is a mistake."

They were silent. From upstairs, they could hear a thin wail as Jean and little Marie settled themselves unwillingly in bed.

"Why do you have to be responsible for them?" Charles asked. "She got what she wanted! Let her take care of herself!"

"Oh, Charles!" Adelaide said. "Where would they go? Who would take care of them?"

"Other people get by," Charles said. "Couldn't she take a job and support herself?"

"But the children? And she's never worked. What could she do?"

"I don't know," Charles said. He stood up and began to walk back and forth on the porch. "I don't care what she does," he said angrily. "What about *our* children?"

"Oh, Charles!" Adelaide's voice broke, and she covered her face with her hands. "Please give me a little time. Please. Just a little longer. Maybe she'll marry again. Or, when the children are older— Just a few years . . ."

"I haven't got a few years," Charles said bitterly. "I gave them all away long ago." He opened the screen door of the porch and walked away down the brick walk, letting the door slam behind him. . . .

Crissy found her there in the darkness when she came down.

"Where's old Charley?" she asked, lighting a cigarette.

"Charles," Adelaide said, "has gone home."

"You had a fight?" Crissy asked.

Adelaide hesitated. She chose her words carefully. "Sometimes he is very impatient," she said.

"Well, I should think so," Crissy said. "You'll have to push him up the aisle in a wheel chair if you don't say yes pretty soon."

"There's plenty of time," Adelaide said. "I will not be hurried. I have to make up my mind."

"Oh," Crissy said. She exhaled a stream of cigarette smoke slowly and thoughtfully. "Then it's still open season on Charley?"

"Charles is perfectly free," Adelaide said stiffly, "to marry whomever he pleases."

ANYONE in town could have told you what to expect next, old Miss Oglethorpe, the town gossip, said.

Crissy was out every night. She unpacked her French dresses, and her perfume was a scandal in scent as well as in name. Crissy was seen with Charles in the tavern in Caryville. They were having a cocktail at a table with a rose silk lamp shade. Crissy was seen with Charles in his car, parked on the Shore Road. They were seen everywhere.

Now, even to herself, Adelaide seemed like an old maid. Her face looked bleak and thin in the mirror, and she hurried home at night to feed the children and put them to bed while their mother was away.

And then, one Saturday night, Adelaide was pushed too far. For there they were—Crissy and Charles—as Adelaide came up the walk, standing in the hall in each other's arms. They didn't hear her until she came up the steps. Then they pulled away and turned to her in guilty silence.

"Don't let me disturb you," Adelaide said as she brushed by them, sending Charles staggering back against the wall. All the energy and patience and longing of ten years of waiting transformed her suddenly into an amazon. "I'll be out of your way in five minutes," she shouted as she ran upstairs.

In her bedroom, she pulled a dusty traveling case down from the shelf. It fell open with a bang on the floor, and she began to throw things from the bureau into it—blouses, stockings, gloves, cold cream, a home permanent-wave kit she had been saving against a better day. She slammed the bag shut and ran out into the hall and threw it over the stair rail. Then she raced downstairs, her hat on one side, her hair flying, stopping only long enough to kick the hand-hooked hall rug out of her way and grab up her bag.

"No one can say that Adelaide Halsey ever stood in anybody's way," she shouted as she ran out the door, the bag bumping against her knee.

Charles caught up with her under the maple tree at the gate. He was laughing so hard he couldn't speak, but he held her tightly until she stopped struggling and was quiet in his arms. "It was a long chance," he said finally. "I was pretty darned scared near the end." He was still laughing softly and he held her face up to his, tilting her chin with one large hand. "Maybe it wasn't fair to Crissy to put on that act with her, but I would have done anything to make you take that first step. Love can make you awfully desperate."

"I know," Adelaide said, as he tilted her chin to kiss her. "Oh, I know." . . .

They were still at Lake Cloud when the letter for Adelaide came from Crissy. *Darling, I hope you can forgive me,* it read. *I always knew Charley was absolutely perfect for you, but when you couldn't seem to make up your mind—well, you can't blame a girl for trying, can you? They don't make men like old Charley any more. Incidentally, I've got a job at the mill. They laughed when I asked for your job. Said if I went to night school there was a chance I might qualify in time. Miss Oglethorpe stays with the babies. Life is grim, dear, but I'm awfully glad you're happy.* THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

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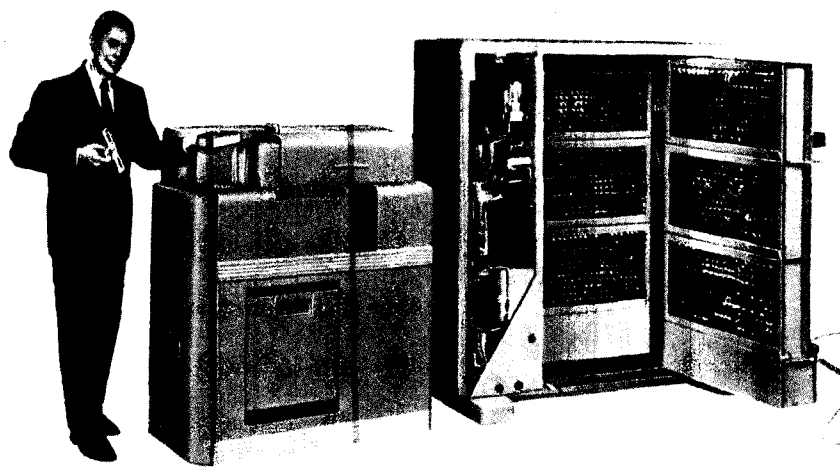

IBM
TRADE MARK

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES

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Her eyes rolled, and she started to sink to the floor. "A stimulant!" commanded the colonel. "Brandy!"

Colonel Peckham and his wife probably wouldn't have bought the White House for five grand, but in real estate, you'll go along with

ANY REASONABLE OFFER

By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

A FEW days ago, just before I came up here to Newport on a vacation, in spite of being broke, it occurred to me that there isn't any profession—or racket, or whatever—that takes more of a beating from its clients than real estate. If you stand still, they club you; if you run, they shoot.

Maybe dentists have rougher client relationships, but I doubt it. Give a man a choice between having his teeth or a real-estate salesman's commission extracted, and he'll choose the pliers and novocain every time.

Consider Delahanty. Two weeks ago, Dennis Delahanty asked me to sell his house for him, said he wanted twenty thousand for it.

That afternoon I took a prospect out to see the house. The prospect walked through it once, said he liked it and that he'd take it. That evening he closed the deal. With Delahanty. Behind my back.

Then I sent Delahanty a bill for my commission —five per cent of the sales price, one thousand dollars.

"What the hell are you?" he wanted to know. "A busy movie star?"

"You knew what my commission was going to be."

"Sure, I knew. But you only worked an hour. A thousand bucks an hour! Forty thousand a week, two million a year! I just figured it out."

"Some years I make ten million," I said wearily.

"I work six days a week, fifty weeks a year, and then turn around and pay some young squirt like you a thousand for one hour of smiles and small talk and a pint of gas. I'm going to write my congressman. If it's legal, it sure as hell shouldn't be."

"He's my congressman, too, and you signed a contract. You read it, didn't you?"

He hung up on me. He still hasn't paid me.

Old Mrs. Hellbrunner called right after Delahanty. *Her* house has been on the market for three years, and it represents about all that's left of the Hellbrunner family's fortune. Twenty-seven rooms, nine baths, ballroom, den, study, music room, solarium, turrets with slits for crossbowmen, simulated drawbridge and portcullis, and a dry moat. Somewhere in the basement, I suppose, are racks and gibbets for insubordinate domestics.

"Something is very wrong," said Mrs. Hellbrunner. "Mr. Delahanty sold that awful little crackerbox of his in one day, and for four thousand more than he paid for it. Good heavens, I'm asking only a quarter of the replacement price for my house."

"Well—it's a very *special* sort of person who would want your place, Mrs. Hellbrunner," I said, thinking of an escaped maniac. "But someday he'll come along. They say there's a house for every person, and a person for every house. It isn't every day I get someone in here who's looking for something in the hundred-thousand-dollar range. But sooner or later—" *(Continued on page 46)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

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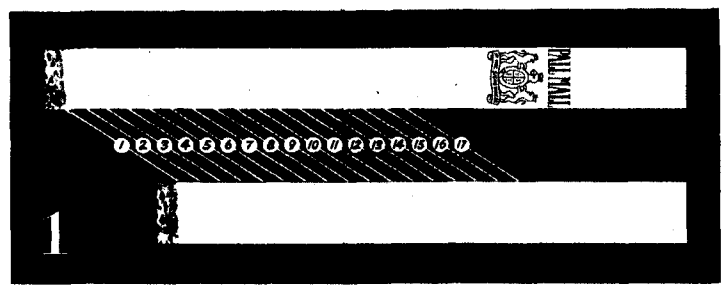
Guard Against Throat-Scratch

enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos

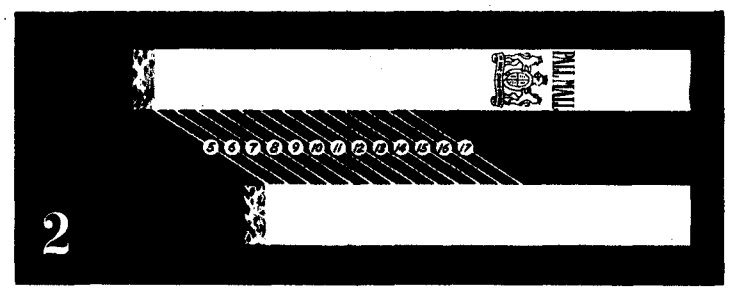
...smoke **PALL MALL**
the cigarette whose mildness you can measure

Study the PALL MALL Puff Chart:

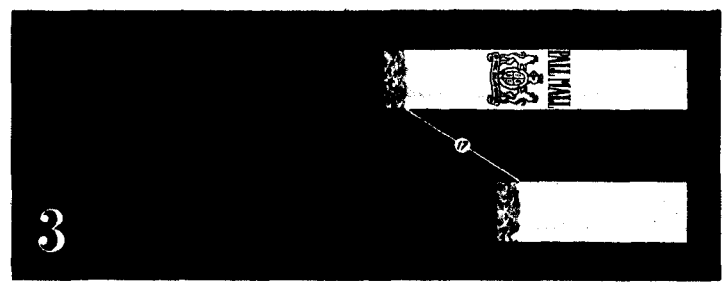
PUFF BY PUFF...YOU'RE ALWAYS AHEAD WITH PALL MALL



The further your cigarette filters the smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke becomes. At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette.



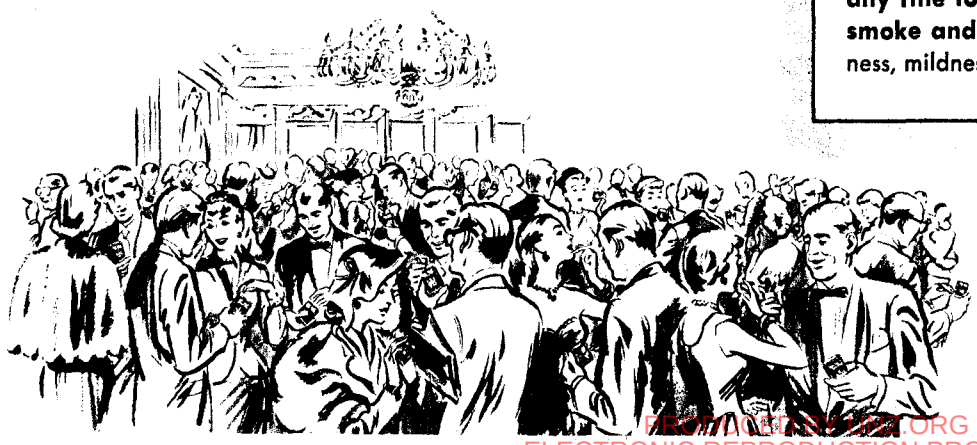
Again after 5 puffs of each cigarette your own eyes can measure the extra length for extra mildness as the smoke of PALL MALL's fine tobaccos is filtered further.



After 10 puffs—or 17—**Pall Mall's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further—filters the smoke and makes it mild.** Thus Pall Mall gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

Copr. 1951, American Cigarette and Cigar Co., Inc.

Outstanding and they are *mild!*



Wherever you go, notice how many people have changed to PALL MALL —the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package.

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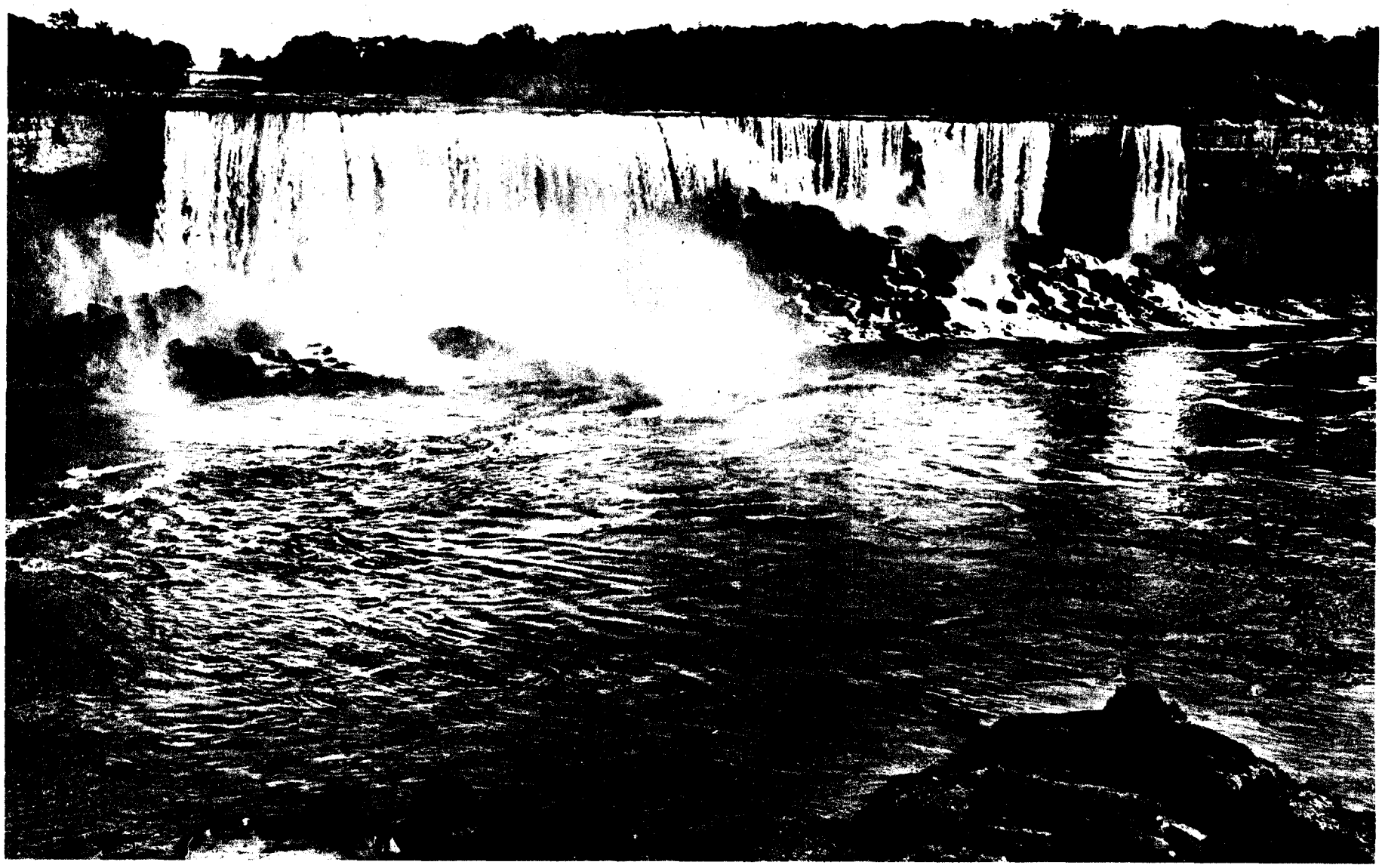

Do you want to pay for

A Government Honeymoon at Niagara Falls?

You may be taxed for the cost of the most expensive honeymoon Niagara Falls has ever seen. The federal government's wooing of America's electric light and power threatens to reach a climax at the famous Falls.

Here's how. . . . A giant new hydroelectric power plant is going to be built on the Niagara River. And a critical point in the drive toward a government power monopoly is being argued over who will build it — the federal government or a group of 5 electric companies. (There is also a proposal to have the State of New York build the plant and sell the power.)

These electric light and power companies are ready with the plans and the money — and the lines to take the power where it will be needed — under normal public regulation.

But the job is held up — for there are people who want the federal government to take over electricity — as well as medicine and other businesses and services. They say the federal government should build the plant — even if it takes more time, and costs the U. S. public many millions in unnecessary taxes. Here's how the choice shapes up . . .

"MEET CORLISS ARCHER"— CBS (Radio) — Sundays, 9 P.M., Eastern Time.
Look for "The Electric Theatre" on Television

If electric companies build the plant

- The companies and their investors will pay for it.
- Power produced will be shared by all, with rates regulated by state utility commissions.
- It will pay about $23 million a year in local, state and federal taxes.
- Defense plants and others will begin to get the power in about 3 years.

If the federal government builds the plant

- *You* will pay for it in taxes — over $350,000,000.
- Specially favored groups will have first call on all power. Rates *won't* be regulated.
- Little, if any, taxes will be paid to local, state or federal governments from the sale of power.
- Government estimators say it will take them at least 5 years.

NOTE: In no case would the scenic beauty of the Falls be affected.
Nor has this project any connection with the controversial St. Lawrence Seaway.

Who do you think should build this new plant? Talk it over with your friends and neighbors. The decision ought to be made by the American people. . . . The government plan is a long step toward socialized electricity — because only power production is involved — with no other purposes, such as flood control, to complicate the issue. That's why these facts are brought to you by America's *business*-managed, tax-paying Electric Light and Power Companies.*

*Names on request from this magazine

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He Calls the Hit Tune

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

a Boston radio station where he went on the air with a couple of disk jockeys and was interviewed (he does this frequently) and remained with them until 2:30 A.M. After that he had some bacon and eggs and crawled into bed a little after three o'clock.

He roused Higgins at 6:45 A.M. Tuesday. The two caught an early plane and Miller was back in his office at 9:30 A.M. That day he made a record date in the afternoon and another at night. He finally drove back to his home in Stony Point, 35 miles from New York City, at 1:00 A.M. Wednesday in a tiny English car which he drives close to the speed limit and as close as he can maneuver it to the bumper of the car in front of him.

As musical director of Little Golden Records, a job he has had since Simon & Schuster decided to go into the record business three years ago, Miller has turned out 33,000,000 children's six-inch recordings or more than all of the small-fry product pressed by all other companies combined. These sell for a quarter apiece and their price has been suggested as one cogent reason for their popularity, although their quality is admittedly high. Miller says severely that he doesn't believe in playing down to children any more than he holds with playing up to the grownups who either sing for him or come to him to get their songs recorded.

Sang in Stinky Cheese Polka

In his capacity as one of the leading oboists in the world, Miller has played and recorded not only classical music, but bop, blues, fox trots, waltzes, rumbas, jump tunes, ballads, boleros and an ineffable creation called Stinky Cheese Polka, in which he not only played oboe behind a singer called "Two-Ton Baker," but also sang several lines in German in a clearly delineated if undistinguished baritone.

Some years ago, the composer Igor Stravinsky, for whom Miller played when Stravinsky conducted the CBS Symphony Orchestra, wrote, in answer to an inquiry from a writer, that he took pleasure "in sending you these few lines regarding the excellent oboist, Mr. Mitchell Miller, who has impressed me by his finest musicianship combined with technical perfection together with that rare human quality of sensibility, great dignity and modesty—uncommon phenomena in our tumultuous time."

An even more forthright compliment was paid Miller some 13 years ago by an altogether different kind of artist. In a recording of A Bee Gezindt, which means "You Should Only Be Healthy" in Yiddish, the late Mildred Bailey, the blues singer, behind whom Miller was playing French horn for a change, interpolated a heartfelt line in her final chorus to the effect that "he's a killer-diller, like my friend Mr. Mitch Miller."

On the other hand, Miller is regarded as something less than a killer-diller by at least one composer. Four years ago, he recorded the Vaughan Williams oboe concerto for Keynote, a company which has since been absorbed into an outfit known as Mercury Records.

John Hammond, the wealthy jazz critic and music lover, who is now a vice-president of Mercury, was then president of Keynote. He went to England with the Miller rendition of the concerto and played it expectantly for the composer, who sniffed. "Doesn't sound like an oboe to me," Williams said after a while. "Sounds like a trumpet." Hammond has since explained that Williams was more accustomed to the dry, reedy tone of Leon Goossens, the great English oboist, than to what he calls the "bland and straightforward" tone of Miller, the great American killer-diller.

In any case, Miller has met with the regular approval of Virgil Thomson, who is very likely the toughest critic around. "There is no other oboe playing quite like that of Mr. Miller's," Thomson declared flatly in reviewing for the New York Herald Tribune a Town Hall concert at which Miller was soloist with a string quartet. Miller was once offered the post of first oboist with the New York Philharmonic, which he turned down because its managers refused to pay him $250 a week for a 30-week season, and he played on every recording made by Andre Kostelanetz between 1935 and 1950.

It was John Hammond who brought Miller into Mercury as a recording man late in 1947. Up to that point, he had only been a performer and, occasionally, an orchestra leader. "I felt," Hammond has told people, "that Mitch was a person of enormous, terrific and eclectic tastes," an opinion with which Miller's enemies say he finds no reason to quarrel.

Miller was working at Mercury and still recording for Columbia and other record companies when he got so eclectic that Manie Sacks, his immediate predecessor, and now a vice-president of RCA, barred him for life (a period lasting often as long as a week in the industry) from making popular recordings for Columbia. Sacks was recording Frank Sinatra one night. Sinatra had just turned out a record that was satisfactory in every respect except that it ran for three minutes and 12 seconds, or 12 seconds longer than Sacks thought it should.

Miller, who was merely a side man in the house orchestra behind Sinatra, asked Sacks what was wrong with a record that ran over three minutes. Other companies made them, didn't they?

Sinatra wandered into the argument and observed, "Sure, Manie, what's wrong with that?" put on his hat, said good night and went home.

"Mitch," Sacks has observed cryptically, "is a nice guy, but sometimes he's full of unethical scruples."

At Mercury, Miller laid the foundations for his present eminence in the trade. He was brought in only to play on and supervise classical recordings, but Hammond soon found that Miller's ill-concealed desire to "create excitement on a record, his really fresh approach to popular music," as well as his ability to keep sessions from running into overtime, might make Mercury a financial as well as an artistic success. Miller was forthwith made A. and R. man for Mercury. A man who watched him in action there has said that his effect on the company was "unsettling."

"It was a hurricane all the time," he has recalled admiringly. "This guy is a real furniture breaker. You could see all he was thinking was: *This is my last night on earth. This is the last record I'm ever going to make.* Such things fell lesser men."

Among other things, he picked That Lucky Old Sun, Cry of the Wild Goose and Mule Train for Frankie Laine to sing, much against the inclination of the baritone who, up to then, had considered himself exclusively a ballad and jump man. Each of these records sold over a million copies in less than a year and disk jockeys rent the night air with their pseudo folk lyrics for more months than a lot of people like to remember.

He got Vic Damone to sing more like Damone and less like Sinatra and, by a technique of plain speaking, induced a young girl named Patti Page to put some sex in her voice. "Clean sex, of course," a Mercury executive once hastened to say. The story of Mule Train is illustrative of the Miller method. The song had been kicking around for about three years when Miller got hold of it from the Walt Disney people late in 1949. Practically every other record company had seen it and rejected it, though Vaughn Monroe, the band leader who is also a cowboy actor, intended to use it in a motion picture called Singing Guns.

On Thursday, October 13th, Miller telephoned Laine, who was appearing in a Minneapolis night club, and played a scratchy demonstration record of Mule Train for him. "I don't dig this, Dad," shouted Laine into the telephone. "They'll think I'm a hillbilly."

Miller, who speaks the argot of Tin Pan Alley with the eerie precision of an Oxford man who has learned American slang by rote, shouted back: "Pops, you got to make this. It made me flip. It'll fracture you." Unfractured and unconvinced, Laine agreed to meet Miller in Chicago that Saturday night.

In a hotel room, Miller, Laine and Laine's accompanist, Carl Fischer, worked out an arrangement. The following morning they hired a North Side studio and two guitarists, an accordionist and a drummer, all of whom worked regularly for a competitor, Capitol Records, in addition to a quartet which did some vague humming in the background. Miller tried to supply the by-now-well-known whipcracks on the record by using his belt, but got only a rather squashy sound. He dubbed them in on Monday in New York, using wood blocks.

Dubbing, or "tracking," as it is known in the business, is a technique which was not originated by Miller, but one which he developed to the point where he finally had Patti Page singing duets with herself. On one Vic Damone record, he had the musical background made in England, a vocal quartet in New York and Damone's solo in Hollywood. About a year ago, his enterprise had been adopted with such zeal by everybody that the Musicians Union banned tracking on the ground that it cut down overtime for musicians and that the same backgrounds could be used (as they were in a number of instances) for more than one record.

Having made Mule Train in Chicago on Sunday, Miller took a plane for New York that night. As it happened, one of his fellow passengers was Vaughn Monroe's manager. With the master record of Mule Train under his seat, Miller blandly inquired of the manager's health, that of his wife and of Monroe. He also wanted to know whether Monroe was doing any recording those days. "Not that I know of," said the manager. "All he's got is that horse opera." Satisfied, Miller flew happily into New York.

The next morning he tracked his whipcracks in, ordered 200,000 copies of Mule Train to be pressed by the record division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, another competitor (since Mercury's production capacity wasn't great enough), and had Mercury stop pressing everything but Mule Train for a full week. By January 1st, it had sold 1,250,000 copies and had been "covered," as the trade says when it makes a competing version of the same song, by every other major record company.

Laine's Sublime Faith in Him

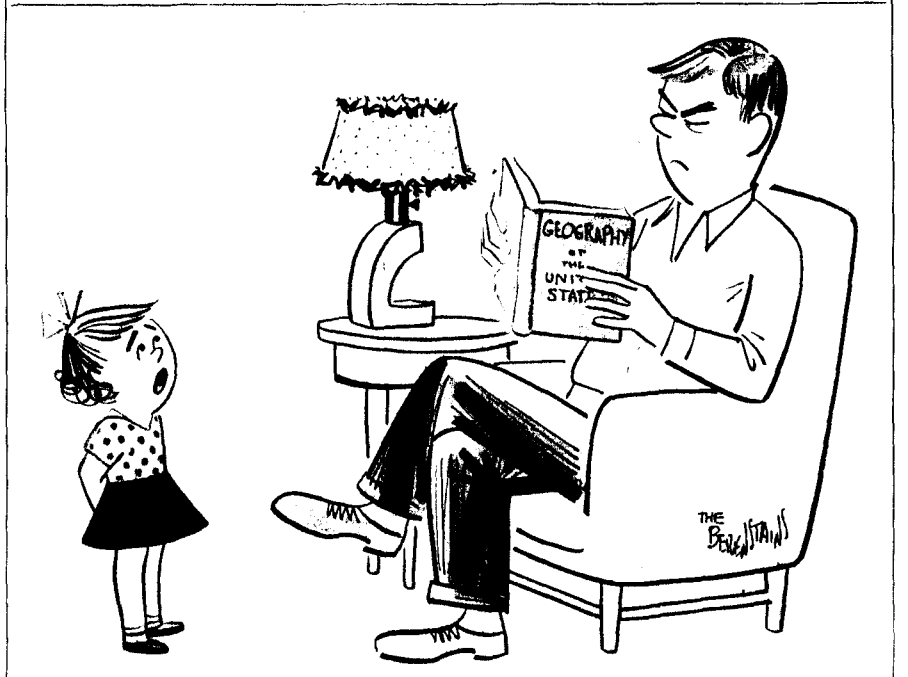
Not long ago, Laine, who is now fractured by almost everything Miller does, said: "If Mitch came to me tomorrow with Three Blind Mice and asked me to do it, there would be a reason why he wanted me to do it and I'd do it." By the time he went to Columbia on February 13, 1950, Miller left Mercury, hitherto a puny, debt-ridden corporation, with a splendid cash balance in the bank.

Miller is paid $25,000 a year by Columbia. The company has set aside, as well, another $15,000 to cover the expenses of any records he feels like making with himself as a performer. He gets an eighth of a cent royalty on every Little Golden Record sold and this comes to about $12,000 a year. Here and there, he picks up a union-scale dollar in concert appearances, but he has been making these at increasing rare intervals.

This has become a matter of grave concern to a number of his friends in the long-hair or classical field. "He'll make money," one of them remarked gloomily a couple of weeks ago, "but I am sorry for every musician who gets poisoned by success." Miller himself appears to be slightly on the defensive about such criticism, a state of mind he betrays by skittering about his accusers with great bonhomie and confiding loudly: "Man, you ought to hear me play these days. Better than ever. And without practicing, too."

Upon hearing this, one of his friends looked long and sorrowfully at him and

SISTER



"Pennsylvania, California, New York, Connecticut. Hm-m-m. Pennsylvania, California, New York, Connecticut. Did I say California? How many is that?"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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said: "How would I know? It's so long since anyone has heard you play."

A number of reasons have been adduced from time to time to explain Miller's rapid rise in the popular-music field. These may be divided into three classes: those given by publishers whose songs he records: those given by publishers whose songs he doesn't, and those given by executives of competing companies.

"There are," an unusually articulate member of the first class has said, "only two or three real A. and R. men in the business. I mean men who know music. And Mitch knows music better than any of those. The others are there only by accident. Mitch knows more than just how to make a record. His work is good, stinging and staccato. He whips up those almost insolently brittle arrangements that snap at you like a whip, and they're full of excitement. He's peddling gimmicks, novelty, hair on the chest, it's true. But who ever thought of using harpsichords, horns and those damned background choruses before —at least in the way he does?"

Another publisher in the same category put it more succinctly: "Every Friday night," he has told anyone who will listen, "I go to shul. There in the synagogue, I pray for my family and for my friends and the last prayer I say is for Mitch Miller."

Genius Belittled by Rivals

The opposition is inclined to think that Miller's success constitutes more luck than brains. "You got hits," a member of this faction said, "you're a genius. You don't have hits, you're a bum the next day. It runs in cycles. Now, of course, he's at the top of the heap. If he stays up there, he'll be happy. If he goes down in popularity, he'll start slipping into the damnedest whirlpool you ever saw. When you got those hits selling, Sales gets along with A. and R. and you got a happy nucleus. Otherwise, he gets in trouble.

"What's more, he's got a miserable attitude. He's got conceited with his own importance. He actually believes he's created a new sound. I want to see Mitch Miller or anybody else pick one song and say this is the next million-record hit. A man can't listen to eight bars of a song and say it's good or it's no good. If he could, no record company would have enough money to pay him."

There is a disposition among the executives of some competing record companies to concede Miller's success, which is evident, but to contend that he has, if possible, lowered the quality of popular music. "Let me put it this way," one of them has said. "This guy has got a habit of releasing records at irregular dates—something only small companies do, and we don't pay too much attention to them—of making records with Joe Doakes instead of an established artist and rushing them right out to market. What happens? I have to cover him as fast as I can, with the first man I can get, and that lowers the quality. I can do the same thing to him. And then what happens? We all turn out bad records and business goes bad."

Upon being apprised of this, Goddard Lieberson, executive vice-president of Columbia and the man who brought Miller there, clucked his tongue sorrowfully and said: "Yes, that is too bad, isn't it? It's like a prize fighter saying, 'The guy hit me before I got my hands up.' And I wish someone would please tell me what's any better about Yes, We Have No Bananas than there is about Come On-a My House."

All that Miller thinks he is doing, as he said a few weeks ago, is to "appeal to the myriad associations in people's minds, setting up a sort of communication between them and what they're listening to. It's a question of picking the right artists, the right material for them and the right time to make it. You take a guy like Laine—there's real outgoing virility there. When he sings, it's like most men would like to be, and for women, it's like they'd like to have their men be. To me, the whole thing in pop music is mainly trying to figure out what the public would like for entertainment for the ear and giving it to them. A record is three minutes of entertainment. It's nothing to see and you don't feel it, so what you've got to do is grab the ear right away and hold it all the way through."

The rise of Mitch Miller seems to indicate a constant, if irregular progression. He was born on July 4, 1911, in Rochester, New York, the son of Abram Calman Miller, an immigrant wrought-iron worker who has long since retired, and Hinda Rosenblum Miller, who was once a seamstress at the imperial Russian czar's summer palace ouside Warsaw. She made most of her son's clothing until he was graduated from junior high school. Miller has two older sisters, both of whom are married, and two younger brothers, one of whom, Leon, is now a prominent research physician in Rochester, and the other of whom, Joseph, is an instructor in drama at New York University. Mitch's childhood and adolescence, he says, were unexceptional, but there is no question that they were busy.

"Can't you remember how during the last war you wished you were old enough to work along with me in National Defense?"

COLLIER'S — BEN ROTH

At the age of six, he was playing the Bach Two-Part Inventions on an enormous square piano—a wholly fortuitous circumstance, which arose simply because a Rochester department store was trying to get rid of it and the elder Miller had $15 to cart it away. The piano lessons, at a dollar each, were the only music lessons Miller ever paid for in his life. He distinguished himself in grade school by appearing in a class play called Billygoat's Gruff, in which he played a goat (a bearded goat) and chased a girl. At that time, neither the beard nor the girl was his.

It was at Washington Junior High School that he was first handed an oboe. Principally through the offices of the late George Eastman, of Eastman Kodak, Rochester became and still is a highly music-conscious city. Eastman gave the instruments to the city and the city provided instruction. Miller was given an oboe because there were no other instruments around at the time.

Denies Early Skill with Oboe

He likes to say that he was neither outstanding on the oboe as a youth nor did he think of making a career of it. Nevertheless, by the time he got to East High School, he was getting lessons at the Eastman School of Music on a scholarship from a settlement house, playing in the high-school orchestra, the high-school band and an inter-high-school orchestra.

By the time he was fifteen, he was also playing second oboe in the Eastman School Symphony and was at least seven years younger than any other man in the orchestra, a condition he was to endure with little pain through his young manhood. Miller seems to think that circumstance, more than anything else at the time, helped to further his career. Thus, he says, he became first oboe with the Syracuse Symphony when its regular first oboist decided to kill himself; first oboist with the Eastman Symphony and second with the Rochester Philharmonic, when the man who held both of those positions decided to become an air line pilot.

"Somehow," Miller says reasonably, "there were just never enough oboists to go round." He not only held down jobs with all these groups, but played concerts over a Rochester radio station and, characteristically, won a scholarship to the Eastman School of Music, a division of the University of Rochester. "Again, not enough oboists," he says.

At that time, he was earning more than most of his teachers, or as much as $100 a week, driving where they walked and frequenting the best speak-easies and gambling houses in Rochester. What was probably the low point of this singularly pleasant existence was reached one night when he was picked up in a gambling-house raid, where he happened only to be watching. Taken to the station house, he supplied the name of one of his own music teachers and a $5 bond, which he forfeited, and heard no more about the incident.

It was at the Eastman school that Miller first met the girl who later became his wife —Frances Alexander, of Quincy, Illinois, the daughter of an industrialist—at one of the informal receptions that were held every so often in the girls' dormitories. She was studying piano. "I just spotted her," Miller says. "She was really the most beautiful girl in the room." Miller has seen no reason to alter that judgment in the intervening years.

Upon his graduation from Eastman in 1932, Miller played around Rochester and Syracuse for about a year and then, being gnawed by the fear that his horizons were getting more and more limited, took off for New York with several letters of introduction, one of which got him an audition with the conductor, David Mannes, and a job playing a season of concerts at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Another letter got him a scholarship, characteristically, with the National Orchestral Association directed by Leon Barzin.

Barzin remembers that when Miller came to him for an audition, he was impressed by the length of time the young oboist could hold a note. Miller explained that in addition to following faithfully his school repertoire, he had bought records to study from and that since he couldn't tell from the records at which point the oboist took a breath, he had decided to skip breathing.

For a brief period, although he was not on relief, Miller played oboe with a WPA orchestra. He was what is known as a "key" man which, in his case, meant, as usual, that oboists were so rare that he had to be hired even though he was working. When he first came to New York, Miller lived for a while at International House, where he met Burl Ives, the folk singer. Neither man had a beard at the time. Ives was studying German lieder and slinging hash behind a cafeteria counter. "He introduced me," Miller has said with gratitude, "to the best speak-easies in New York City."

Miller got around a good deal in those days, in a professional as well as in social and geographical ways. Shortly after he learned that he had been hired to play in the band for George Gershwin's show Porgy and Bess, and after having appeared at the first Berkshire music festival at Tanglewood, in Massachusetts, he drove to Rochester, picked up his father and mother, drove out to Quincy, Illinois, and married Frances Alexander on September 10, 1935.

Carloads of Week-End Guests

The Millers and their three children, Andrea, thirteen, Margaret, six, and Michael, four, now live in a 10-room house, built in 1805, in Stony Point. Miller bought it in 1941 for $8,000. It is here that he finds his principal relaxations, which include cooking and the hanging of Toulouse-Lautrec posters, playing the oboe to his children, and eating. The place is thought by Miller's friends to be so relaxing that they visit him in carloads on week ends. One of them, Alec Wilder, the composer, was so inspired by the place that he wrote a song about it, It's So Peaceful in the Country.

Miller was still on the road with Porgy and Bess, early in 1936, when he got a telephone call in Pittsburgh asking him whether he would care to be a staff musician with CBS. He flew to New York, auditioned for Howard Barlow, was convinced that he had ruined his chances, took a train back to Philadelphia to which city the show had, in the meantime, moved; lost his oboe in a taxicab, recovered it in time to make the opening curtain; found a telegram backstage telling him that he had been hired, gave notice that night and quit the show two weeks later in Chicago.

He was with CBS from then until 1947, when he found himself loaded down with more concert appearances and recording dates than the company was inclined to permit a house man to accept. It was a common sight around Broadway to see Miller fleeing intently from performance to rehearsal and from rehearsal to recording studio. "I saw the beard today," people used to say, "running as usual." He was also earning up to $15,000 a year. Shortly, thereafter, he went to Mercury.

His advent at Columbia was greeted with a certain amount of trepidation, Lieberson recalls. Miller was thought to be an eccentric because, among other things, he had never been seen in a complete business suit (he has since had five made which fit him like wrinkled peach skins) and didn't hang around Lindy's; he played the oboe, which was noncommercial, and he wore a beard, which was unheard-of, either in Lindy's or among A. and R. men. Lieberson was told it was his own funeral and hired Miller.

"I didn't want a businessman this time," Lieberson says. "I think nonbusinessmen sometimes make better businessmen than businessmen, if you follow me. Anyway, they don't make any aesthetic mistakes." Miller has, in common with other human beings and A. and R. men, made a number of mistakes since he has been at Columbia, but these have, at least in a financial sense, been far outweighed by his successes.

Possibly the most touching tribute a businessman could pay him was uttered the other day by Paul Wexler, the vice-president in charge of sales at Columbia. "Mitch," he said, with a certain degree of awe in his voice, "has terrific common sense. He doesn't even talk like a musician."

THE END

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"FATHER'S SECRET RECIPE," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 64 in the series "Home Life in America."

In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours—*beer belongs . . . enjoy it!*

Beer and ale have always belonged here in America. George Washington, for example, had his personal recipe for making beer. Written in his own hand, it is now in the Manuscript Division of the New York Public Library.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

Sponsored by the United States Brewers Foundation . . . Chartered 1862

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"I Got a Toothache, Mister"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

"I was very possibly the Hopalong Cassidy of the hour," the doctor says, offhandedly.

Although he was certainly not the greatest dentist of the hour, Dr. Parker nevertheless did the Western folk yeoman service. The fact is, the doctor could not keep his hands off a bad tooth, whether in man or beast. Many times, in the center ring and with thousands, including the alerted press photographers, breathlessly watching, the doctor calmly repaired the teeth of lions and tigers ("A little gas pacified the beasts"), and once put an enormous gold inlay in the tusk of a hippopotamus in an operation the papers called "a delicate bit of hippodontia."

Dog Tries to Rescue Walrus

In all these activities, Dr. Parker was fanged but once and then on the hip by a small dog that had run into the ring to the rescue, apparently, of a walrus the doctor was servicing. After hasty examination of the damaged area, Dr. Parker assured the crowd that it was only a slight, though awkwardly placed wound, and the show went on. For the most part, Dr. Parker stuck to the dental tent, but every so often he was forced to substitute for some absent performer in another branch.

The doctor was particularly adept at the cold reading. The cold reading, as anyone who has hung around carnivals knows, is a kind of rapid mental frisk used by barkers and others who must be able to read the characters of strangers at sight. The doctor was good, but when his talent misfired, as it did on occasion, it sometimes got him into difficulties.

One evening when he was obliged to sit for the palm reader—a man famous for his advice to middle-aged ladies desiring to hike the horsepower of their personalities—he was approached by the large and aggressive wife of a highly placed Los Angeles official.

"I want a whole new character!" announced the lady, who later tried to have the doctor run out of southern California as a sorcerer. "How do I get it?"

"What kind of a character did you have in mind?" asked the doctor, guardedly, "Carrie Nation? Florence Nightingale?"

The lady jerked her hand away and demanded to know who the doctor thought he was addressing.

"Offhand," said the doctor, coldly, "I'd say a grass widow on safari. However, since we've nothing to lose, let's settle down here and see what kind of characters we got. How about Little Egypt?"

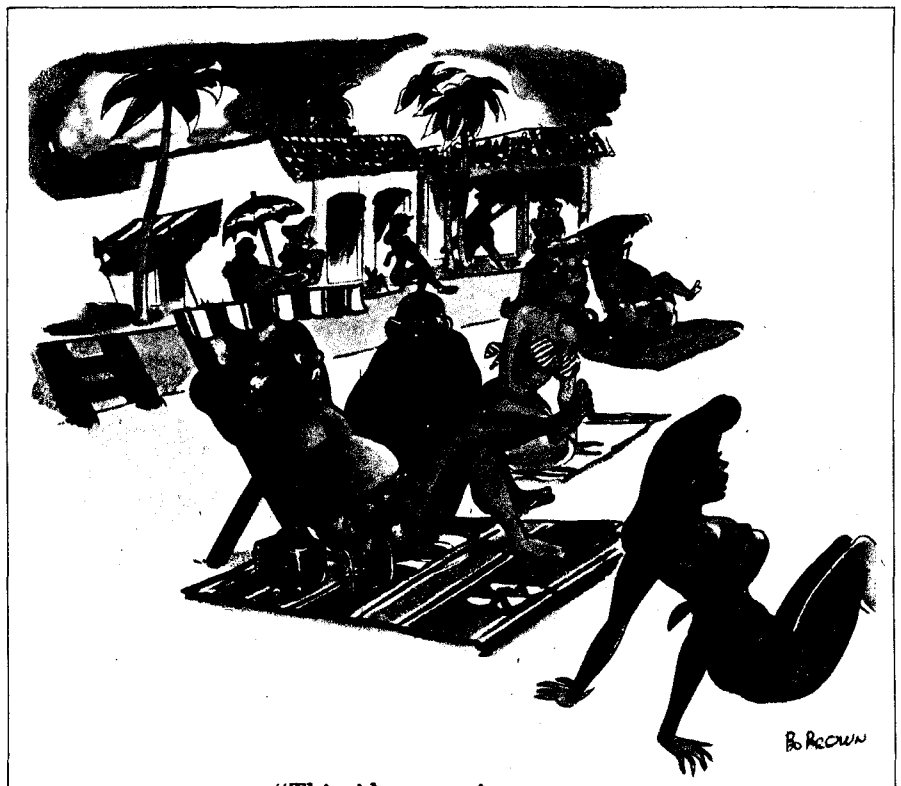
On another occasion in Los Angeles, Dr. Parker was forced to take the place of the barker who handled the girlie show. He did not relish this assignment to begin with, but his reluctance turned to outright dismay when he mounted the stage full of wiggling kootch dancers to find himself looking out into the cold eyes of six of the well-to-do, eminently respectable ladies and gentlemen who were his immediate neighbors on fashionable West Adams Street. The doctor had a clear vision of the ladies running over to tell his wife, Frances, about the depths to which her husband had fallen. He saw all the Parkers ostracized in their neighborhood. For a moment, he seemed about to bolt, but then the coolness under fire that was to mark his forthcoming war with the American Dental Association asserted itself, and the doctor shook his cane at the gentry.

"Folks," he rasped, leaning forward. "You know what you came down here for. Well"—he straightened up with a forced leer—"you know we got it. Inside this tent, for one thin dime, we will shortly unfold before your eyes the pagan rites of the mysterious East . . ."

The doctor's worst apprehensions were promptly realized.

Circus life kept Dr. Parker stirred up and on the move. The chief reason for his excitement was that, while other circuses were failing, his kept netting as much as $5,000 a day, tax free, on weekdays, and $10,000 a day on week ends. By the end of the year Dr. Parker had made so much money with it he was beginning to feel sinful. Also, the cost of prosperity was beginning to mount up.

For one thing, the doctor's wife, Frances Parker, the daughter of a rigidly correct Brooklyn family, had not become reconciled to her husband's business methods in 18 years of marriage. Dr. Parker had lured her to California on a promise to retire, buy an orange grove and live the life of a gentleman farmer. Before the move and after it, he had filled the air with promises to give up peep-show dentistry and settle down to practice what was generally thought to be a serious medical science. But the promises had all been broken and



COLLIER'S

"This idea was in my suggestion box. I put it there!"

BO BROWN

gradually Frances Parker had given up hoping for the life of quiet retirement she had always wanted.

This weighed on the doctor's conscience, but there was another problem that distracted him even more. For many months, the dental associations of the Western states had been watching Dr. Parker "making a mockery of the dental profession," and what was worse, cutting deeply into the practices of local dentists. They had attacked him sporadically and without much success, hoping that people would tire of his brand of service. When people did not, the interstate associations began to gather for an anti-Parker war to make their previous, often vicious, battles with him seem like mere distant rattles of musketry.

The associations were determined, in short, to rout the doctor completely out of the dental profession with every legal weapon they could find. Either that or throw away the dental code of ethics and let every dentist run wild in one big advertising, forceps-wielding, fee-poaching jamboree.

Dr. Parker was beginning to tire of prosperity at this time, as has been said, but when scouts warned him that the "ethicals" were rising for a finish fight, the sparkle returned to his eye and he began to reconnoiter the terrain with enormous enthusiasm. He did not have to wait long for the opening shot. In early 1914, after he had taken an examination for a license to practice in Oregon under his own name, instead of the names of dentists in his employ, the Board of Dental Examiners in that state announced that he had failed to pass.

"Failed to pass!" roared the doctor, recently. "What idiocy! They wanted me out on account of the circus, boy. But I threw the circus at them instead."

As soon as the announcement reached him, the doctor took his show to Oregon on the double and began to stump the cities and the sticks with it. This was the first time any man had used a circus to collect signatures on a petition to invoke a state initiative. But the doctor felt that any dentist who had been graduated, after two years' study, from an accredited dental college, and who was licensed to practice in some state outside Oregon, ought to be able to set up shop in Oregon without having to take the examination of the local Board of Dental Examiners. He felt this was a matter for the entire electorate to decide. Although he got far more than the required 10,000 signatures, the Parker proposition failed by 17,682 votes. Nevertheless, the conservative dental board, horrified by the publicity Dr. Parker had generated, quietly issued him a license on condition he shift his dental barnstorming to other states.

So far as the doctor was concerned, the Oregon affair was a pivotal Parker victory. In an expansive frame of mind, he yielded to the urgings of his wife and sold the circus. It was probably a mistake to relinquish such a potent political weapon after an opening brush with the enemy, but the doctor, who unfortunately felt he had the ethicals on the run, did not think so. Besides, having made more money than any dentist, dead or alive, he was in a mood to consider his past life as a dental medicine man highly undignified.

The doctor had always had two incompatible sides to his personality, one of them demanding that he be a showman and the other demanding equally hard that he be the soul of self-effacing respectability. The respectable side took precedence now and he began to ponder the idea of vanishing into thick-carpeted, paneled offices in some city other than Los Angeles to conduct a strictly nonadvertising, by-appointment practice.

After all, he was rich. Snake-oil salesmen and contortionists were hardly fit company for a professional man of his stature who might be consorting exclusively with captains of industry.

At this critical moment, Dr. Parker's thoughts turned to San Francisco—a cosmopolitan city heady with Old World atmosphere—and also a city in which he was not very well known. San Francisco was obviously the place.

When the doctor moved his family and his business headquarters to the Golden Gate, he had fully made up his mind to go straight. The fact that he had taken the same pledge several times before made no difference. Under the spell of his new resolutions, he bought Valle Vista, a 300-acre estate with a 14-room manor house, swimming pool, nine-hole golf course, stables, bridle paths and formal gardens bristling with Italian statuary, that lay in the rich Santa Clara Valley, some 50 miles south of San Francisco.

Then he began to commute daily to a suite of offices in a flatiron building across the street from San Francisco's famed Palace Hotel. He gave up smoking and drinking and exercised with bar bells every afternoon in the company of the city's most consequential men. Frances Parker, feeling that perhaps he had fallen ill, waited quietly to see what would happen next.

Much as he disliked golf, statuary, 14-room houses, horseback riding and repairing teeth indoors, the doctor persisted stubbornly in his reform. He might have been at it yet had he not come upon an evangelist exhorting a small gathering of bums on San Francisco's Howard Street one afternoon. The evangelist, a wild-haired man who had made up his own religion, and who called himself the Cardinal, was preaching in painfully amateurish fashion, stumbling and halting in a way to make a pitchman's stomach turn. The doctor bore it as long as he could and then he stepped up and laid an expensively gloved hand on the evangelist's arm.

Changing the Sermon Topic

"Brother," he said, "I was chasing down the street here on the dead run after worldly gain when I happened to hear your golden words. Now I got the call to speak to your little flock here, if you don't object. Flock!" said the doctor, without pausing, "God hates a man who neglects his teeth . . ."

Unhappily, Dr. Parker did not have his forceps with him on this occasion. Nevertheless, the sermon he delivered on the general subject, God and Your Teeth, drew a large and enthusiastic crowd, and so edified the Cardinal that he offered to make the doctor a missionary on the spot, with powers to bind and loose. The doctor declined, but he had felt the exhilaration of a street pitch again and the damage was done.

In the next few days, Dr. Parker bought a red truck and rigged a mobile dental office on its open back. Donning morning clothes, he headed for the intersection of Market and Powell Streets, one of the busiest corners in town, where he proceeded to blow a cornet and urge the passing throngs to put their teeth in his hands. Business picked up immediately and Painless Parker, a short and powerful, grandly mustachioed, well-dressed, diamond-draped man in the full vigor of his middle years, became as familiar a figure in the streets of San Francisco as the mad and medal-hung Emperor Norton.

When Dr. Parker resumed street practice, trouble sought him out at once. Whether there was any organized effort behind it is hard to say. Nevertheless, fate had a cold eye on the doctor.

One day while he was lecturing a large gathering on Second Street, an enraged man climbed on the truck platform, thrust a summons at the doctor and shouted: "You have ruined my daughters! You should be deported from this country!" Investigation

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disclosed that the "daughter" had had a tooth fixed in a Parker office and had gone later to a nonadvertising dentist who claimed the job had been bungled and advised her to sue for damage. That afternoon, Dr. Parker filed a countersuit against the girl's father for publicly accusing him "of a lack of chastity." The suit against Parker was dropped.

A short while later, a man sued Dr. Parker for malpractice. One of his witnesses, a nonadvertising dentist, produced X rays to prove damage. But Dr. Parker, who had studied the plates before going into court, informed the judge that the X rays showed a rotated bicuspid, a kind of tooth he then demonstrated that the plaintiff did not have in his mouth. Since the plates clearly belonged to someone other than the plaintiff, the case was dismissed.

Neck-Breaking Charge Refuted

Soon after, Dr. Parker found himself facing a possible charge of murder. A Parker patient named Jones had died of a broken neck and his relatives, urged on by several nonadvertising dentists in the East Bay, accused the doctor of breaking it in an orgy of tooth-hoisting. While the newspapers and the dental organizations flayed the doctor unmercifully, he did some quick detective work and produced evidence to prove that Jones had broken his neck falling off a shed in his own back yard.

Other malpractice suits, most of them as insecurely based as the ones listed, hit Dr. Parker in rapid succession thereafter. Instead of smiling around him on the morning commuter train, the doctor took to hiding behind his paper and scowling at new accounts of his troubles. One day when he had $250,000 in malpractice suits (of which only $1,000 was ever collected) outstanding against him, a tall and impressive-looking fellow sat down next to Dr. Parker and began to peer intently at him. After some moments of this scrutiny, the doctor swung around and asked the stranger what was eating him.

"My name's Older," said the tall man, pleasantly. "I've been running a lot of copy on you, Dr. Parker, and I'm wondering what you have to say for yourself."

What Dr. Parker had to say took the better part of several commuter rides, but Fremont Older, editor of the San Francisco Bulletin and a newspaperman still revered as a Gibraltar of journalism, listened with growing delight. When it was over, Older clapped the doctor on the back and insisted he write his memoirs for the Bulletin.

"Just write like you talk," Older said. "We'll handle the libel suits."

That afternoon, Dr. Parker began to pen the first installment of a composition that was to run to thousands of words and become required reading in San Francisco.

In the series, headlined Painless Parker, Outlaw; His Confessions, Dr. Parker described how, as a young dentist, he had almost starved to death cowering behind a tiny shingle in a barbershop in his home town of Tynemouth Creek, New Brunswick, Canada, and how, in desperation, he had finally broken the dental code of ethics by getting out to advertise his services in a dental-medicine show. He dwelt lovingly upon his adventures among gun-slingers, Blackfoot Indians and ladies of the evening when he was a horseback dentist in the wilds of Alaska, and made much of his later rise to fame and fortune in Brooklyn as one of the nation's first advertising dentists.

Throughout, he belabored the ethical dentists for "cultivating a wise professional manner, like a treeful of owls," and for setting minimum fee standards, refusing to educate the public in tooth care, killing the initiative of enterprising dentists and pretending to be "scientists" when, as the doctor insisted, they were really "mechanics."

Dr. Parker did not mention that the dental associations had been established to protect patients from dental quackery, and to promote research dentistry and raise the level of skill and service in the profession. He was interested in telling how the "ethicals" had tried, by legislation and low punches, to drive him out of competition, and he did not propose to becloud his thesis with "on-the-other-hands."

When the doctor capped the "Outlaw" series by implying that some ethical Brooklyn dentists had caused the death of a Fourth Avenue barber by putting arsenical paste (then a common practice) into the raw socket of a tooth Dr. Parker had just pulled, the roars of San Francisco's dental association could be heard as far as San Jose.

Shortly thereafter, the association tried to have an ordinance passed outlawing "dental surgery in the manifestly unsterile atmosphere of the street." When this failed, the dental lobby in 1915 pushed through a bill prohibiting the use of dental trade names (like Painless Parker), whereupon the doctor, whose given names were Edgar Rudolph Randolph, changed them legally to Painless. Other attacks followed one upon the other until the doctor began to wobble slightly. This is not to say that he wasn't enjoying himself. He was. Nevertheless, his hair was graying fast.

"There was snow on the roof but there was fire in the furnace!" the doctor bellowed recently, aroused anew by the memory of it all. "While the ethicals were howling in the boondocks, I was running my string of offices up to 21 and making over a million a year, gross. Daytimes, I was fixing teeth in downtown San Francisco traffic, and nights I was eating in fancy restaurants and going to the opera. I bought a 75-foot schooner, the Idalia, at Older's suggestion and raced her 4,000 miles to Tahiti with a crew of five. Also," Dr. Parker concluded, rather grandly, "I was eating my lunches in the company of the very best people."

The doctor was indeed. Fremont Older had taken a strong fancy to Dr. Parker and in 1917 had introduced him as an eminent medical man to the members of the Roundtable"—a groaning board set up in a secluded corner of the Palm Court in the Palace Hotel where the principal men of the city, and distinguished visitors, gathered daily to electrify one another with their wit. The doctor had never been awed by anything until he got into this august company, which included such magnificoes as Clarence Darrow and Lincoln Steffens. But the Roundtable seemed to have the sign on him, and he sat like a bumpkin day after day.

"I was charging my batteries, I suppose," the doctor recalls, "but gradually I began to speak up, even if it was only to ask some banker or other to pass the mustard."

Occasionally, a few of the more frosty Roundtable members would glance inquiringly at the doctor, as though they remembered him from somewhere, but nothing came of these inspections until one noon a well-known ethical dentist, who knew but did not revere Dr. Parker, was invited as a guest. Unhappily, this fellow was placed at the doctor's right hand, and no sooner had he laid eyes on Dr. Parker than he sprang up and demanded another seat. The doctor shrank visibly at this outburst, but the worst was to come.

"Painless," boomed the guest dentist, across the table during a lull, "are you still running that peep show?"

"Why . . . ah . . ." mumbled the doctor.

"Remember the time you pulled those teeth out of that drunk's upper plate in Bakersfield and then told the crowd it was an example of painless dentistry?" the guest persisted. "That was rich!"

The doctor, who was guiltless of this charge, started to protest, but faltered when he felt every eye on him.

"You know," the guest ground on, "you ought to stop risking your patients' lives pulling teeth in the street. Although you may not know it, there are microbes in the air . . ."

Dr. Parker got up and slunk away from the table as the guest dentist enlarged upon the microbe theory. The guest was still enlarging upon it 30 minutes later when the doctor returned with a man dressed in a costume representing a giant bug of some kind. The table fell into astonished silence as Dr. Parker and the bug-man approached.

"Gents!" thundered the doctor in his old circus voice. "You have just heard a learned discourse on microbes in the air from the doctor here. He has told you they can't be beaten by man. Well, I've gone out and got a microbe"—Dr. Parker flicked one of the bug-man's feather feelers playfully—"and we will now see if the doctor's theories hold water. I propose to rassle this microbe before your eyes, and if the microbe wins, Heaven help us all!"

With the Roundtable cheering wildly, and ladies and gentlemen from the outer court rushing in to view the spectacle, Dr. Parker removed his coat, closed in and proceeded to lose two falls in a row to the microbe—even though he had paid it in advance to throw the match.

"Head for the exits!" roared the doctor, lying on his back after being pinned for the second time. "That damn' dentist was right after all!"

The microbe fight established Dr. Parker as a Roundtable feature, and he remained so for many years, often hurrying from some street-corner exhibition of painless dentistry to join the members in an order of guinea hen under glass. But the high regard in which he was held in the Palace had no effect on the Western dental associations. They kept working for his downfall, and by the 1930s they had much to show for their efforts.

The heaviest blow fell in 1935 when street dentistry was outlawed, not only in California but in most other states. This move just about ruined the doctor at one clip, for his chief joy in his work, as well as his best method of promotion, had been to get out and mix it up personally with the people.

Then the dental associations in most of the states in which Dr. Parker had offices began to push through legislation against dental advertising and corporation dentistry, which the Painless Parker Dentist Corporation undoubtedly practiced. In Colorado, which claimed dental corporations ruined the doctor-patient relationship, the best thing in dentistry, the doctor fought hard to invoke the state initiative, as he had in Oregon.

Oh, for Those Circus Days!

But without his being particularly aware of it, times had changed, and although Dr. Parker stumped Denver in a red automobile, and even got up a small parade with banners, people weren't very much interested. Rocks sailed past his head as he spoke from a car in Denver, and once, while he harangued a small sidewalk crowd, a huge bag of water was dropped from a 12-story building, narrowly missing him. To cap matters, his measure lost by 50,000 votes. It was then he bitterly regretted having sold the circus.

The Colorado defeat set a precedent and thereafter the dental organizations began to rout the doctor out of state after state until only California, Oregon and Washington were left open to him. And even there the woods swarmed with hostiles. To compound disaster, the California Dental Board suspended Dr. Parker's license "for aiding an unlicensed person (the Parker Corporation) to practice dentistry." This move separated the doctor from his drills and forceps for the first time in over 30 years and forced him to lease his offices to his employees. Dr. Parker did not get his license back until five years later when A. P. Giannini, founder of the Bank of America and the doctor's friend, interceded with Governor Sunny Jim Rolph in his behalf.

"It was the most exciting time I ever had in my life," the doctor said recently, in estimating the situation. "I was like General Custer at the Little Bighorn. My men were dropping around me like leaves but I kept

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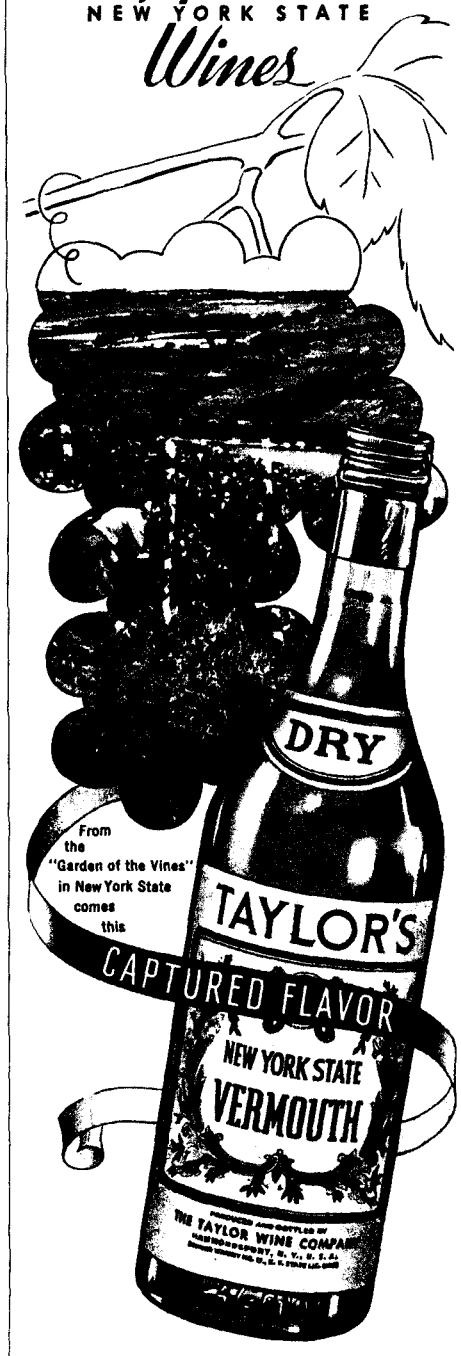

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charging up and down that dang little hilltop, firing at the ethicals on every hand and defying them to come and get me. Oh, it was bloodcurdling, but, if I may say so, I was very cool through it all. Very cool."

The doctor paused and began to stroke his Vandyke ruminatively.

"Of course, they came and got me," he added, after a while. "But you know, boy, when I was a prisoner, bound hand and foot and slung over a horse, so to speak, with my seat turned up and roasting in the sun—you know them dang ethicals didn't raise my hair. I don't know what came over them. But they turned me loose."

The doctor's expression was one of sheer wonderment.

"They just took away my canteen and turned me out to wander in the desert, is all," he went on. "When they couldn't wing me with gunfire, they decided to do it with peace.

"You know, boy," said the doctor, glancing about his office with a furtive air, "I can't stand peace—there's something unnatural about it. I don't know exactly what it is, but when you've got peace you've also got too much time. And when you've got time, danged if you don't use it sitting around and thinking about how old you're getting. You know what I did when they shot me full of peace? I began to feel my age."

The doctor slapped his thigh at this outlandish statement.

"Yes, sir. I wasn't a day over sixty-five when I got to feeling it in my knees. That's what the ethicals did for me. Gave me a temporary case of age fever."

Incredible as it seemed to Dr. Parker, who could not believe they would do that to him, the dental associations began to call off the anti-Parker war in the late thirties. By 1940, apparently convinced that age and his string of defeats had put him out of harm's way, the associations allowed peace, or rather a watchful and uneasy truce, to develop.

This maneuver left the doctor in a vacuum, which he, and nature, thoroughly abhorred. When he saw that the ethicals really intended to carry out this incredible policy of peace, Dr. Parker reacted violently, firing off manifestoes and even threatening to hit the street once more. But nothing moved the associations. They remain unmoved to this day, in fact, apparently serene in the knowledge that medicine-show dentistry is past, and that there will never be another Painless Parker.

Rural Life Got Him Down

After floundering angrily around in the vacuum for a while, Dr. Parker suddenly decided that the Valle Vista was altogether too peaceful to bear. The fresh air seemed to be hurting his lungs and the silence was insupportable, except at night when the crickets began roaring in the underbrush. When he found himself throwing rocks at the Italian statuary one afternoon, he began making up excuses for moving back to the city. His daughters had left home to get married, and his son, Painless Parker, Jr., was in business for himself. He could see no reason for burying himself in the wilderness any longer. When Mrs. Parker agreed with him, he sold Valle Vista at once and moved with her to a lofty, exquisitely furnished house in San Francisco.

The house had only one serious flaw—it stood in a wealthy district that had been zoned for quiet. The doctor had not lived in it a week before he was planning to move downtown into the bracing odor of exhaust fumes and the roar of traffic. But Mrs. Parker restrained him.

In the next few years, the respectable side and the showman side of his personality engaged in a frightful rhubarb inside Dr. Parker, with the respectable side counseling a let-well-enough-alone policy, and the showman side demanding that he rout the ethicals out of concealment once again and run them shrieking into the sea. When the respectable side was topmost, Dr. Parker walked around with a sanctimonious air. But when the showman was up, he dispatched inflammatory letters to various ethical dentists around town and was enormously gratified when he received inflammatory letters in return.

World War II took his mind off the fact that he had no private war, for the moment, and he was pleased to see the Army and Navy using the group dental method he had pioneered, but outraged when neither service would commission his dentists. The $3,500,000-a-year gross his practice was turning in at this time temporarily distracted his attention from the fact that he was not actually living at the core of the city, in the very midst of its echo and vibration, like the clapper in a bell. But he never altogether forgot it.

"Before you make any false assumptions about my political beliefs, I would like to explain just why I'm called 'Red'"

COLLIER'S KIRK

In late 1945, when Mrs. Parker died, Dr. Parker suffered the hardest blow of his life. He shut himself up in the town house for a couple of weeks after that. When he finally left it, he never went back, but sold the property, furniture and all, and moved into two small and cluttered rooms three stories above his dental offices in the flatiron building at Third and Market. These rooms were exactly what the doctor wanted—they were so close to the heart of the city that he could hear it thumping day and night. What's more, his windows commanded a fine view of Market Street and the sidewalk in front of the Palace Hotel—the scene of some of his finest street pitches, conducted 52 years ago.

The doctor fitted the rooms out very plainly and covered the walls with pictures of himself, his family and friends, and the shelves with cups and plaques won by the Idalia. That done, he went bounding down to his dental offices to see what new lumps he might raise upon the world.

A few weeks ago, Dr. Parker was operating at the fire-engine pace he had set himself in his youth and was charging about his premises with a gusto that amazed his patients, although his employees saw nothing unusual about it. He started work at 8:00 A.M. and knocked off at 6:00 P.M., six days a week, with an hour off for naps after lunch. These naps were a concession to the flesh, and he made other, minor ones to his heart (no running upstairs) and to his stomach, which could no longer quite keep pace with the rest of him.

Despite these barely discernible creaks, however, he still serviced over a dozen teeth, personally, every day, and ran his 28 dental offices, his 78 dentists and 240 assorted dental employees with an iron hand. During frequent train trips to his branches, he jacked everybody up with stern reminders of the Parker principle of service—"The customer pays what he can but he gets his teeth fixed, regardless!"

Through it all, Dr. Parker manages to find time to interest himself in the prodigies and alarms of the present and to plan for the future, as becomes a man who intends to live to be 150 years old, give or take a little either way. He reads the newspapers avidly every day, rattling the pages and crying out in rage at news of new taxes or economic controls. Patients often hear him exclaim through the thin walls of his tiny, private office. "Now they're after my union suit!"

He stands aghast at what he considers the disastrous ineptitude of all current U.S. politics. Whatever justice might attend this attitude, it is also a sign that something wondrously strange is at work in Dr. Parker. Somehow, through some chink the doctor probably does not think is there, dentistry's foremost rebel has become a conservative, or rather the Parker version of a conservative. The government's "spend and spend" policy of recent years has been supported, he feels, solely by Painless Parker, D.D.S. The disappearance of the five-cent cigar, the penny post card and the nickel telephone call cause him to regret ever having considered passing the country on to younger hands.

In the matter of the ethicals, however, the doctor is not at all conservative. They might be waiting him out but the doctor is looking around for ways to keep his name before their eyes even after he is gone. It horrifies him to think that, before the law, the Parker organization is just one man, Painless Parker, and that it will cease to exist the moment he dies. The only way to perpetuate his name (though his son will keep it alive for a while) will be to endow some university dental school, or other essentially nonprofit foundation, by willing it his organization. He spends much time, planning and cackling over this project. He was hard at work on it one recent afternoon, in fact, when he had a caller, an ancient man who had once been a juggler in one of the Parker sidewalk medicine shows.

The doctor was feeling wonderfully fit this particular afternoon. He had had a couple of exhilarating extractions and was looking forward to a couple of others before the offices closed.

"Harry," he boomed, when he spied the caller, "it's great to see you. How are you, boy?"

"Not so good, Painless. Not so good," Harry said, gloomily.

The doctor looked surprised. "Why, you're looking fine. Anything eating you?"

"Yep."

"You in love?" Dr. Parker asked, accusingly.

"Painless," the juggler said, sternly, "let's not kid ourselves. The train's pulled out and there's just you and me left standing in the station."

"What?" the doctor said.

"And you and me might as well make up our minds to pack and get on after the rest of them."

"What the hell kind of talk is that?" the doctor remembers shouting, in astonishment. "I feel fine."

"Aha!" said the juggler. "That's what you think. But I tell you we're obsolete, Painless. Us and the rubes and the pitchman's wagons, rusting and falling apart."

The doctor laughed at the juggler in spite of himself.

"Harry," he said, leaning forward, "now I want you to listen to me. So far as I'm concerned, you're a brand-new automobile just coming off the assembly line. You got a tankful of gas and a hundred horsepower and you're painted red all over. Just like me. Now, let's forget all this nonsense."

Once fairly started, Dr. Parker went on at some length in this vein, painting glowing pictures of life as it was and would be for the two of them. It was a magnificent performance and the old juggler began to brighten as he listened. As he rose to depart, his face glowed with new hope and there was a spring in his step. Dr. Parker sent him out the door with a clap on the back and a hearty bellow and then turned to see what work was to be done.

There was a great deal and the doctor pitched into it at once. But somehow the old juggler's conversation kept popping up in his mind . . .

"What folderol!" the doctor snorted, drilling vigorously into a patient's molar.

Seeking Surcease of Gloom

Nevertheless, he felt a strange gloom begin to rise in him and he grew restless and uneasy. He worked harder than ever but the gloom kept growing until the doctor, glowering and growling, turned the patient over to an assistant and began to pace his office. Some time later, a nurse was surprised to find him staring at himself in a little wall mirror.

"Nurse," said the doctor, somewhat weakly, "I don't suppose I've taken much notice of myself in 20 years. But it seems to me the last time I looked in a mirror my hair was black."

The doctor resumed pacing and then he clapped a hat on his head and went out for a walk on Market Street. He walked slowly, peering intently at the passers-by as though in search of some remembered face. But nobody seemed to satisfy him.

Walking and watching, he says, it suddenly seemed to him that the magic street was empty and banal, and that the people were all hard and slick-looking and bound on pointless errands. He remembered the country people who used to gape at his dental medicine shows and crowd up to the ticket windows of his circus. True, they wore mail-order suits, and had scrubbed, trustful expressions and turned-out, country-boy ears. But they had seemed more wholesome, somehow. Maybe they were what he was looking for.

Back in his room after the walk, the dentist who had pulled more teeth, raised more hell, made and lost more money, seen more sights and just about lived more years than any other dentist on earth, felt dog-tired, for the first time in his life. Six floors down in the building, which was empty and closed for the night, somebody rang the bell under the Painless Parker sign. But the doctor did not move. The bell rang again and again, urgently. Finally, with great effort, the doctor got up and walked along the dim hallway and went creaking down in the self-service elevator to the street. His shoulders sagged as he opened the door on a pudgy, red-faced young man in a suit that was too tight for him.

"I got a toothache, mister," groaned the young man, thickly. "Are you a dentist?"

Slowly, almost unbelievingly, Dr. Parker studied the young man's round and open face, bursting with health and innocence. Slowly, the doctor went over every detail—the mail-order suit, the red wrists showing, the scrubbed and trustful expression, the turned-out, country-boy ears.

"Am I a dentist!" he shouted then, a note of fierce joy rising in his voice. "Reuben! Reuben, my boy! I am the greatest all-around, free-style, catch-as-catch-can dentist in this world or the next, and it is just sheer luck for both of us that you caught me when you did. Come in, boy! Come in!" the doctor yelled, laughing at the young man's half-open mouth and wondering eyes. "Don't mind me. I just thought you'd gone away, boy. I just thought you'd gone." THE END

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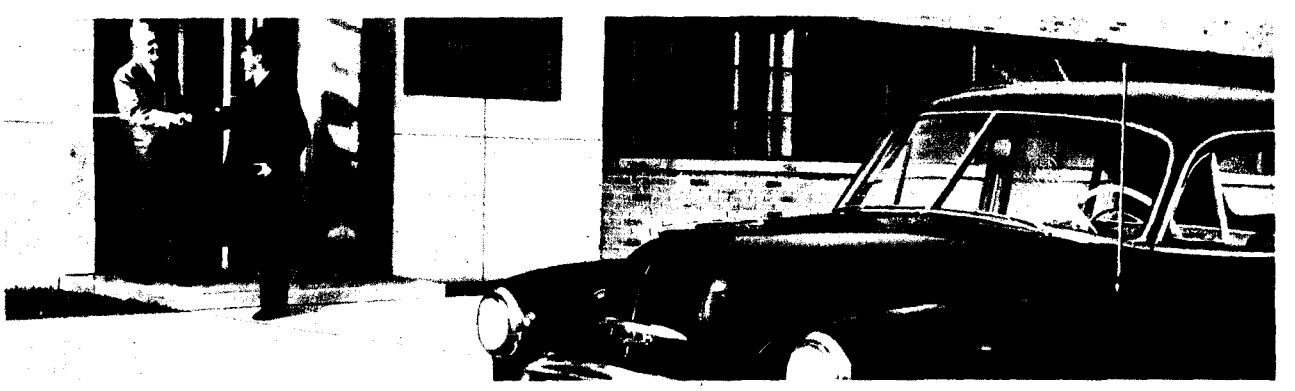

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Judy Holliday Takes Her Own Glamor Picture

Fed up with the traditional "cheesecake," the Academy Award winner snaps herself and gets hilarious results

Capricorn Inn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

my bill. Eventually, I suppose, somebody handed somebody else some legal tender, but at La Plata we saw mighty little folding money, or even clinking money.

We stood there, drinking bourbon and branch water and staring at the big turtle.

"Maybe," Herb said, "we can unload this thing on the beer man."

"Not him," Clancy said decisively. "He's still upset about the time we paid him off in stone crabs, and they got loose and nearly made him wreck his truck, snapping at his ankles."

Herb ran his fingers through his hair and shook his head. "Man," he said, "it would really be something to have money just once, instead of fish and turtles and camellia plants. Sometime I'm gonna make a million dollars, so Clancy can go shoppin' in St. Pete and buy all the pretty dresses in the store."

"How," Clancy asked, "are you going to make a million dollars?"

"That's the only thing," Herb said. "I don't know. Maybe the Capricorn Inn will get to be a gold mine and the money will just pour in. That day comes, you'll get it all, Clancy."

Clancy looked at her husband, and they both smiled in a way that told me it must be wonderful to be in love like that; so much in love that the meeting of their eyes across a room could stretch a bridge of bright magic between them.

CHRIS TANEY walked in just then. He was one of the very few people on La Plata Beach I didn't like. To be truthful, I had no real reason for disliking him. Maybe it was because he had money; maybe it was his flashy car and his too-pointed black-and-white sport shoes; maybe it was his genial contempt for people who didn't have a nickel and weren't worried about it. I'd met him at the post office and Crooker's store, and he always made it a point to ask how the book was coming along; was there anything he could get me in Tampa or St. Pete; how about going over to Ybor City some night with a couple of babes who were good company? He was friendly—maybe a little too friendly.

"What's this thing?" he asked, when he saw the turtle. Herb explained, and Taney grimaced.

"Why don't you get smart, Herb?" he asked. "Make these dead beats pay off in cash instead of the junk you take in. You'll never get anywhere unless you get tough with some of these characters."

"Look," Clancy said, before Herb could answer, "he's moving."

The sea turtle was shuffling toward the screen door, past the juke box I'd so often heard, when I passed the Capricorn, always playing Cecilia.

Taney opened the door, and the big brute straggled through and headed for the beach, in a hurry now that it had got it through its head that it was free. We watched it waddle down to the water, into the gentle surf, and disappear.

"I hope he's grateful," Clancy said dubiously.

"Turtles and elephants," Herb said sententiously, "never forget."

"There goes a sawbuck's worth of tabs, I bet," Taney said. "Won't you two kids ever learn?"

That's how I got to know Clancy and Herb. After that, I dropped in nearly every late afternoon to sip a beer, listen to Cecilia, admire those two, and join in laughing at the strange things that always seemed to be happening to the people who made the Capricorn Inn their rendezvous.

Like Tony Aggravetta, who owned a little grove just over the bridge. Tony was sacking oranges for his roadside stand one day, and he reached behind him for another bag and grabbed the windpipe of a six-foot rattler. "I sat there," Tony told us, "with my hand still out in back of me, holding that snake. I knew I couldn't let go, or he'd get me. Then I decided to get the hell out of there, and I started running. I was halfway to Indian Rocks before I remembered I still had hold of that snake. He'd been dragging along behind me, and he was pretty beat up by that time. I dropped him, and he sort of shook his head and staggered off into the palmetto. Scareder than I was."

AND old Homer Justice. Homer was an inventor who had yet to invent one practical thing. He was out in his skiff one day, with a fish line trailing. There was a good wind, and the sailboat was scudding down the Gulf. "I was doing fine," Homer explained, "with the sail as stiff as a brick wall, and all of a sudden I found out I was going backward. Coupla people driving down the beach road saw me and stopped their car, and I could hear 'em yelling at each other that it wasn't possible. I kind of thought the same thing, myself."

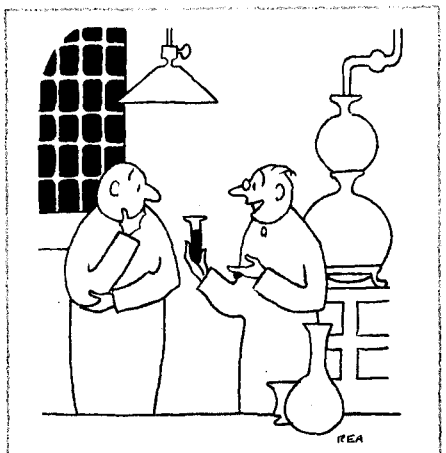
What had happened was that an eighteen-foot hammerhead shark was on Homer's line, and the shark had decided it wanted to go north instead of wherever Homer was heading.

Except for Chris Taney, none of us had any money, but—to coin a phrase—we had an awful lot of fun. Every once in a while somebody would pay off the Capricorn with a mess of shrimp, and Clancy would fry them up in the little lean-to kitchen. Or somebody would catch a big king mackerel, the finest eating fish that ever swam, and we'd feast on broiled kingfish steaks until they came out of our ears. Sometimes we'd have a beer to go with the food; sometimes the beer man would have shut off Herb's credit again, and we'd have iced tea or water. But even if we had water and baked beans as the main and only course, it would be another memorable meal, because Herb and Clancy would make it one.

"You could fix this place up to make real money," Chris Taney would say, reaching for another piece of fried rabbit. "Just let me get my hands on a spot like this, once." Nobody paid much attention to him.

Then, too soon, it was the first of February, and the owner of the cottage I was in told me he had a paying tenant, and I would have to leave. Almost simultaneously, I was offered a job in an advertising agency in Philadelphia, owned by a cousin; I was to wire immediately if I wanted it. I didn't want it; I wanted to stay on La Plata Beach for the rest of my days, but I wired back yes.

The farewell party at the Capricorn was very gay and just a little teary at the end. Clancy kissed me good-by, with Herb standing beside us, smiling at us, and she said: "When you come back, all rich and a famous writer, you'll find us right here, wondering what we can swap with the beer man to stay in business."



"Why not just name it Pyronolosterzyltinydonerol —and let it go at that?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"I'll be back," I promised. "I'll be back the first chance I get."

But—well, you know how those things are. You're sincere when you make the promise, and then things happen. I did have everything all set to go down there in the winter of '41, and then there came the Sunday when the radio told us what had happened. I was single, reasonably young, and I had 20-20 vision, so I found myself counting cadence at Fort Lee and wondering if the lieutenant was ever going to get off my neck.

When the shooting was over, I came home and headed straight for La Plata Beach in a highly polished, termite-riddled beach wagon. I made it to Florida, against all predictions, and I clattered over the bridge onto La Plata and turned the dusty nose of the sagging car toward Capricorn Inn.

When I saw it, I stepped on the brake and stared.

It was four times the size it had been when I'd seen it last, and it had a sleek air that didn't go with Herb and Clancy. The parking lot was filled with long, costly cars, and there was an attendant in a white coat and yachting cap, to make sure that no fenders were bruised. Gone was the gasoline pump that had stood outside the front door—usually empty, because the gasoline man wouldn't swap gas for fish, flowers, clams or conch shells. Gone was the lean-to kitchen where the shrimp and smoked mullet and crayfish and beans had been cooked by Clancy. Gone was the amateurish, waveringly hand-painted sign that had said this was Herb and Clancy's Capricorn Inn. In its stead was a flowing neon inscription, with an oversized stone crab on each side of the name, opening and closing its claws in indefatigable rhythm.

I coaxed my car into the parking lot and stowed it as far away from the highway as possible, to save the attendant embarrassment. It was a hot day, but for some reason I put on my coat and ran my hands over my hair before I walked into the Capricorn Inn. It seemed required, somehow, even though in the old days Clancy and Herb would have hooted at the idea.

THE air-conditioned semigloom enveloped me as I pushed open the door. The room that had been the entire Capricorn was now half of a chrome-and-red-leather bar. To my right was a dining room larger than the bar, and to my left was a cocktail lounge that an ad would call *intime*. The waiters were very smart in their red-piped jackets with the signature Capricorn over the breast pocket.

Herb wasn't behind the bar, and I couldn't see Clancy anywhere in the crowd. I sidled onto a bar stool and looked at the match folder that was lying in front of me, with its embossed cover that said this was still Herb and Clancy's Capricorn Inn. Two handsome, expert, and completely impersonal bartenders were juggling bottles, whizzing electric mixers, and totting up checks on the cash registers in a steady, muted clatter, clink and whir. Nobody at the Capricorn Inn of these times, I guessed, was being told he'd have to have branch water because the soda-pop man wouldn't leave any fizz water or ginger ale till Herb paid something on the bill.

"Bourbon and branch water," I told the bartender. He looked pained, but he recovered quickly. His smile was flashing and about as sincere as a loan shark's handshake, as he put the drink and the check in front of me. Ninety cents and Please Pay When Served. In the old days—

But what did I expect—a sea turtle on the floor, and Herb and Clancy still swapping bougainvillaea bushes for frankfurters, so that the would-be writers, the Homer Justices of La Plata Beach, could eat? I told myself I should be glad that the Capricorn Inn had proved to be a gold mine, and that

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Clancy could go shopping now in St. Pete and buy all the pretty dresses in the store. The war had changed everything, mostly for the worse; I should be happy that Clancy and Herb were the success all of us who'd been befriended by them had always hoped they'd be.

Then, suddenly, I didn't want to see them. I knew they wouldn't be the same people I'd known, and I wanted to preserve the memory of the turtle and Tony's rattlesnake and Clancy kissing me good-by and saying: "When you come back . . ."

I wasn't rich, and I wasn't a famous writer. The book never had been published. I wasn't the same man either, so how could I have hoped that Herb and Clancy would have stood still, marking time, so that I could come back and find everything exactly as it had been?

I finished my drink, started to climb down from the stool, and then turned back. The bartender was right there with his flashing smile. "Yes, sir. Another?"

"No, thanks," I said. "I just—well, I wonder if you could give Herb and Clancy a message for me? Tell them that Gil—"

"Herb and Clancy, sir?" The bartender looked puzzled.

I jerked my thumb toward the match folder. "Herb and Clancy," I repeated. "The owners of this place."

The man's smile disappeared, as he turned to serve another customer. "Mr. Taney is the owner of the Capricorn, sir," he said, over his shoulder.

I DIGESTED that, while the bartender moved on down the bar. Chris Taney owned the Capricorn Inn; Chris, who had a snickering disdain for everyone with less money than he and a half-fawning respect for anyone with more. Then what had happened to Clancy and Herb? I got off the stool and walked up to the ramrod-backed man standing holding a sheaf of menus, at the doorway to the dining room.

"Where do I find Mr. Taney?" I asked.

"Something wrong, sir?" he purred. I shook my head. "He's very busy, sir. I—"

"Look," I said. "I'm not a process server or a government inspector or a guy who wants to cash a bum check. I'm an old—friend of Mr. Taney's, and I just want to say hello."

Frozen-Face thought that over and finally decided it would be all right. He beckoned with his menus, and I followed him between the rows of tables of stylish, jabbering, high-voiced people who never would have looked twice at the old Capricorn Inn, the real Capricorn Inn. We came to a jalousied door at about the place I estimated the back wall of Clancy's kitchen had once stood. My escort tapped reverently.

"Yeah?" came from inside.

"A gentleman to see you, Mr. Taney," the captain said.

"Okay, okay. Don't just stand there!"

I walked into an office furnished something like the living room that I hope to have. From behind a desk in one corner, Chris Taney got up to greet me. He was wearing a white suit. He'd put on a little weight, not much, but what he'd gained showed in his jowls and at the belt line. His eyes were deeply shadowed, and he moved jerkily, even in getting up from his chair.

He had his hand stretched out before he recognized me, and his instinctive gesture was to pull it back. I stuck my hands in my pockets—I don't know why.

"Hello, Gil," he said. "Back, huh?"

"Just passing through," I said.

"They all just pass through," he told me. "Every one of them. All the old crowd. Come in here with the seat out of their pants and cry about the old days and how swell it used to be when Herb and Clancy were setting 'em up for free."

"The last time I looked," I said, "the seat was still in my pants."

"Oh, sure, sure, Gil," he said wearily. "Don't mind me. I'm tired. I—" The telephone burred, and he grabbed it up. "Taney. Who? You what? Now listen! I told you what I'd do if they weren't here by eight o'clock, and— I don't care what happened, you get them here, y'understand?" He slammed the receiver down.

"Him!" he said, bitterly. "Trying to—They're all alike." He remembered I was there, waved his hand toward a chair and sat down in his own. He put his elbows on the top of his desk and wiped his hands over his face. "Supposed to been in Tampa half an hour ago. Important. You think I can get anywheres on time? Hell, with the people you get these days to work for you, you're lucky if—"

"You're busy," I said. "I won't take up any more of your time. I just wanted to find out about Herb and Clancy."

"Herb and Clancy," he said, heavily. He took a long, tan panatela from the humidor on his desk and stuck it between his teeth, snapped a lighter, and puffed. He didn't offer me a cigar. "Herb and Clancy," he repeated. "Oh, I'll tell you about Herb and Clancy, all right. I got nothing to hide. I—"

The telephone sounded again.

"Taney. Who? How much does he want to make it out for? Wait a minute." He pulled open a desk drawer and riffled through a small black book. He scowled at whatever it was he read. "Well, okay this time, I guess. But if he gets plastered and wants to cash another one, I'm gone and you can't do anything without my okay—I don't care if it's for half a buck. You hear that, now!" Slam.

"All the same," he said. "You run a joint, and everybody thinks it's a bank, a check-cashing service. But he's good for it, that guy. He better be."

"Herb and Clancy," I prompted.

"Yeah," he said, absently. The panatela was going out in the ornate ash tray where he'd flung it. "Eighteen-twenty hours a day sometimes I put in at this place. You got to be on top of them, all the time, all the time. They rob you blind if you aren't. They rob you anyway, the chiselers." He picked up the cigar and relighted it.

"I'll tell you about Herb and Clancy," he said. "You remember the sump this place used to be? Look at it now. I get the biggest spenders in this part of the West Coast, and I got them thinking they don't rate if they don't eat and drink at the Capricorn. Like Romanoff's. Like '21.' "

The hands again, down over the face. "I was talkin' about Herb and Clancy. A couple of hillbillies, don't know a good thing when they got it right in their hands."

"What happened to them?" I asked.

"What could happen to them?" he said. "The bank got tired of carrying them and was going to close them up. I had some dough, so I told them I'd see them through this spot if they'd give me a free hand managing the place. They said okay. They'd say okay to anything, those two. So I cooled off the bank and took over, and the first thing I did was throw out the free-loaders."

"Like Tony Aggravetta and Homer Justice and me, huh?" I said.

"Yeah." He nodded. "You can't run a joint on credit, and none of you guys ever had Dime One."

"We had a lot of fun," I said.

"Fun!" He grunted. "Fun is for kids."

His lighter flared, and he puffed twice before the cigar went back into the ash tray. "I built this place, Gil," he said. "During the war a lot of money came into La Plata, and I went out to get it. I got it. Herb, he went in the Navy, and Clancy and I ran the place, but it was me that built the place."

He spread his hands and hunched his shoulders. "So what happens?" he said. "Herb comes back, and here we are with the dough rolling in. We got the best place anywhere around here, and those two don't like it. Why? Because none of their broken-down friends come around any more. They know they got to pay cash on the line with me, and they haven't got it, so they stay away."

The phone again. He clutched it, listened, said, "Yeah," and hung up. "So one day they come to me," he went on, "and they say they want to buy back my interest in the joint. Get that for a laugh!"

It was a laugh, all right. Imagine Chris Taney selling out his share of the lode he'd found in the old Capricorn Inn, the gold that had been there all the time, hidden under Clancy's and Herb's laughter and friendship and generosity and ridiculous ways of doing business. A laugh; a big laugh.

"I bought them out, finally," Taney was saying. "I got them to sign a paper that gave me the name, Herb and Clancy's Capricorn Inn, and I had a little clause to say they can't open up within a hundred miles of this place. You know how they were. They don't even read the contract they sign. It was like—I don't know—it was like they were *glad* to get rid of this gold mine I made for them." He shrugged. "Dopes," he said. "Biggest pair of dopes I ever—I got to be going. I'm late now in Tampa. Important."

"Where are they now?" I asked.

"I don't know, and I don't give a damn," he said. He grinned. "Tell you what you do, if you're so hepped up on Herb and Clancy—or was it just Clancy, huh? You get in your car and drive around in a circle a hundred miles from here, and you stop at the first juke joint where somebody's handing out free drinks and having fun. Fun!"

He began scrambling papers together and stuffing them in his pockets, muttering to himself. It looked to me as though it had been a long, long time since Chris Taney had ever said the word "fun" without a sneer. The telephone rang, but he ignored it except for a brief curse. He jammed a panama on his head and started for the door. I went with him. Outside the office, the expensive sounds of the Capricorn Inn swirled around us. Taney stopped and looked at his crowded restaurant and bar and cocktail lounge.

"Worth it," he said, though not to me. "Worth every damn' bit of it. I don't care what Herb and Clancy—" He plunged out a rear door without saying good-by.

I walked through the crowded dining room and bar, full of people who could pay cash, and out to the parking lot. I coaxed my jalopy into motion and headed north. I wanted no more of La Plata Beach, with its Chris Taney who made a success of things.

THE little juke joint with the gas pump in front of the door was still in Florida, but near the Georgia line. I needed a sandwich and a bottle of beer, so I stopped.

Parked between my car and the door was a panel truck that advertised the best potato chips and pretzels to be had anywhere. As I started to slide from behind the wheel, the uniformed truck driver came around to the back of his truck, carrying two buckets of pecans and talking over his shoulder to someone hidden from me in the doorway.

"I oughtn't take these," he was saying. "The boss, last time, told me I had to get money instead of stuff like this. But just this once more—and thanks for the meal. Best I ever ate."

He was grinning as he walked around to the front of his truck, and not the way Chris Taney had grinned. He drove off, and I saw Herb and Clancy standing in the doorway of the little joint.

They didn't recognize me for a minute, and then they both descended on me in a flurry of welcoming cries. I was back again. No matter what they called this place; no matter that the Gulf was miles away; no matter that there was a sleek, fashionable place at La Plata that bore the name now, this was Herb and Clancy's Capricorn Inn.

As I went toward the door, Clancy on my arm and Herb pounding me joyously on the back, as I went toward the room where the Homer Justices and Tony Aggravettas of this section undoubtedly were waiting, I thought about Chris Taney and the success he'd made of the Capricorn. Herb and Clancy, I knew, never would make a success of anything they tried to do, except being happy. THE END

COLLIER'S **"Well, I *should* have a nice birthday"** WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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Take Saturday, for instance:

8:00 am CBS World News Roundup **N**
9:00 CBS News of America **N**
9:15 Barnyard Follies **V**
9:45 Garden Gate **DI**
10:00 Lee Kelton Orchestra **M**
10:15 Galen Drake **DI**
10:30 Make Way for Youth **M**
11:00 Bill Shadel **N**
11:05 Let's Pretend **D**
11:30 Give and Take **G**
12:00 Theatre of Today **D**
12:30 pm Stars Over Hollywood **D**
1:00 Grand Central Station **D**
1:30 City Hospital **D**
2:00 Music With the Girls **M**
2:30 The Chicagoans **M**
3:00 Report from Overseas **N**
3:15 Adventures in Science **DI**
3:30 CBS Farm News **N**
3:45 Correspondents' Scratchpad **N-DI**
4:00 Dave Stevens' Orchestra **M**
4:30 Stan Daugherty Presents **M**
5:00 Treasury Bandstand **M**
5:30 Saturday at the Chase **M**
6:00 News **N**
6:15 U. N.—On the Record **DI**
6:30 Sports Roundup **S**
6:45 Larry LeSueur **N**
7:00 Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar **D**
7:30 Vaughn Monroe **M**
8:00 Gene Autry **M-V**
8:30 Hopalong Cassidy **D**
9:00 Gangbusters **D**
9:25 News **N**
9:30 Broadway's My Beat **D**
10:00 Robert Q.'s Waxworks **M**
11:00 News and News Analysis **N**
11:15 Dance Orchestra **M**
11:30 Dance Orchestra **M**
12:00 News **N**
12:05 am Dance Orchestra **M**
12:30 Dance Orchestra **M**

V-variety **M**-music
C-comedy **D**-drama
N-news **DD**-daytime drama
G-games **DI**-discussion
S-sports **R**-religion

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Any Reasonable Offer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

"When you accepted Mr. Delahanty as a client, you went right to work and earned your commission," she said reproachfully. "Why can't you do the same for me?"

"We'll just have to be patient. It's—"

She, too, had hung up, and then I saw the tall, gray-haired gentleman standing in the office door. Something about him—or maybe about me—made me want to jump to attention, and suck in my sagging gut.

"Yessir!" I said briskly:

"Is this yours?" he said, handing me an ad clipped from the morning paper. He held it as though he were returning a soiled handkerchief that had fallen from my pocket.

"Yessir—the Hurty place. That's mine, all right."

"This is the place, Pam," he said, and a tall, somberly dressed woman joined him. She didn't look directly at me, but at an imaginary horizon over my left shoulder, as though I were a headwaiter or some other minor functionary.

"Perhaps you'd like to know what they're asking for the place before we go out there," I said.

"The swimming pool is in order?" said the woman.

"Yes, ma'am. Just two years old."

"And the stables are usable?" said the man.

"Yessir. Mr. Hurty has his horses in them now. They're all newly whitewashed, fireproof, everything. He's asking eighty-five thousand for the place, and it's a firm price. Is that within your price range, sir?"

He curled his lip disdainfully.

"I said that about price range, because some people—"

"Do we look like any of them?" said the woman.

"No, you certainly don't." And they didn't either, and every second they were looking more like a four-thousand-two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar commission. "I'll call Mr. Hurty right away."

"Tell him Colonel and Mrs. Bradley Peckham are interested in his property."

THE Peckhams had come by cab, so I drove them to the Hurty estate in my old two-door sedan, for which I apologized, and, judging from their expressions, rightly so.

Their town car, they related, had developed an infuriating little squeak, and was in the hands of a local dealer, who had staked his reputation on getting the squeak out.

"What is it you do, Colonel?" I asked, making small talk.

His eyebrows went up. "Do? Why, whatever amuses me. Or, in time of crisis, whatever my country needs most."

"Right now he's straightening things out at National Steel Foundry," said Mrs. Peckham.

"Rum show, that," said the colonel, "but coming along, coming along."

At the Hurty threshold, Mr. Hurty himself came to the door, tweedy, booted and spurred. His family was in Europe. The colonel and his wife, once I had made the formal introduction, ignored me. The Peckhams had some distance to go, however, before offending four thousand dollars' worth of my pride.

I sat quietly, like a Seeing Eye dog or overnight bag, and listened to the banter of those who bought and sold eighty-five-thousand-dollar estates with urbane negligence.

There were none of your shabby questions about how much the place cost to heat or keep up, or what the taxes were, or whether the cellar was dry. Not on your life.

"I'm so glad there's a greenhouse," said Mrs. Peckham. "I had such high hopes for the place, but the ad didn't mention a greenhouse, and I just prayed there was one."

"Never underestimate the power of prayer," I said to myself.

"Yes, I think you've done well with it," the colonel said judiciously to Hurty. "I'm glad to see you've got an honest-to-God swimming pool, and not one of these cement-lined puddles."

"One thing you may be interested in," said Hurty, "is that the water isn't chlorinated. It's passed under ultraviolet light."

"I should hope so," said the colonel.

"Um," said Hurty.

"Have you a labyrinth?" said Mrs. Peckham.

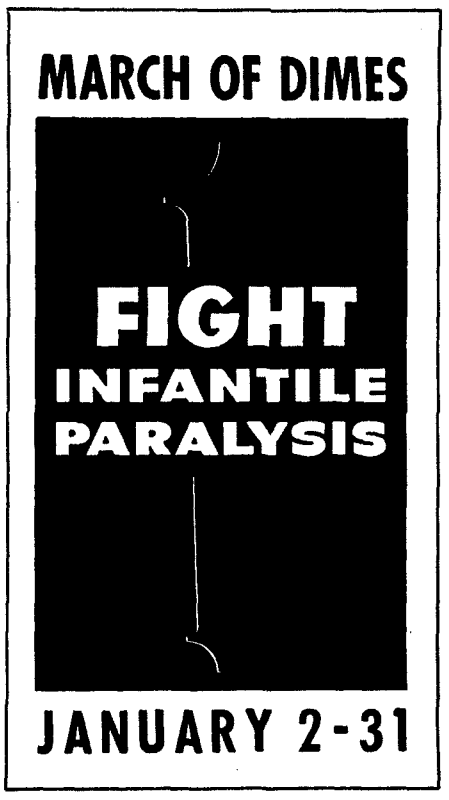
"How's that?" said Hurty.

"A labyrinth made of box hedge. They're awfully picturesque."

"No, sorry," said Hurty, pulling nervously at his mustache.

"Well, no matter," said the colonel, doughtily making the best of it. "We can put one in."

"Yes," said his wife. "Oh, dear," she



murmured, and placed her hand over her heart. Her eyes rolled, and she started to sink to the floor.

"Darling!" The colonel caught her about the waist.

"Please—" she gasped.

"A stimulant!" commanded the colonel. "Brandy! Anything!"

Hurty, unnerved, fetched a decanter and poured a shot.

The colonel forced some between her lips, and the roses returned to her cheeks.

"More, darling?" the colonel asked.

"A sip," she whispered.

When she'd finished it off, the colonel sniffed the empty glass. "By George, but that's got a lovely bouquet!" He held out the glass to Hurty with the tantalized, inquiring expression of a scientist on the heels of absolute truth, and Hurty filled it.

"Jove!" said the colonel, savoring, sniffing. "First rate. Mmm. You know, it's a vanishing race that has the patience really to know the exquisite things in life. With most, it's gulp, gulp, and they're off on some mad chase again."

"Sure," said Hurty, restoring the stopper.

"Better, dear?" the colonel asked his wife.

"Much. You know how it is. It comes and goes."

"Well, Mr. Hurty," said the colonel, taking a book from the shelves, looking in the front to make sure it was a first edition, and returning it, "well, I think it must show in our eyes how much we like the place. There are some things we'd change, of course, but, by and large—"

Hurty looked inquiringly at me.

I cleared my throat. "Well," I lied, "there are a number of people very interested in this property, as you might expect. I think you'd better make your offer official as soon as possible, if it's really to your liking."

"You aren't going to sell it to just *anybody*, are you?" said the colonel.

"Certainly not!" lied Hurty, trying to recapture some of the *élan* he had lost during the labyrinth and brandy episodes.

"Well," said the colonel, "the legal end can be handled quickly enough when the time comes. But first, if you don't mind, we'd like to get the feel of the place—get the newness out of it."

"Yes, of course, certainly," said Hurty, slightly puzzled.

"Then you don't mind if we sort of wander about a bit, as though it were already ours?"

"No, I guess not. I mean, certainly not. Go right ahead."

AND the Peckhams did, while I waited, fidgeting in the living room, and Hurty locked himself in his study. They made themselves at home all afternoon, feeding the horses carrots, loosening the earth about the roots of plants in the greenhouse, drowsing in the sun by the swimming pool.

Once or twice I tried to join them, to point out this feature or that, but they received me as though I were an impertinent butler, so I gave it up.

At four, they asked a maid for tea, and got it—with little cakes. At five, Hurty came out of his study, found them still there, covered his surprise admirably, and mixed us all cocktails.

The colonel said he always had *his* man rub the inside of Martini glasses with garlic, and he asked if there was a level spot for polo.

Mrs. Peckham discussed the parking problems of large parties, and asked if there was anything in the local air that was damaging to oil paintings.

At seven, Hurty, fighting yawns, excused himself, and, telling the Peckhams to go on making themselves at home, he went to his supper. At eight, the Peckhams, having eddied about Hurty and his meal on their way to one place or another, announced that they were leaving.

They asked me to drop them off at the town's best restaurant.

"I take it you're interested?" I said.

"We'll want to talk a little," said the colonel. "The price is certainly no obstacle. We'll let you know."

"How can I reach you, Colonel, sir?"

"I'm here for a rest. I prefer not to have anyone know my whereabouts, if you don't mind. I'll call you."

"Fine."

"Tell me," said Mrs. Peckham. "How did Mr. Hurty make his money?"

"He's the biggest used-car dealer in this part of the state."

"Aha!" said the colonel. "I knew it! The whole place had the air of new money about it."

"Does that mean you don't want it after all?" I said.

"No, not exactly. We'll simply have to live with it a little while to see what can be done about it, if anything."

"Could you tell me specifically what it was you didn't like?" I asked.

"If you can't see it," said Mrs. Peckham, "no one could possibly point it out to you."

"Oh."

"We'll let you know," said the colonel.

Three days passed, with their normal complement of calls from Delahanty and Mrs. Hellbrunner, but without a sign from Colonel Peckham and his lady.

As I was closing my office on the afternoon of the fourth day, Hurty called me.

"When the hell," he said, "are these Peckham people going to come to a boil?"

"Lord knows," I said. "There's no way I can get in touch with them. He said he'd call me."

"You can get in touch with them any time of night or day."

"How?"

"Just call my place. They've been out here for the past three days, taking the newness out of it. They've damn' well taken something out of me, too. Do the liquor and cigars and food come out of your commission?"

"If there is a commission."

"You mean there's some question about it? He goes around here as though he has the money in his pocket and is just waiting for the right time to give it to me."

"Well, since he won't talk with me, you might as well do the pressuring. Tell him I've just told you a retired brewer from Toledo has offered seventy-five thousand. That ought to get action."

"All right. I'll have to wait until they come in from swimming, for cocktails."

"Call me back when you've got a reaction, and I'll toot out with an offer form all ready to go."

Ten minutes later he did. "Guess what, brainbox?"

"He bit?"

"I'm getting a brand-new real-estate agent."

"Oh?"

"Yes indeedy. I took the advice of the last one I had, and a red-hot prospect and his wife walked out with their noses in the air."

"No! Why?"

"Colonel and Mrs. Peckham wish you to know that they couldn't possibly be interested in anything that would appeal to a retired brewer from Toledo."

IT WAS a lousy estate anyhow, so I gaily laughed and gave my attention to more substantial matters, such as the Hellbrunner mansion. I ran a boldface advertisement describing the joys of life in a fortified castle.

The next morning, I looked up from my work to see the ad, torn from the paper, in the long, clean fingers of Colonel Peckham.

"Is this yours?"

"Good morning, Colonel. Yessir, it is."

"It sounds like *our* kind of place," said the voice of Mrs. Peckham.

We crossed the simulated drawbridge and passed under the rusty portcullis of their kind of place.

Mrs. Hellbrunner liked the Peckhams immediately. For one thing, they were, I'm pretty sure, the first people in several generations to admire the place. More to the point, they gave every indication of being about to buy it.

"It would cost about a half million to replace," said Mrs. Hellbrunner.

"Yes," said the colonel. "They don't build houses like this any more."

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Peckham, and the colonel caught her as she headed for the floor.

"Quick! Brandy! Anything!" cried Colonel Peckham. . . .

When I drove the Peckhams back to the center of town, they were in splendid spirits.

"Why on earth didn't you show us this place first?" said the colonel.

"Just came on the market yesterday," I said, "and, priced the way it is, I don't expect it'll be on the market very long."

The colonel squeezed his wife's hand. "I don't expect so, do you, dear?" . . .

Mrs. Hellbrunner still called me every day, but now her tone was cheery and flattering. She reported that the Peckhams ar-

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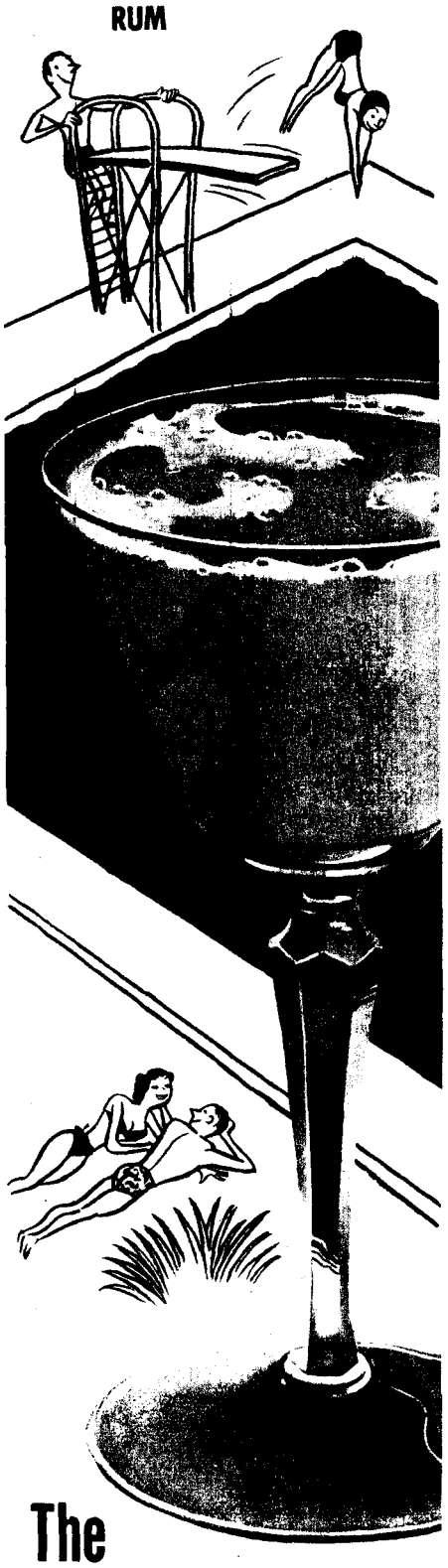
BACARDI

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING RUM



The original Daiquiri was made with Bacardi... the best still are

RUM. . .86 & 89 Proof. Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York

rived shortly after noon each day, and that they seemed more in love with the house with each visit.

"I'm treating them just like Hellbrunners," she said craftily.

"That's the ticket."

"I even got cigars for him."

"Pour it on. It's all tax-deductible," I cheered.

Four nights later, she called me again to say that the Peckhams were coming to dinner. "Why don't you sort of casually drop in afterward, and just happen to have an offer form with you?"

"Have they mentioned any figures?"

"Only that it's perfectly astonishing what you can get for a hundred thousand."

SETTING my brief case down in the Hellbrunner music room, after dinner that evening, I said, "Greetings."

The colonel, sitting on the piano bench, rattled the ice in his drink.

"And how are *you,* Mrs. Hellbrunner?" I said. One glance told me she had never in all her life been worse.

"I'm fine," she said hoarsely. "The colonel has just been speaking very interestingly. The State Department wants him to do some trouble-shooting in Bangkok."

The colonel shrugged sadly. "Once more to the colors, as a civilian this time."

"We leave tomorrow," said Mrs. Peckham, "to close our place in Philadelphia—"

"And finish up at National Steel Foundry," said the colonel.

"Then off to Bangkok they go," quavered Mrs. Hellbrunner.

"Men must work, and women must weep," Mrs. Peckham said bravely.

"Yup," I said.

The next morning, the telephone was ringing when I unlocked my office door.

It was Mrs. Hellbrunner. Shrill. Not like old family at all. "I don't *believe* he's going to Bangkok," she raged. "It was the price. He was too polite to bargain."

"You'll take less?" Up to now, she'd been very firm about the hundred-thousand figure.

"Less?" Her voice became prayerful. "Lord—I'd take fifty to get rid of the monster!" She was silent for a moment. "Forty. Thirty. Sell it!"

So I sent a telegram to the colonel, care of National Steel Foundry, Philadelphia.

There was no reply, and then I tried the telephone.

"National Steel Foundry," said a woman in Philadelphia.

"Colonel Peckham, please."

"Who?"

"Peckham. Colonel Bradley Peckham. *The* Peckham."

"We have *a* Peckham, B. C., in Drafting."

"Is he an executive?"

"I don't know, sir. You can ask him."

There was a click in my ear as she switched my call to Drafting.

"Drafting," said a woman.

The first operator broke in: "This gentleman wishes to speak to Mr. Peckham."

"*Colonel* Peckham," I specified.

"Mr. Melrose," called the second woman, "is Peckham back yet?"

"Peckham!" Mr. Melrose shouted. "Shag your tail. Telephone!"

Above the sound of room noises, I heard someone ask, "Have a good time?"

"So-so," said a vaguely familiar, faraway voice. "Think we'll try Newport next time. Looked pretty good from the bus."

"How the hell do you manage tony places like that on your salary?"

"Takes a bit of doing." And then the voice became loud, and terribly familiar. "Peckham speaking. Drafting."

I let the receiver fall into its cradle.

I was suddenly awfully tired, and I realized that I hadn't had a vacation since the end of the war. I had to get away from it all for a little while, or go mad. But Delahanty hadn't come through yet, so I was stone broke.

And then I started thinking about what Colonel Bradley Peckham had said about Newport. There *were* a lot of nice houses there—all beautifully staffed, furnished, stocked, overlooking the sea, and for sale.

FOR instance, take this place—the Van Tuyl estate. It has everything, practically: private beach *and* swimming pool, polo field, two grass courts, nine-hole course, stables, paddocks, French chef, at least three exceptionally attractive Irish parlor maids, English butler, cellar full of vintage stuff—

The labyrinth is an interesting feature, too. I get lost in it almost every day. Then the real-estate agent comes looking for me; and he gets lost just as I find my way out. Believe me, the property is worth every penny of the asking price. I'm not going to haggle about it, not for a minute. When the time comes, I'll either take it or leave it.

But I've got to live with the place a little longer—to get the newness out—before I tell the agent what I'm going to do. Meanwhile, I'm certainly having a wonderful time. Wish you were here. THE END

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

sounds strong enough to me, so maybe you need an additional law to punish those in authority who refuse to carry out the law when it is their duty to do so.

C. R. VANN, Newark, Ohio

. . . Following a limited lucid interval Collier's is again afflicted with raving jackassism. One of the identifying symptoms of this malady was the editorial which rated bribegivers as equally guilty with bribetakers. Such reasoning shows either a regrettable shallowness of thought or a deliberate effort to take advantage of supposedly shallow-thinking readers.

Even a shallow thinker should be able to understand that a government employee who accepts a bribe is also guilty of violating his oath of office and of betraying the trust and confidence with which he has been honored. The bribetaker [*sic*] is quite guilty, but he is not guilty of violating an oath and he is not representing and betraying the public.

CLAYTON BUNNELL, Fabens, Texas

Appropriate

EDITOR: Here's encouragement for Lee Rogow (A Trapper by Any Other Name, Dec. 8th) if he wants to switch from businesses to books. Our catalogue lists:

Automobiles From Start To Finish by Reck
New Science of Surgery by Slaughter
We Call It Human Nature by Grabbs
Being Born by Strain
Handbook on Human Relations by Clinchy
How to Raise Money by Gamble

This is a small sampling of the unlimited possibilities he might find, say, in the New York Public Library card catalogue.

MRS. BRUCE M. TYNER, East Baton Rouge Parish Library, Baton Rouge, La.

. . . Would it brighten Mr. Rogow's life to know that my father, A. C. Watt, was a publicity man with a large electric firm in New York? And that when I was in high school I once sat next to a boy named Willie Voltz?

DOROTHY (KILO) WATT, Scarsdale, N.Y.

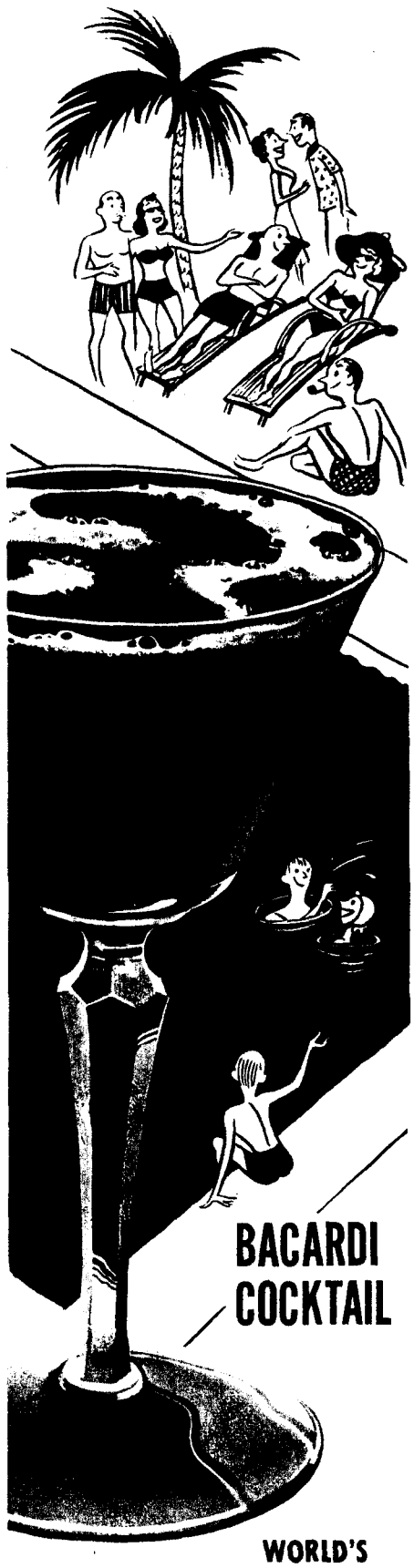
. . . Goodness, Mr. Rogow, you should come to the town of Crewe, Virginia, for your next haircut. The barbershop is owned and operated by the Shaver brothers.

MABEL OSBORNE, Meherrin, Va.

Crewe cuts a specialty, no doubt.

BACARDI

only 3¢ more per drink than even the cheapest



BACARDI COCKTAIL

WORLD'S SMOOTHEST DRINK

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Will Warren Pivot to the Presidency?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

he became governor in 1943. All but one of these appointees subsequently have been elected by the people to continue in the positions to which he appointed them. These appointments were made without consultation with political organizations.

In fact, Governor Warren declares with considerable show of feeling that he would consider it an affront if a political outfit attempted to influence him in the selection of judges. He finds the man he considers best qualified, then asks state and local bar associations for reports on his character, training and professional experience. Unless these reports are bad (only a few have been), he goes ahead. When I asked him how many of his judicial selections are members of his own party, he said he did not know, but that he would guess the split was about 60-40 in favor of Republicans.

A Comparison with F.D.R.

What kind of President would Earl Warren make, if he makes it? What does he stand for?

The answer to the first question is necessarily a matter of opinion, but the second can be answered at least in part. One of those old-time, rock-ribbed and ancient-as-the-sun Republicans told me that Earl Warren, as President, would be too much like Franklin D. Roosevelt for him. This seemed to me an interesting comment, so I asked the governor how he would compare himself with F.D.R.

Many of their social objectives, he replied, were similar. But:

"Roosevelt had a policy of centralization of authority in the federal government. He would have the federal authorities solve all big problems. I believe those problems should be solved, but on a state and local basis wherever possible. Our democratic processes should be kept close to the people. Programs should be administered, whenever they can be, by states and localities, even though the federal agencies deal directly either with cities or with the people affected. States were by-passed, and in consequence democratic processes undermined.

"I believe programs can be participated in by the federal government, and standards fixed by that government, yet administered through channels of state and local governments. I have followed this plan in dealing with county, city and other local governments in California. This strengthens the capacity of people for self-government. It keeps them interested and active. Conversely, if the federal government does all, people will lose capacity for self-government through want of exercise. Never let up on local responsibilities. If states and localities cannot be trusted with real responsibility to manage their own affairs, democracy cannot be trusted."

In his third inaugural last year, Governor Warren illustrated this point in his remarks recommending a new Commission on Organized Crime, when he declared he sought no law enforcement powers "which are vested in the local law enforcement officers and the attorney general as the chief law enforcement officer of the state . . ."

I asked him what the states should do to correct the trend toward centralized federal government, if they wish to correct it.

"If our states are to survive as strong governmental units, they must think more and more of their responsibilities and discharge them. My duty as governor of California is to see that the state does everything it can do for its own people, turning to Washington only when there is a situation that cannot be handled by the state acting alone.

"What are called federal encroachments often result from the failure of states to solve problems that should be solved by state governments. Once these encroachments start, however, they spread from the impulses and desires of federal bureaucracy. Power in government tends to grow rapidly from within, spreading always onward and outward. If left unchecked, federal power inevitably would occupy the entire field of government . . .

"It is plain to me that if state government degenerates, it will be because the people of the states persist in taking the lazy, costly and eventually disastrous way of going to Washington for everything. First, the citizens will neglect their local and state responsibilities; next they will lose local and state rights or freedom, and eventually they will live under what the founding fathers dreaded most—a powerful, centralized government."

Should Republicans join with the Dixiecrats in order to win?

"No, I don't think the Republican party should join the Dixiecrats. It should not join anybody, but it should be so plainly and sensibly progressive that a majority of the American people will join it, in the belief that social progress will continue. The Democratic party's bureaucracy needs to be weeded, sunned and aired, but that never will be done by a Democratic administration."

What is social progress?

"I think a lot of Republicans have been careless and politically foolish in the way they have confused social progress with Socialism. In my opinion it does the party harm to yell about Socialism every time a government, federal, state or local, does something to serve its people in the fields of health, job security, old-age security, child care, conservation, intelligent use of water resources or in any other general fields in which government today must operate because individuals can't do what is needed for the greatest good of the greatest number.

"I am totally opposed to Socialism, which means abolition of the free competitive enterprise system, government control of property, government regulation of daily lives, and eventually dictatorship. A Socialist nation cannot possibly continue for long without dictatorial powers invested in its administrators. But social progress is a process within the limits of our Constitution, and our entire system of freedom. I am convinced that social progress is the only way under freedom to avoid periodic excesses. A free society is dynamic. It will not tolerate stagnation. It demands progressive change.

"A mistake is made in trying to smear the word 'welfare.' If I were a private citizen I'd be pretty sore at my government if it were not concerned about my welfare. That's what government is for. That's what the preamble to the Constitution says our government is framed for—to promote the general welfare. In my opinion, if the Republican party is to enjoy the confidence of the people, we must convince them that it is concerned with their welfare, and that it stands for sensible social progress.

"A political party that makes an epithet of the word 'welfare' is bound to lose."

Generally Governor Warren has supported the bipartisan foreign policy. In his recent "coming out" speech he said to his fellow Republicans: "We cannot afford to equivocate between world co-operation and isolation. We cannot believe or practice both at the same time. In our foreign policy we are committed to bipartisanship. We first proposed it."

On the warm issue of troops to Europe in early 1951, he said this in a radio statement: "I believe that Congress should determine the over-all issue we are engaged in. But so far as determining how troops shall be deployed, in what numbers, and how they are to be divided as to the various services—that is purely a military decision and not a political decision. I can think of few things that would give Stalin more comfort than to know the United States could not send a division or other unit of its forces to any point of necessity without debating it in Congress and having it there determined . . ."

Much of Governor Warren's political philosophy has been translated into action in California. In a speech some time ago he pointed out that under California's Old Age Assistance law, the state "during April, 1951 . . . expended $18,367,000 to give assistance to 273,206 persons, an expenditure larger than the combined expenditures of New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania for similar programs." A maximum of $75 a month per person is paid, under this program.

His attitude on civil rights is regarded as liberal. He insists upon "one law for all men and equal opportunity in life for all men. The population of our state represents every ancestral heritage on earth. Each contributes to the economic and cultural life of California. None should be subjected to differences of treatment—either thoughtless or deliberate—that might diminish its ability to make the fullest contributions of which it is capable."

A 600,000 increase in California's public-school enrollment in an eight-year period had been accommodated; first by an outright state appropriation of $55,000,000 for classroom construction in financially distressed districts, and, second, by voter approval of a $250,000,000 bond issue for a similar purpose.

More Money for Education

In the past four years, an average of $150,000,000 a year has been spent for new public-school buildings, and the number of state colleges has been increased by three. Also a $120,000,000 construction program has been inaugurated for the University of California, and minimum salaries for full-time teachers have been increased from $1,320 in 1943 to $3,000 per year in 1951. Special training and equipment have been developed for physically and mentally handicapped children.

A huge hospital-building program is under way. A system of prepaid medical care has long been advocated by Governor Warren, but has not been put into effect as he proposed it.

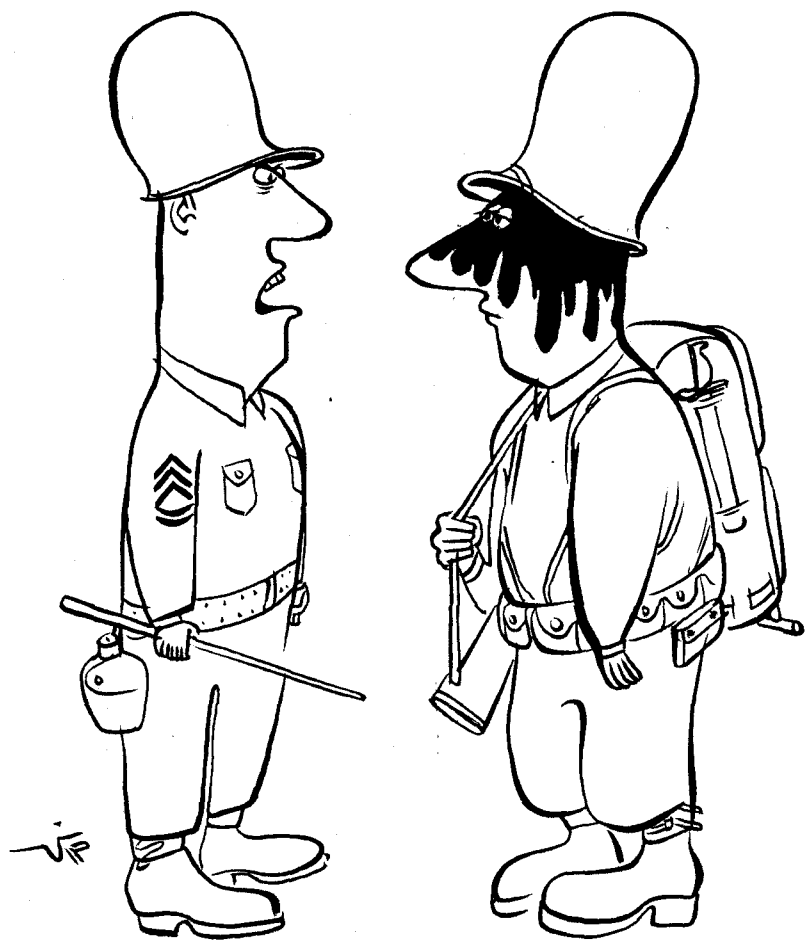
(On the tidelands oil issue—whether the federal or state government owns oil beneath the sea—he and other California officials favor state ownership. This position is in line with his belief in the states as important and responsible political and economic entities.)

In addition to all this, and much more, are enormous road-building and water-use programs. The total of state expenditures is close to a billion dollars a year. Yet, says a report from the governor's office, "State government has been financed on a pay-as-you-go basis," and "Every budget has been balanced."

The main sources of state income for general purposes are a 3 per cent sales tax adopted in the early 1930s, a corporation income and franchise tax, a personal income tax, an inheritance tax and a liquor tax. There are other large sums derived from taxes dedicated to special purposes such as unemployment and disability insurance, and the gasoline tax for highways.

What he has done in California, and what he proposes as the Republican doctrine in the national campaign, is all good Republican doctrine, according to Governor Warren. Again, in his "coming out" speech he said: "I am somewhat sensitive because I have been charged in some quarters with a lack of Republican conservatism for advocating some of those things, but I assure you I have not departed from our highest Republican authority—the plat-

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S

"Homer! Are you keeping candy bars inside your helmet again?"

VIRGIL PARTCH

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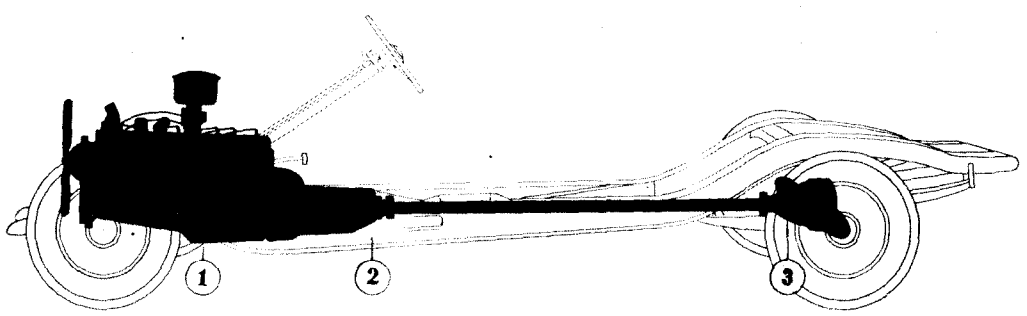
The Power You Want—When You Want It Where You Want It . . . that's Pontiac's New *Dual-Range* Performance



① More Powerful High-Compression Engine

② Wonderful Dual-Range Hydra-Matic Drive *

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form." His policies, he claims, are supported by both the 1944 and 1948 G.O.P. platforms.

Governor Warren's political technique is similar to that of the old-time liberals. He is always taking matters to the people. When a new problem develops, he is likely to appoint a commission to make a study of it as the first step.

"Some people think I appoint too many commissions," he said. "But that's the way I like to tackle a situation. First, have it studied by competent, disinterested men and women. Then, give their report to the people, and to the legislature. The needed legislation in most instances will follow. Not immediately, perhaps, but someday. If the people are for it, they will get it. That seems to me the natural process for representative government. Today in California we are studying the new problems of old age. We must find a solution for that problem, which with increasing longevity offers a greater problem every year than the year before. If we of this state do not find a solution, and the people of other states also fail, the federal government is certain to move in with programs far in excess of any now in operation."

State Primary Law Helped Him

Seven times Earl Warren has been a candidate for elective office in California, and seven times he has been elected. The state's cross-filing primary law has been fine for him. When he ran for the office of attorney general in 1937, he first entered the primaries of the Republican, Democratic and Progressive parties, winning all three nominations, thus making the general election a mere form so far as his candidacy was concerned. In 1946, when he was elected governor the second time, he first won both Republican and Democratic nominations, again making the general election a mere form.

In 1950, when he became the first man ever elected to a third term as governor of California, Warren fell short of winning the Democratic nomination, in addition to that of his own party, but went on to win the most sweeping victory in the history of California, carrying all 58 counties against Democratic nominee James Roosevelt, and piling up a majority of more than a million votes, despite the fact that in registrations Democrats had a majority of more than a million.

Warren's only defeat came in 1948 when he was the Republican candidate for Vice-President; but that has no fatal political implications, even though his own state went for Truman and Barkley. Few persons vote for or against a Vice-Presidential candidate, notwithstanding the elaborate efforts of professionals to balance a Presidential ticket geographically and ideologically.

California's cross-filing primary law was cooked up many years ago to break the political power of organizations, corporate and political, and has been more than somewhat successful in that purpose. A main reason why the state is not mechanized politically is that candidates are not necessarily beholden solely to their own parties.

Under this law a candidate is free to seek primary votes and nominations wherever he can find them. He can make it easy for voters to find him by having his name on both Democratic and Republican primary ballots. Thus, a Democratic registrant does not have to jump the fence to give Earl Warren a nominating vote; he merely votes for him as the Democratic candidate. At the same time, there is Earl Warren's name on the Republican ballot as candidate for the G.O.P. nomination.

A majority of California candidates now cross-file even if they have no great hope of winning more than one nomination. They do this to learn from the primaries all they can about their own strong and weak spots, and doubtless on the theory that a voter, of whatever party, who goes for a man in the primary is likely to stick with him in the general election. Under this same theory, if a man's opponent cross-files, and he does not, he is leaving the way wide open for the opponent to raid across the line.

This cross-filing monkey wrench in a party machine is a setup for a popular individual. Its defenders, including Governor Warren, believe it maintains political power in the hands of the people because it discourages intervening influences between them and their elected officials. "I would not care to hold office as a servant of a political machine," he says. "I would take the same attitude nationally as I do in the state."

What is the explanation of Governor Warren's popularity?

Much of the answer is so simple that you may not believe it. First of all, he is a thoroughly nice fellow whose liking for people is so instantaneous and so genuine that people instantly and genuinely like him. I have watched their faces brighten as they recognized him on streets, in hotel lobbies, and on rostrums, as if he was just what they had been waiting for.

There is nothing phony about his friendliness and good will. He rarely speaks raspingly of anyone. His political fights are waged on issues, not by attacking individuals. And there is nothing phony about that wonderful family of his, either. The intrafamily affections are all that you would imagine from the pictures you have seen and the stories you have read about the governor and Mrs. Warren, and James, Virginia, Earl, Dorothy, Nina Elizabeth and Robert.

James, now thirty-two, is married, lives in San Francisco where he works for an advertising agency, and has three small sons—James Lee, Jeffrey Earl and John Albert. He is Mrs. Warren's son by her first marriage, the governor's adopted son. Virginia, twenty-three, was graduated from the University of California in 1950, and is now in business school. Earl, Jr., twenty-one, is a student in agriculture at the University of California. Dorothy, twenty, also is a student at the University of California. Nina Elizabeth (Honey Bear), eighteen, is regaining full strength after suffering an attack of polio. Robert, seventeen, is in high school at Sacramento.

Family Scene on the Beach

One day last summer I saw the governor walk out on the beach at Santa Monica with a friend. As one blond young Warren, then another and another and another, saw him, there were minor earth explosions as each leaped up from under the warm sand and came running to greet him. Doubtless they had been with him the evening before at dinner, but they were as eager in their greetings and kisses as if he had been away for a long time.

Friends in Alameda, where Earl Warren served first as deputy district attorney and district attorney, like to recall the Warren family scenes when the children were fewer and younger. Every Sunday afternoon, they say, he loaded the little ones in his car and went off for hours, to give Mrs. Warren complete rest. He cut Sunday golf to spend more time with her and their children. He made a fast rule that business would stop at his front gate, and that rule still holds. He is available and will go to his office at any hour, if necessary; but office problems cannot be brought into his home.

"A man in public life," he explained to me, "is always under pressure. Early in my career I decided to stick close to the job the people paid me for, to work long hours, then to go home and enjoy my family. I decided to protect my home against the intrusion of business or political problems. I do not see business callers or take business calls at home. Some people are offended by this, but apparently most voters are not. They have common sense enough to know that a governor cannot be both a greeter and administrator of a big, fast-growing state like California. Home belongs to the family. Home is for living."

This wonderful family and fine family life have been political assets of the first

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magnitude to Earl Warren, but the relationship is coincidental. Despite the plain fact that his is an ideal American family, with great popular appeal, the governor suffers at the suggestion of exploitation, a feeling Mrs. Warren shares with him. The only political statement she has made, so far as available records show, is a brief one to the effect that she never would make a political statement.

The governor is the son of Methias Warren, who was born in Norway, and brought to the United States as an infant, and of a Swedish-born mother, who also came over as a child. Methias Warren worked as a car repair mechanic for the Southern Pacific, and later as a shop foreman. Scandinavian energy and thrift were characteristics of the home in Bakersfield, California, while Earl and his sister, now Mrs. Ethel Plank, of Oakland, California, were growing up. Then one night in May, 1938, came the greatest shock the family had known.

The elder Mrs. Warren was visiting her daughter, and Methias, alone at home, was sitting under a light, reading. So far as anyone knew, he had no enemies. But that night an intruder, presumably a passing tramp, slipped into the house and killed him. The evidence showed that robbery was the motive. The murderer never was found. The governor's mother died in 1942.

Young Earl Warren, who had been born in Los Angeles, March 19, 1891, worked at many tasks—on an ice wagon, a grocery delivery truck, as a newsboy, a callboy for the railroad, a door-to-door book agent and so on. He attended public schools in Bakersfield and later the University of California, where he was graduated with an academic degree in 1912 and a law degree in 1914, the year he was admitted to the California bar.

For three years he practiced law, then entered the Army and became a first lieutenant in World War I, later a captain in the reserve. His first public job was as a legislative clerk in 1919. From there he went on through various legal positions to become district attorney of Alameda County in 1925, an office he held until elected state attorney general in 1938.

In 1925, Earl Warren and Nina Palmquist Meyers, a widow, were married. Mrs. Warren, also of Scandinavian ancestry, had for some years supported herself and her small son as a businesswoman before she and the future governor were married. She is a woman of friendly poise, decidedly pretty, with blue eyes, auburn lights in her hair, a fine, large mouth and a remarkably preserved figure. On one occasion, when speaking of her family, she said everything came out as planned—three boys for her, three girls for Earl.

Service Brings Satisfaction

Earl Warren has held public offices for 32 years, 26 of which have been in elective positions. Almost from the start, he liked public service. He says he derives great personal satisfaction every time a problem is solved. He's especially happy that under his administration his state has been able to take care of the thousands of additional school children who have flowed into California the past 10 years. There have been years when he and Mrs. Warren have had to manage tightly to take care of their growing family, on public pay, but they have made it. His salary as governor is $25,000 a year, in addition to which there are certain expense allowances. This is by far the most he has made.

But, he says, he has always been happy, always busy, and generally has been able to get something done. "I have tried to make at least a little progress every day," he told me. "I go on the theory that the term I am in is my last, and therefore my last chance to get things done."

The fundamental tenet of his operating platform is faith in people. This is grounded in his very nature, and also in his experience. "They usually know who is working for them, and who is not," he says. "Give them the facts, and solutions follow."

However, Governor Warren is a practical man, and does not leave the people to make all their own discoveries about what he proposes and what he is doing. He has a good sense of public relations. Twice a week he has press conferences. Once a month he reports to the people by radio, and once a month by television. He travels about the state often, and rarely misses a chance to get in a few private or public words in favor of whatever he is working on at the moment.

Despite what many pros say about Governor Warren, to an amateur he looks very much like a man who understands that politics is the technique of getting the people on your side. THE END

COLLIER'S "I practically doubled my income this year. Makes me sick just to think of it" MARTHA BLANCHARD

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CHARLES HAWES

Don't Russia Have Human Nature?

Dear editar:

I know that these days you're not supposed to mention the Russians without knockin on wood or throwin salt over your shoulder and keepin one eye peeled to the horizon for a bomb attack, and I'll admit I don't trust em as far as I could push my stalled tractor. Don't trust any regime which can make a man plow a certain amount of land in a given time or send him to jail for failin to produce as much wheat as some Moscow official called for. Any time I can't be the judge of how much time I ought to put in goin up one row and down another on my Johnson grass farm out here at Circleville, I'm changin occupations or governments. But what puzzles me is the Russian people themselves. I can understand the leaders, they got a good thing and they'll shoot you to keep it, but the people . . .

For example, every once in a while the Russian newspapers will announce that Commissar Raskolinav or Foreign Minister Moleftsky has been removed from office. That's all the announcement will say, and there won't be 25 Russians out of 200 million who know whether Raskolinav has gone up or down, don't know whether he's headed for the dictator's seat or a jail cell, don't know whether to shake hands with him if they see him or run from him like he had the smallpox.

It's about like if we woke up some mornin and was informed through the newspapers and over the radio that Vice-President Barkley had been removed from office. That's all, didn't say where he went.

Now I don't know about the Russians, but as for me and most Americans I know, we'd be sort of curious to find out where Mr. Barkley was, in fact, we'd be the most unpacified people you ever heard of and by sundown we'd know..

Or gettin closer to home, suppose there was an announcement in the Williamson County Sun over at the county seat that County Judge Sam Stone has been discontinued.

If them Russians can keep on plowin or barberin or clerkin under such circumstances, without even raisin an eyebrow or wonderin out loud what happened to the judge then they must be entitled to the kind of treatment they're gettin, although I got an idea there's bound to be a few Russian women who'd have to talk about it or bust. Don't they have beauty parlors over there? I ain't got much confidence in a lot of men, but I'll stake my reputation as a student of human nature that all women are curious, from the steppes of Russia to the palm trees of Florida, winter or summer, and I don't care how powerful Stalin is, they got gossip in Russia the same as they have over here.

There may be dictators powerful enough to make a man plow when he's tired, yell when he's hoarse, fight when he ain't offended, write poetry when he feels like prose, compose music with a gun at his back to make the tune come out politically right, hand over his livestock whenever the rulers run short of meat, rewrite history in his favor, even turn over his farm without pay, but I don't believe the dictator has been made yet that can keep women's tongues from waggin, and most men's.

It just ain't human and normal not to be curious, I don't care whether a man lives in Russia or London or Paris or Circleville, and when somebody gets into a political office, whether he gets there by votes or appointment or edict, and then gets removed, human nature just clamors to know what happened. Who's gettin a divorce and how an election came out are two things human nature ain't satisfied about until it finds out, unless folks out here at Circleville are different from everybody else in the world.

I just don't see how the Russians can read them curt announcements and hold in. An American newspaper editor could clean up if he could publish over there awhile. Ain't enough presses in Russia to print all the copies he could sell or enough policemen to club all the people wantin to buy em.

We poke a lot of fun at our politicians and the methods they use to get elected and stay in office, but even considerin what our system sometimes produces, I'll take it. I like to know who's gonna run the government, don't make no difference whether he runs it into the ground or not.

Yours faithfully,
H. B. Fox

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Otis Pulver's Hidden Power

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

operator to the effect that the subject's eyelids are getting heavy, drowsiness is being felt, the eyes are closing, and sleep approaches.

Reading, Otis felt his own eyelids getting heavy, and he snapped his eyes wide again angrily. Unlike the eyes of the man on the book's cover, Otis' eyes were large and brown and harmless-looking.

In most subjects, he read on, *the eyelids gradually flicker more and more and then close as some stage of hypnotic sleep supervenes.*

He looked up and saw Miss Kronkite and Harry Gruber coming back from lunch. They were laughing together with a suggestion of intimacy that gripped Otis' throat like a noose. As Harry returned to Promotion and Miss Kronkite sat down at her desk, she let her smile move about the office, filling it, warming it. For a moment it rested on Otis, but he knew the smile wasn't for him—only the tail end of a smile that had started for Harry Gruber.

SUDDENLY, between him and Miss Kronkite appeared the bustling figure of Mr. A. A. Corner, the president of Sincere. He pulled up in front of Otis and looked down at him, his face shining with soap and uprightness. "Pulver, Otis," he said, "I know a clean-cut young fellow like you isn't afraid of a little work, am I right? You're too sincere to shirk some wholesome work."

"Yes, sir," said Otis, who was trying to sit up straight and at the same time to make both his elbows cover the screaming, scarlet-covered book on his desk.

"Of course you are," continued Mr. Corner. "They're a wee bit swamped in the mailing department. Busy season. I'd like you and a couple of others to stay late for a few nights and help out."

"Yes, sir."

"Good boy," said Mr. Corner. "Sincere as they come. How about the Appleby Milk Contest, Pulver? Have you submitted an idea for a milk premium?"

"Well, no, sir," said Otis, looking unhappy. "I—not yet. I don't seem to be very good at thinking up things."

Mr. Corner had recently made a tentative business affiliation with the Appleby Milk Company which he was particularly eager to make final. The idea was for Sincere to offer a premium on the milk company's bottle caps, but the deal had bogged down over just what such a premium should be. Mr. Appleby had insisted that the premium his customers would send for must have something to do with milk.

Mr. Corner had racked his usually fecund imagination for a suitable idea without result, and had been forced at last to submit the problem to his office staff in the form of a contest, with a two-hundred-dollar prize. Although the contest was to close officially in three days' time, Otis had thought of nothing, knew he would not think of anything, had scarcely tried thinking of anything, because he frankly considered his a drab sort of mind, incapable of inventive flights. He could only wish that the contest were over and forgotten.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Corner, in a vague tone which suggested he didn't really think it was nonsense, "you'll think of something, Pulver. Sincerely counting on you."

The hours trudged drearily by as Otis sorted out dimes and made lists of Sincere's premiums. Five o'clock came, and the office grew silent.

It was well after six when Otis had reduced his mountain of letters sufficiently to see over the top of it. The first thing he saw was Miss Kronkite, no more than ten feet away from him at her desk, her delicate charms similarly engulfed. In all the Sincere offices they were entirely alone.

Otis grew rigid with confusion. Their eyes met across the envelopes. He said, "Miss Kronkite, I didn't know—I mean, I just happened to look up and see there you were working here when I thought you weren't here working with the letters or so on at all."

Miss Kronkite wearily brushed a strand of soft blonde hair off her forehead and smiled. "I wondered if you were going to notice," she said. "I feel like an old bus. All these dimes."

Otis began wedging his feet into his wastebasket.

"I suppose we could rest for a few minutes, couldn't we?" Miss Kronkite said. She got up from her desk, stretched daintily, and strolled over to Otis. "How far along are you, Mr. Pulver?" she asked.

Otis tried to stand up, but his feet were jammed in the wastebasket. The sudden closeness of Miss Kronkite's charms made him limp. He just made a sharp clanking sound under the desk and said, "Oh, I'm coming along all right, I guess. I mean, I guess I'm around halfway done or maybe closer to around five eighths—"

"Hypnotism!" Miss Kronkite cried suddenly. Her little hand darted down and picked up the book from the desk, where it had begun to show under the letters. "Can you hypnotize people, Mr. Pulver? What do you know!"

"No, no," Otis could hear himself saying, "no, it's just a book I happened to be reading."

"I guess you big, quiet lads fool the rest of us most of the time," Miss Kronkite said, watching him curiously. "Hypnotism. Here, all the time— Well, what can you do when you hypnotize a person, Mr. Pulver? I mean, I read an article in a magazine about it, and it said if a person had some bad habit like smoking or biting his fingernails or something, it could be stopped right away if somebody hypnotized him and told him to. Can you do things like that?"

"Oh no. Well, I mean, I don't know," Otis said. "I just read the book and I've never— It says people *can* do things like that, though."

"Well, I certainly wish somebody could cure my bad habits as easily as that."

"*Your* bad habits!"

"It's candy bars," Miss Kronkite said. "I know that probably sounds silly, but I get a craving for them morning, noon and night. I keep them in my desk and by my bed at home and everywhere. I'm just going to get as big as a house if I don't stop."

Respectfully, Otis didn't look at trim Miss Kronkite, who in no way resembled a house. "I'm sure a thing like that could never happen to you," he said. "Never." For a moment neither of them spoke, and Miss Kronkite started to turn back to her desk. Otis swallowed violently. "Oh, Miss Kronkite," he said, staring hard at the letters on his desk, "about the candy bars—I mean, maybe if you'd like to let me just try —ah— It couldn't do any harm and maybe—"

"You mean *hypnotize* me?" Miss Kronkite turned back, the edge of alarm in her voice. "You mean now? Right here in the office?"

"Well, I only thought on account of the candy bars and so on," Otis said, "but if you don't want me to try, why, naturally—"

Miss Kronkite was looking at him very seriously, her charmingly arched brows pulled into a little frown. "You know, if somebody else had made that suggestion to me, Mr. Pulver—" She paused for some time. "It might be kind of an interesting experiment at that," she said at last, "in a kind of scientific way."

"That's how I meant," Otis said earnestly. His heart was banging away. "Now, it says in the book for the person to sit down so as to be relaxed. Let's see. Let's go over to some empty desk."

They crossed over to an unoccupied desk, and Miss Kronkite sat down in the chair, Otis standing before her, book in hand. Miss Kronkite looked about her apprehensively.

"We're all awfully sincere around here, aren't we, Mr. Pulver?" she said.

"It probably won't work, anyhow," Otis said quickly. "It's only just to see. Now lean back in a comfortable position. Keep your eyes on my fingers here. Now relax. Let your whole body relax. It says here, your eyelids—I mean, your eyelids are getting heavy. You're getting sleepy—sleepier and sleepier—" Otis gave his voice an appropriate droning sound, repeating over and over his sleep-inducing suggestions.

Almost at the start, Miss Kronkite had co-operatively closed her eyes, with the result, however, that Otis had no way of measuring his success. After two or three minutes of this sort of thing Otis whispered, dubiously, "Now you're asleep."

Miss Kronkite did nothing.

"Open your eyes," he said.

Miss Kronkite did so. Her eyes had a glassy, stary look.

Otis felt a light perspiration break out on his forehead. "Get up," he muttered hoarsely.

Miss Kronkite rose slowly, staring off blindly into the wells of infinity.

Otis stared back at her. The book in his hand shook and bobbled until it fell to the floor. In the contemplation of his alarming accomplishment, he didn't notice. When he had composed himself enough to get on with the business in hand, he managed to say, "Ah—Miss Kronkite, I want to talk to you about eating these candy bars. Are you listening to me?"

She nodded gravely. He told her that candy bars were vile, sickening, poisonous, and would henceforth be loathesome to her. Then he told her to sit down again, snapped his fingers under her nose, and said, "Wake up, Miss Kronkite, wake up."

Miss Kronkite's eyelids flickered attractively for a moment. Then she passed her hand across her eyes, steadied herself against the desk, and focused on Otis.

"Everything's all right. You're right here in the Sincere office," Otis said reassuringly. "It's me—Otis Pulver."

"What am I—" Miss Kronkite began; then her expression changed and she said, "Did you— I mean, was I—"

"There's nothing at all to worry about," Otis said. "Everything's absolutely fine."

"In a way, I feel kind of funny," Miss Kronkite said. "Not bad, exactly—"

"I tell you what," Otis suggested craftily, "why don't you have one of your candy bars—to sort of restore your energy?"

MISS KRONKITE nodded obediently and started toward her desk. She had gone no more than three paces when she turned around. "A candy bar!" she said. "Oh, that sounds terrible. I think it would make me sick—like poison or something."

"You do?" He could barely believe his ears.

Miss Kronkite stared at Otis with something close to awe in her face. "Mr. Pulver! The hypnotism! You made me—I can't believe it!"

Otis looked modestly at his shoes, trying to conceal his exultation. "I guess it's just some kind of lucky knack," he said. "I guess anybody could do it."

"Anybody!" Miss Kronkite looked her disbelief dramatically. "I never knew anybody before who could do it!" She went to her desk and took two candy bars out of her drawer. Holding them distastefully by the corners of their wrappers, she dropped them into her wastebasket. "There!" she said. "That's how I feel about them. It's amazing, no kidding."

For a few seconds Miss Kronkite's lovely eyes met his, but she turned away before she spoke again. "For a man to have an influence like that over other people," she said seriously, "well, I should think he could do absolutely anything in the world he wanted." . . .

Otis staggered home to his rooming house in a delirium of joy. It was all exactly as the book had said it would be. Incredible as it seemed, there *was* a hidden power within him. The incomparable Miss

KENNESAW

"I don't mind the medicine, Bessie. It's the water I have to take with it!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

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Kronkite had seen it too. All the world began to have a different look to Otis. Finding a million dollars in the pocket of his other suit would have been a trifling discovery by comparison.

Ten minutes after Otis had gone to bed, he thought of the milk pistol. The sheer brilliance of his mind's invention shocked him wide awake. A milk pistol. A toy plastic pistol that squirted milk—squirted it onto cereal to make breakfast more adventurous. It had better be equipped with a guard of some kind so that it could only shoot downward. Maybe shaped like a Western six-shooter. It seemed to have everything that either Sincere or the Appleby Milk Company could wish for in a premium; harmless, yet appealing to children; inexpensive to make; novel; wholesome, on account of the milk; easy to package—

OTIS jerked upright in bed. A million little boys squirting Appleby's Milk all over America passed before his eyes. He trembled. The pistol would be his entry in the contest at the office—the contest with the two-hundred-dollar prize.

He leaped out of bed and began to put his idea into writing before a single detail of it got away from him. It wasn't until later, when he was back in bed, that the strangeness of the whole thing struck him—that he, drab and plodding Otis Pulver, should have been taken off on a creative flight of fancy was strange indeed. Could this too be his hidden power working overtime? It all seemed of a piece with this very strange day. It was without any doubt the most extraordinary day Otis had ever known.

All through the next day, Otis lived with the consciousness of his miraculous new power close beside him. There seemed to be two Otises at his desk—an old one and a new one. He was growing more and more aware that he had scarcely tapped the possibilities of his power. In fact, the fields that spread out before him were dizzying. He regretted now that the surprise of the thing had made him so brief, so unadventurous the night before. He had even forgotten to prepare Miss Kronkite's subconscious for an invitation to lunch.

Now he was impatient for a second opportunity, and by four o'clock he saw that luck was going to give it to him. Again an office boy dumped big baskets of mail on his and Miss Kronkite's desks. By five thirty, they were alone in the office. Briefly, they exchanged smiles, but didn't speak. At six thirty, Miss Kronkite got up and went to the water cooler. Otis sprinted to her side and pushed the water button for her.

"It's certainly a funny thing about the candy bars," she said, holding her cup under the water. "I still can hardly believe it."

Otis attempted a modest smile, but already it was almost the smile of the professional practitioner. Then Miss Kronkite dropped an opportunity in his lap. He saw that, with her cup of water, she was raising two aspirin tablets to her lips.

"No, wait, please," he said, raising his great hand like a traffic cop. "Have you got a headache?"

"I guess I'm getting one, all right," Miss Kronkite said. "So many box tops."

"Well, I was thinking," Otis said solemnly, "if maybe you'd let me try— You might say it's kind of like the candy bars."

"You mean you might hypnotize it away, like the other?" Miss Kronkite said. There was again a flutter of apprehension in her voice, but it was alloyed with interest. "Aspirin usually works all right, but if you think—"

"It might be the best way, all right," Otis said, and before she had time to make any further objection, he led her gently to the same vacant desk.

"In this book Trilby I read once . . ." Miss Kronkite began, as she sat down.

But Mesmer Pulver was indefatigable. "Sleepier and sleepier," he droned, "eyelids getting heavy. Relax. Sleep."

Miss Kronkite complied like a reed in the wind.

When Otis had assured himself that she was once more his creature, by making her throw out her aspirin tablets at his command, he went to work on the headache. It was going, was gone, had never existed.

But this time Otis didn't wake her when this job was done. He had more, much more, to implant in her receptive mind. He pulled a chair up close in front of hers and sat down, looking adoringly into her face. Her limpid, trusting eyes, staring back blindly into his, disconcerted him, and he ordered her to close them.

He took a deep, gasping breath, and whispered hoarsely, "Miss Kronkite, I love you. Ever since you first came to Sincere, I've loved you. You're the most wonderful girl I've ever met in my whole life. The only thing is, when you're awake, I don't know, I can't seem to talk to you so well. I know I'm awfully big and kind of clumsy and everything with a girl like you, but I want you to try and get used to me. I want you to go to lunch with me, Miss Kronkite. Do you understand? You'll really want to, instead of with Harry Gruber or somebody. You will, won't you?"

Miss Kronkite's head nodded in slow affirmation.

Otis felt his heart soar. Oh, it was a wonderful thing, this power of his! There seemed to be nothing it couldn't accomplish for him.

He rattled on: "You're a kind of inspiration to me, Miss Kronkite. I don't know, it's like just talking to you makes me fulfill myself. Why, only last night I thought of a premium for the Appleby Milk Contest, and I never thought of one before. A milk pistol. Like a water pistol, only milk—for kids to shoot milk on their cereal. I've got it all figured out. It's on account of being in love with you. It's—it's—Miss Kronkite—" Otis took the bull by the horns. "Doris," he said, "if only you could be the same way about me. If I won the two hundred dollars, we could get married. I have some other money saved. We could—" Otis found himself leaning very close to Miss Kronkite in his excitement. A wildness seized him. Drunk with power, he bent forward and kissed Miss Kronkite tenderly on the lips.

At once he drew back, appalled at what he had done, terrified for fear this unscheduled demonstration had wakened Miss Kronkite. But it hadn't. Her eyes were still closed, her face impassive. His whole body trembled. He babbled.

"You're going to forget, Miss Kronkite—forget everything. You won't remember anything that happened when you wake up. Be sure, Miss Kronkite."

It seemed to Otis, as he ran on in this vein, that an odd sound reached his ears. It was a barely audible sound somewhere off behind him. It was almost like retreating, furtive footsteps and a gently closing door. His agitation allowed him no time to think about it.

He woke Miss Kronkite cautiously, almost expecting a posthypnotic flood of abuse. But apparently his mastery was complete. Charmingly bewildered, she confessed that she remembered no more than she had on the evening before. Her headache was gone, and the look of unconcealed admiration she gave him made him dizzy with delight. . . .

COLLIER'S **"They're in the money lately. A few weeks ago their doctor put them on a strict diet"** JEFF KEATE

That night, Otis worked hard on the design for his milk pistol, as the contest closed at noon on the following day. He took the plans to work with him in a Manila envelope and set them on his desk. He smiled across at Miss Kronkite. She smiled back and waved a pencil a little. His joy was boundless as the sea.

"Hiya, Svengali," said a quiet voice behind him. "I got a little touch of yellow fever. I thought you might want to hypnotize it away for me."

Otis spun around. It was Harry Gruber. He was smiling. "You want to duck into the washroom for a quick smoke, Svengali?" he said.

"Don't—don't call me that," Otis managed to say.

"Sure, you want to." Harry picked up the Manila envelope, weighing it speculatively in his hands. "Let's take along the plans for your little old milk pistol, what do you say?"

Otis stared at him in horror.

In the washroom, Otis said, "That—that was you last night?"

"You and Dorrie Kronkite aren't the only ones who work late around here, you know. I'm as sincere as the next fellow. Or maybe even *more* sincere than the next fellow." Harry raised his eyes to the washroom ceiling. "Like last night," he said gravely. "Like taking advantage of poor little Dorrie Kronkite—kissing her when she didn't know what was happening to her. Hypnotizing her! What a gimmick! Was that sincere, Otis, old kid? Would A. A. Corner think it was sincere? Would Dorrie? I'm asking you."

Otis writhed in anguish. Harry Gruber had seen and heard it all. A mind like his would stoop to any interpretation of what he had seen. There was no telling how he would use it.

Harry was still talking: "Naturally, a fellow like myself wouldn't squeal on a buddy," he said. "I wouldn't want Dorrie Kronkite to think you were a dirty dog or make you lose your job, or anything like that."

"But you don't understand what you saw at all!" Otis said desperately, but without much hope. There was the look of the stalking huntsman in Harry Gruber's eye. "The thing is, Miss Kronkite and I were just trying a scientific—"

"Sure, sure, I know how it was," Harry interrupted, winking unpleasantly. "They're liable to give you the Nobel prize in science." Harry the Huntsman aimed and fired. "About your milk pistol, chum," he said, swinging the Manila envelope in his fingers, "I heard you telling Dorrie about it while you had her hypnotized. Does anybody besides you and me know about it?"

Otis shook his head bitterly, guessing what was coming.

Harry nodded complacently. "That's what I figured," he said. "Now, I happen to have an idea for a premium myself that's got it all over yours. So there wouldn't be any sense in submitting yours in the contest at all, would there, Svengali, old kid? What do you say we both just forget about the whole business? Like this? Ha?" Watching Otis with a genially inquiring look, Harry tore the Manila envelope across once, then again and again, and delicately dropped the pieces in the trash basket. "Good deal," he said, "good deal. See you."

For another ten minutes, Otis and misery shared the washroom alone.

AT TWELVE o'clock, Mr. Corner's secretary collected all the entries for the contest and took them into Mr. Corner's private office, where he and Mr. Appleby were to make their decision. It was time for lunch—the hour for which Otis had so diligently prepared Miss Kronkite's mind.

There would be no lunch now—no lunch, no blissful future, no nothing. There was only shame in Otis, deep and bitter. He had made a shameful, a wanton use of his new power. He admitted it now. He had tried to hide the truth from himself, but there was no hiding it any longer. His easy capitulation to Harry Gruber had only proved to him how ashamed he really was. There was only one thing left to do. It would mean the end of everything that was dearest to him—that was inevitable. But there was no other way.

He must himself tell Miss Kronkite everything—about the advantage he had taken of her, about the kiss. There was only one alternative more appalling—that Miss Kronkite should learn the truth from Harry Gruber. That would be worse, infinitely worse, and unless Otis made a clean breast of it himself he would be living the life of a hunted criminal, always in Harry Gruber's power. Let Miss Kronkite know at least that he was capable of one honorable action, however inadequate.

In his heart, Otis knew that confession would mean nothing, nor could he expect it to mean anything. Miss Kronkite had trusted him with childlike faith, trusted in his honor, in his sincerity, and he had betrayed her. That she would find him despicable was a matter of course. She might even denounce him to sincere Mr. Corner, so that he would lose his job as well as the contest. It was the black finish of everything in his world. But he knew he had to do it.

Otis looked up. Miss Kronkite was standing only a few steps from his desk, her hat on, pulling on her gloves. Somehow he

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crossed over to her. She smiled at him. It was a knife in his breast. He would get it over with. He couldn't stand to look at her face. He might never see her again now.

"Miss Kronkite," he began, "before you go out to lunch—I—I have something I want to say to you."

"Why, I'd honestly love to, Mr. Pulver, if you really want me to," Miss Kronkite said, smiling brightly. "Only we mustn't go to anyplace too expensive."

OTIS felt his throat contract violently at this dramatic exhibition of his hypnotic power. Without pain or effort, it had brought him what had been his dearest wish—brought it too late, when there was nothing left for him but an end to hope. He couldn't speak. They went to lunch together, and the food had the taste of ashes in his mouth.

A half-dozen times Otis was on the brink of his confession, but to shatter the long-anticipated moment, even though it was now a moment without substance, was more than he could bear. It was still a precious moment, bittersweet in what it might have been. Otis put off his confession until after lunch.

But there was no putting it off forever. Back in the Sincere offices, the moment of parting came. Otis saw Miss Kronkite to her desk.

"Thanks," Miss Kronkite said. "That didn't seem like a long lunch, but I guess it was. Look at the time."

It was true. They were the last ones back. It had to be now. It could wait no longer. Otis felt like a man standing over a piece of rare Venetian glass with a hammer, poised to destroy the thing he loved best.

"Miss Kronkite," he began, desperately raising the hammer. "I— There's something I have to tell you. You won't like it, but—"

"Don't you think, Mr. Pulver," Miss Kronkite whispered, looking around the office, "that you'd better tell me whatever it is sometime when—"

"No, it'll only take a minute," Otis rushed on, intent on self-destruction. "It's about when I hypnotized you. The second time I did it—well, I don't know what came over me. You were sitting there looking so beautiful and helpless and suddenly it was like I was some monster or something that—"

A commanding voice interrupted him. "May I have your sincere attention, all of you?" It was A. A. Corner, standing just outside his office door with Mr. Appleby of the milk company. The long habit of obedience to Mr. Corner stilled Otis temporarily, and he pretended to listen with the rest.

"I am about to announce," continued Mr. Corner, solemnly, "the winner of the Appleby Milk Contest. With sincere thanks to you all for your efforts, I will tell you without preamble that the winner is Mr. Harry Gruber of Promotion."

There followed an insincere smattering of applause from the disappointed contestants, and Harry Gruber stepped forward with an improbable show of surprise and modesty.

Harry, it developed, had submitted an idea for a drinking cup for children, decorated with a frieze of apples and bees, presumably aimed at Mr. Appleby's vanity.

Harry was shaking hands with Mr. Corner and Mr. Appleby, and Corner was flourishing the check for the prize money, when Otis became aware of something peculiar in the behavior of Miss Kronkite. She had risen slowly from her desk and was standing in an attitude of belligerent indecision. Some terrible mental struggle seemed to be going on behind her flushed brow. Then, as Mr. Corner was handing Harry the check, Miss Kronkite spoke.

"Wait!" she said, in a ringing voice that turned everybody's eyes toward her. "There must be some kind of mistake. Mr. Corner, what—what about Mr. Pulver's milk pistol?"

"Milk pistol, Miss Kronkite?" echoed Mr. Corner. "Pulver entered no milk pistol—or anything else. Sincerely disappointed. Now, if you don't mind—"

"A milk pistol for children to shoot milk on their cereal," persisted Miss Kronkite, "like a Western six-shooter." She blushed violently. "He—he told me all about it." Then she sat down suddenly, turning her face away in a frenzy of embarrassment.

Slowly, very slowly, the significance of what Miss Kronkite had said came over Otis, and he stared at her like a man hit by a falling piano. He couldn't and didn't grasp it all, but certain startling conclusions were inescapable.

If Miss Kronkite knew about the milk pistol, she hadn't really been hypnotized, at all; if she hadn't been hypnotized, she must know he had kissed her; and if she knew he had kissed her and hadn't stopped him, had even let him, had perhaps even wanted him to—

The Sincere Premium Company began to sway and waver before Otis' eyes, and if he hadn't quickly sat down he would have fallen down.

"I'm afraid, Miss Kronkite," Mr. Corner was saying dimly, "that since Mr. Pulver didn't submit his idea in the usual way—"

"A milk pistol, you say?" Mr. Appleby interrupted, speaking for the first time. "A pistol for shooting Appleby's Milk? Ah—which is Mr. Pulver?"

Mr. Corner pointed to Otis. Harry Gruber, still waiting for his check, had grown pale since Miss Kronkite's little speech.

"Go ahead, go ahead with your prize-giving," continued Mr. Appleby. "I'll have a private talk with Mr. Pulver in a moment."

HALF an hour later, Otis came weakly out of Mr. Corner's office, with Mr. Appleby's private check for two hundred dollars in his hand. He walked directly to Miss Kronkite's desk. He was sure he had to see Miss Kronkite—wonderful, astonishing Miss Kronkite.

Already there was a subtle alteration in Otis' walk, which had always tended to be crablike—a trifle sidewise and apologetic. Although he didn't even know it, he had begun to put one big foot down in front of the other big foot.

The look they exchanged wasn't long or searching or pregnant or any of those words. It was, in fact, rather brief, and there was a good deal of embarrassment in it, but it served. It seemed to promise that many tedious explanations would be unnecessary between them.

One incredible fact towered above all the others in Otis' mind and made the others insignificant. Miss Kronkite had liked him, had apparently not thought him a monstrous oaf; she would even have gone to lunch with him *without* any hypnotism—if he had only dared to ask her! Impossible as it seemed, the "hidden power" of the little book was less potent than his own power, which he had never used. All this made Otis dizzy, to be sure, but only pleasantly dizzy with the substantial joy of beginning confidence.

It was extraordinary how easy it was to ask Miss Kronkite to have dinner with him that evening, extraordinary how easily she accepted. No hypnotism, no eyelids growing heavy, no nothing. A simple question, a simple answer. . . .

They left the Sincere offices together at the end of the day, Miss Kronkite's little arm tucked cozily through his big one. In the pocket of his coat, Otis had the paper book about hypnotism. In a cockeyed sort of way, he owed it much, but he was through with it. As they passed the second-hand bookstall where Otis had found it, he slipped it out of his pocket and dropped it back on the ten-cent table.

But Miss Kronkite was too quick for him. "Oh, no you don't!" she said severely. And before they moved on together, she picked up the book and placed it, tenderly, on a table whose sign read *Any Book On This Table—49¢.*

THE END

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The Fertility of Hunger

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

reproductive capacity drops. On the other hand, they revealed that the larger protein diets brought better resistance to disease in the young rats, so more of them survived.

The obvious conclusion is that when protein intake is high enough to guarantee a good chance of survival among offspring, the number of offspring falls off because there is less danger of extinction. When danger exists, in the form of poor diet with insufficient proteins, Nature multiplies the number of offspring to insure continuation of the species.

The same principle operates in human beings. Studies of the effects of proteins—or lack of them—on the body disclose the complicated but effective process by which diet controls birth rates. Here is what we have learned:

Fertility depends on organs of the body whose actions are largely regulated by hormones, the secretions of certain ductless glands. In women, of course, fertility is closely related to the functioning of the ovaries, to their production of hormones—particularly the estrogens, which cause stimulation—and to the quantity of the hormones in the blood and internal organs.

There is also a connection between the functioning of the liver and the ovaries; the liver gets rid of the excess estrogens thrown into the bloodstream by the ovaries. Here is where we come to the proteins. A protein deficiency in the diet, besides causing many other harmful effects on the body, results in a fatty degeneration of the liver.

The liver thereupon does its job less efficiently, falling down, among other things, in its task of eliminating the excess estrogens. These hormones remain in the blood stream and certain organs, resulting in a marked increase in the woman's ability to conceive and reproduce. Sexual desire itself depends a great deal on the percentage of estrogen in the body.

The estrogenic hormone also is important in the production of the ovum and in its growth in the uterus after it has been fertilized. Indeed, every step in the reproduction process may rest eventually with the liver as a kind of regulator of the amount of estrogen in the body. And the liver does its work according to the amount of protein in the diet.

Other Determining Factors

These biological processes may, of course, vary greatly among individual human beings, because numerous other factors enter into the sterility or fertility of an individual. But we are dealing here with collective hunger, and in any large group the statement that protein deficiency causes increased fertility will hold true.

Hormones affect the emotions as well as the body. With low-protein intake, the appetite for food gradually disappears, to be compensated for by a stronger sexual appetite. When satisfaction from eating is slight, the body turns to the biologically important and psychologically satisfying activity to be found in sex. Thus, one primary need is emphasized to make up for the diminution of the other.

The exaggerated sensuality of some societies or social classes who live in a state of chronic undernourishment is explained by this mechanism of compensation. (One prominent nutritionist, remarking on this, has commented that in hungry India "sex play is the national sport.")

The biological and psychological drives that hunger gives to the production of human beings excessive in number and inferior in quality often are supported by social, economic and even religious forces. These, too, tend to speed population growth. In China, for example, the average farm is only 4.1 acres large, and the farmer is often so weakened by hunger that he cannot work even that small plot without three or four helpers. Where can he get them? By producing children to help him.

So the Chinese farmer produces more and more children, even though he hasn't enough to eat himself. Because of hunger, many of his children will die before they grow old enough to help him. So he must produce an excess of sons, hoping that after some have been cut down by famine, disease, plague and war, there will still be others left to work the soil, even though they work as feebly as he.

The Chinese farmer patiently treads this vicious circle. But actually there is nothing inevitable about his condition. In 1928, Dr. O. E. Baker of the U.S. Department of Agriculture pointed out that China contains 700,000,000 acres fit for cultivation but that only 180,000,000 were in use. The situation has not changed significantly since then, despite the so-called "land reforms" of the Communists.

"Why, not at all, Mr. Fortesque. I think high finance is *thrilling*, especially when it's as high as yours"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES STRAUSS

The disease and misuse of the land is man's doing, not Nature's. Hunger comes from flaws in the social and economic structure erected by the human race in becoming "civilized." Men have probably thought of hunger as part of Nature's plan because there has been so much of it. Hunger causes more deaths and more social waste than war and epidemics combined; it is itself a primary cause of wars and epidemics.

A billion and a half people—two thirds of the human race—suffer from malnutrition. Dr. William P. Forrest of the World Health Organization, in a report for the Milbank Memorial Fund put the figure at 85 per cent of the population of the globe, and no country is completely exempt. It is perhaps not surprising to learn that 90 per cent of the people in the Far East suffer from hunger; but it is startling to know that 50 per cent of the prewar British population—according to Lord Boyd-Orr, former head of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO)—were undernourished. Furthermore, according to a 1943 report of the National Research Council, 73 per cent of the people in the South, in the well-fed United States of America, were suffering from some form of malnutrition.

Men have long ignored hunger as a world-wide calamity because the truth threatens their pocketbooks, and because hunger shocks their moral sensibilities, like that other animal instinct, sex. For knowledge they have substituted convenient theories, chiefly those of Thomas Robert Malthus, the early-nineteenth-century British economist, who thought that "overpopulation" and insufficient land would bring starvation on the human race unless the birth rates of "poor" races were curtailed either by birth control or by Nature's supposed decimators—famines, wars and epidemics.

Today this theory persists. Many modern Malthusians even whisper that medicine and hygiene are harmful "from the world point of view," because they keep people alive who would otherwise conveniently die.

But need anyone die of hunger? Isn't it possible for this earth to grow enough food, good and proper food, for all its people?

Water covers 71 per cent of the earth's surface, leaving a land area of about 56,000,000 square miles, of which 30 per cent is forested, 20 per cent grassy plains, 18 per cent mountains and 32 per cent desert, either torrid or polar.

Deserts and mountainous regions are not considered arable, although there have recently been notable triumphs in such regions as the deserts of Israel and the northern Siberian arctic lands.

Even without such special triumphs, however, and excluding pasture and forest land, the most conservative estimate gives mankind nearly 12,000,000,000 acres to cultivate. But men do not currently use even 3,000,000,000 acres to grow food! More than three quarters of the good land lies unused.

Agricultural specialists say that about two acres will supply each human being with the indispensable elements of a rational diet. Figuring the world's present population at 2,000,000,000, the earth contains six acres of arable soil per individual. That means we could properly feed three times the present population of the earth, without a single improvement in existing agricultural techniques.

The crop yield of wartime Britain shows what can be done when people need food and set out to get it. Before the war, the United Kingdom produced only two fifths of her food needs, importing the balance. During the war her production climbed to four fifths of her needs. The nutrition of the British people actually improved. Yet British soils are not particularly rich; they have been farmed for at least 2,000 years.

With so much available land and such techniques at hand, there is no need to worry about "overpopulation" or the ability of the earth to support the human race. In addition, the food picture is made even more promising by fascinating discoveries and experiments such as these.

(1) Adding to the diversity and value of human diet by cultivating many wild plants. The University of Brazil, for example, has investigated the possibilities of *Bromelia laciniosa, mart,* which provides a ground meal 15 times as rich in calcium as milk. (2) Tapping properly the rich food sources of the seas, lakes and rivers that now supply only one per cent of our food but can, with scientific "marine agriculture" (the "planting" and "harvesting" of fish), yield as much food per acre as good land. (3) Developing entirely new foods such as synthetic proteins and fats (already being done with reasonable economy), or the product made by feeding microscopic algae of the sea to a certain type of yeast; one tank-factory of this kind could produce enough proteins to feed 3,000,000 people, enough fats for 1,500,000—the equivalent of about 150,000 acres of arable land.

Yes, man can produce all he needs for many centuries. But increased production, of course, is not the whole answer to the hunger problem. Food must reach and be consumed by the human groups that need it—food not only in sufficient quantity but of the right kind. Nutritionists say that approximately 40 elements are needed in a sound diet, not only for fuel but for growth and repair. But most people lack the essentials, chiefly proteins, minerals and vitamins.

To primitive man, hunger was the desire not just to eat but to eat essentials. This is still true of most animals and many primitive folk. A laying hen, needing calcium for eggshells, picks plaster off a wall. A dog requiring vitamins eats grass. Eskimos eat fish oil and the soft bones of small animals to get the calcium and vitamin D denied them by the sun in arctic regions.

Civilized Diet Is Limited

Modern civilized man has lost this instinct, and his diet is deadly in its monotony. Primitive man had a vast number of native plants and animals at his disposal; civilized man limits himself to a handful. Of 1,000,000 known species of animals, man has domesticated and used for food only about 50; of the world's 350,000 known vegetable species, civilized man uses 600.

A study of the primitive populations of the Gold Coast in Africa showed that the inhabitants of one small community included in their diet 114 kinds of fruit, 46 kinds of edible seeds and 47 kinds of greens. Compare this spectacular variety to your own diet.

Primitive man, eating such a great variety of foods, was more likely, even by chance alone, to take in the many substances he needed. With fewer foods, a lack became a chronic and persistent need. Civilized men today have drastically reduced the variety of their diets and they have lost the instinct that tells them what they must eat. Thus, it is not surprising that many peoples of the world do not even know what they should eat. These are the legions of the undernourished. They exist year after year, in most cases on one basic food—such as rice or corn or wheat or the manioc root. Hunger has so dulled their appetites that they must shock the system into supplying saliva by using peppers, curry or other spices.

Lacking strength and will and ambition, as a result of chronic hunger, they have permitted themselves to become enslaved in some fashion—as sharecroppers, or serfs in everything but name. Over the centuries, many have been victims of the colonial system—whether they lived in outright colonies or in economic colonies such as Latin America. Now rapidly disappearing, the colonial system in most places meant huge plantations, growing one-crop products for export; under this system, diversified farming died, diets became even more monotonous and hunger increased. Nature responded to this threat with increased fertility, meaning more mouths to feed poorly, more hunger and disease and lack of spirit.

These by-products of colonialism are still with us, and in this ever-widening circle of misery, hunger reveals its fertility in many ways. Hunger is so fertile that it could, indeed, spread itself over the face of the earth if man does not take steps to break through the circle and wipe out the sore spot from which it originates.

The problem is complex, with many special factors that differ from one country or region to the next. For example, in many tropical lands one reason for protein deficiency—and thus overpopulation—is that soils are generally poor in phosphorus and thus unfavorable for cattle growing. Another example: in India there is a religious taboo against eating beef; more than

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one quarter of the world's cattle are in India, and even if the meat were not eaten the milk and cheese from them could supply plenty of proteins—if the cattle were so fed that they could produce more milk.

In each particular case, intelligent handling can find a solution to the problem, for each is a problem of social and economic structure. But what about the world problem? Can we solve it?

Yes, for at least we know what the problem is now. It is *not* a problem of "overpopulation," nor is it a problem of production. We have enough land and we have the techniques. Already, good work has been done by the United States and the UN in making available to backward areas the know-how and equipment for increased food production. Multiply that aid a thousandfold and the world will have the production it needs.

The basic and toughest problem in the fight against world hunger is, rather, mass consumption—proper distribution of the food produced. Only by raising the buying power and consuming capacity of the undernourished two thirds of the world can the other third survive and prosper. Isolationism can be as dangerous in the matter of food consumption as in the realm of war and politics. But here we encounter clashing international economic interests, customs barriers, nationalistic aspirations, and the distrust of one nation for another.

In 1946, Lord Boyd-Orr, then head of the FAO and later Nobel peace prize winner, proposed a highly controversial solution which was never acted on: a World Food Board to control the nutritional economy of the world, set up food reserves and apportion the surplus of given products to areas that need them most.

Whether this proposal ultimately has the controversial wrinkles ironed out of it, or another is adopted in its stead, something must be done to end hunger in the world, once and for all. It is worth remembering that hungry people lack the will and energy to run their own affairs, to safeguard their freedom. Such people, unwilling or unable to fight dictatorial leadership, fall easy prey to totalitarianism. And food is a cheaper, surer and far more humane prevention for such a situation than war is a cure. THE END

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

a touch of maturity around the house and young fellows who bring out the maternal in the customer. Mr. Todd proposes to furnish rigid teetotalers or congenial imbibers as desired. "If the Old Reliable Wife Sitting Bureau, Inc., survives the first six months," says Mr. Todd, "its future looks rosy. All sitters will be well insured against accidents arising from misunderstandings and thoroughly investigated by us before being sent forth on assignments."

★ ★ ★

It's to be expected, of course, that a certain amount of pretty useless information should arrive at this battered desk. For example, Mrs. Coraline (not Caroline, please) Leggins, of Providence, Rhode Island, has taken the trouble to send us complete instructions about how to convert an old treadle-style sewing machine into a barbecue machine. We looked carefully about this cave of ours, but found no turret lathes, drill presses or the other things needed to complete such a transformation. As you can clearly see, we're in pretty bad shape.

★ ★ ★

Chances are, if we just up and handed you a grain of corn, you'd ask us what the gag was. We'd tell you we'd just handed you $3,780,000, and add that money of that size is no gag. At this point you'd probably bid us a hasty farewell, hoping to get out of reach before we became violent. But you wouldn't know that we'd just been reading a lot of farm literature, including a ream or so from the Agriculture Department. It seems that if you'd save that grain and plant it with tender care, it would produce 600 grains the first year. All you'd have to do then would be to plant them with similar solicitude and our original little grain would become 360,000 in two years. See? Keep it up and, by the end of the fourth year, you'd have 129,600,000,000 grains or 216,000,000 ears. That makes 2,160,000 bushels, which you'd sell for $3,780,000, an amount you might well invest in a small but succulent roast beef, thereby becoming the envy of the neighborhood. Oh, well. Serves us right for reading government literature.

★ ★ ★

A mere glance at the photograph below will tell you which in the group is the cultured fellow who writes Collier's editorials —James Thrasher. He is the one whose mouth is open widest and who appears to be reaching for his handkerchief, with which to wipe away tears of merriment. In brief, second from the left. The picture was shot in SHAPE headquarters in Marly, France, while General Eisenhower was telling Mr. Thrasher and fellow journalists about a drop-jaw photograph of him that was taken when he heard for the first time of General MacArthur's recall from Japan. Mr. Thrasher and the others enjoying the account were being flown around western Europe by the Defense and State Departments, that they might see how the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) was working, how Free Europe's defenses were building, and the like. The man on Mr. Thrasher's right is John H. Cline, Washington Star. Behind our editorial writer is Albert Pickerell, Department of State. Between Mr. Thrasher and the general is Bruce Gould, Ladies' Home Journal. There was no discussion by General Eisenhower about the identity of the next President of the United States.

SHAPE PHOTO

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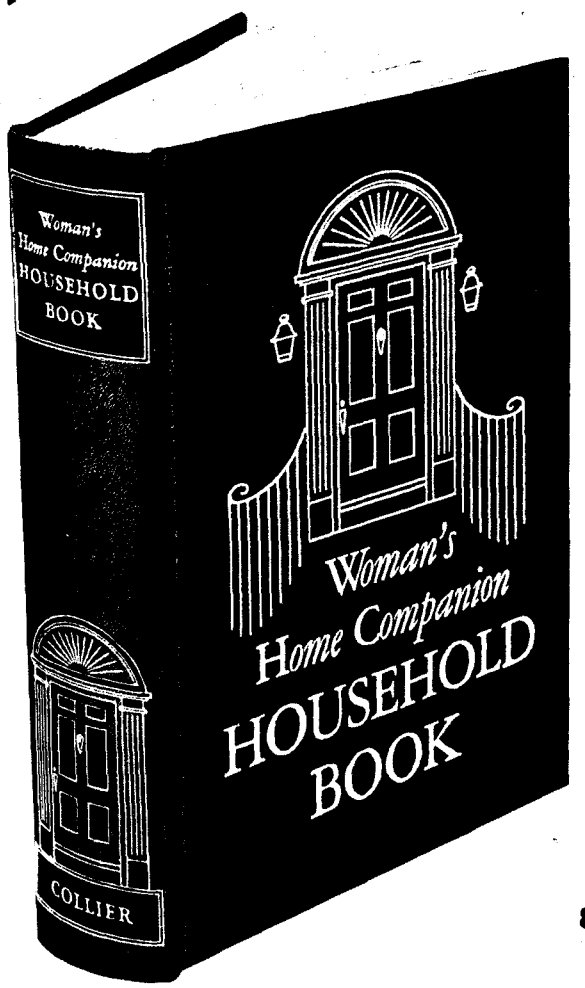

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Spark of Life

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

A skull was heavy when the muscles of the neck had shrunk to threads—and the sight of smoking chimneys made a man hungrier than usual. Hungry in the brain. The stomach had been used to it for years, and was capable of no other sensation than a dull, permanent ache. Hunger in the brain awoke hallucinations and never grew tired. It even gnawed into sleep. Bacon . . . He smelled it everywhere, even in the stench of the latrine shed.

As his head fell forward, he heard the sirens.

It was forbidden to be outside the barrack during air-raid alarms. He could have tried to get up and run, but he was too weak to keep going fast enough and the barrack was too far. He crept back a few yards to a shallow fold in the ground, pressed himself into it and drew the borrowed clothes over himself. He looked just like someone who had dropped dead. This often happened, and he would not arouse suspicion.

THE blow was not violent but it was unexpected. 509 felt it as a hard blow in the stomach from deep out of the ground. He did not know which came first, the blow out of the ground or the whirring and the following crash—but he knew that neither had been present in any previous alarm, and when they were repeated closer and stronger, he also knew what they must mean: For the first time, the planes had not flown on. The town was being bombarded.

The ground trembled again. It seemed to 509 as if mighty rubber truncheons were hitting him from underground. Suddenly he was fully awake, his death-weariness vanished like smoke before a storm. Almost without realizing what he did, he carefully stretched out one hand and lifted the coat off his head enough so he could peer down at the town.

Slowly, playfully, the railroad station unfolded and lifted itself into the air as he watched. Almost gracefully, its golden cupola sailed above the trees of the town park and disappeared behind them.

Fountains of vapor now grew up like mushrooms between the houses. 509 didn't feel any fear; all this was much too far away from the narrow world of the camp, which was all he still knew. Fear was what one felt about burning cigarettes on eyes, about weeks in the hunger-bunker (a stone coffin in which one could neither stand nor lie), about the camp leader, Weber.

As he stared down, the bombardment suddenly ceased. Only the flak still raged. 509 raised the coat a little higher so that he could see the nearest machine-gun tower. The post was empty. He looked farther to the right and then to the left. There, too, the towers were without guards. The SS squads had made for safety.

Now the town burned everywhere. What had formerly looked playful had changed into what it really was: fire and destruction. He closed his eyes. He didn't want anything to come up in him again. He had buried all hope, and it had cost much pain to bury. He let his arms slide to the ground and laid his face on his hands. The town had nothing to do with him. He wanted to let the sun shine on the skin that was stretched like dirty parchment over his skull; he wanted to breathe, to kill lice, and not to think. He wanted only to exist as he had been existing for a long time.

He couldn't do it; the trembling in him wouldn't stop. Sitting up, he turned around and looked at the camp.

The barracks dozed as before in the sun. On the dance ground, the four men were still hanging on the crosses. 509 forced himself to observe everything carefully. It was his world. No bomb had hit it; there it lay, as pitiless as ever. It alone ruled him, and all that out there on the other side of the barbed wire didn't concern him. But he trembled as if a wild fear had suddenly seized him and shaken him. He didn't want to die! Not now! Not any longer! Hastily he crawled back to Barrack 22. . . .

In Barrack 22 at this time lay a hundred and thirty-four skeletons. There was room enough for only forty. The bunks, in four tiers, consisted of boards. There were only a few dirty blankets, over which there was a bitter fight each time the owners died. On each bunk lay at least three or four men. That was too close even for skeletons, for shoulder and pelvic bones didn't shrink. Many slept crouching, and the lucky one was he whose bedfellows died in the evening; they were carried away, and for one night he could stretch out until new arrivals came.

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COLLIER'S — MISCHA RICHTER

In the Small camp, the SS paid less attention to the rules and also checked up less frequently; they had too great a fear of lice, dysentery, typhoid and tuberculosis.

The Veterans had secured for themselves the corner to the left of the door. There were twelve of them. Two months ago there had been forty-four. The winter had finished the others off. The rations had grown steadily smaller, and sometimes there was nothing whatever to eat for two or three days; then the dead lay outside in heaps.

OF THE twelve, one was mad and believed he was a German sheep dog. He no longer had any ears; they had been torn off when he was used in the training of SS dogs. The youngest Veteran was named Karel, a boy from Czechoslovakia. Karel wore the red badge of the political prisoner, and this was the third concentration camp he'd been in. He was eleven years old.

The room senior of the section was a former physician, Dr. Ephraim Berger. He was important in the fight against death which closely surrounded the barrack. In winter, when the skeletons fell on the slippery ice and broke their bones, he was able to put on splints and save some of them. The hospital received no one from the Small camp; it existed only for those able to work and for prominent people.

Berger was one of the few prisoners who had permission to leave the Small camp. For several weeks he had been occupied in the crematorium's mortuary. In general, room seniors did not have to work, but there was a shortage of physicians; this was why he had been commandeered.

The most important Veteran of all, though, was Leo Lebenthal. He had secret connections with the black market of the labor camp, and, so rumor had it, also with the outside. How he managed this no one exactly knew. He traded in everything. Through him one could get cigarette ends, a carrot, sometimes potatoes, leftovers from the kitchen, a bone, and now and again a slice of bread. He didn't cheat anyone; he just kept things in circulation. The thought of secretly providing for himself never occurred to him. Trading kept him alive; not what he traded.

509 crawled through the door. The slanting sun behind him shone through his ears. For a moment they gleamed waxy and yellow on both sides of his dark head. "They have bombed the town," he said, panting.

No one answered.

Now 509 saw Ahasver, the oldest Veteran, near the door. He was sitting on the floor and stroking the sheep dog. Afraid, the sheep dog growled. The madman's matted hair hung over his scarred face, and through it sparkled his frightened eyes. "A thunderstorm," murmured Ahasver. "Nothing but a thunderstorm! Quiet, wolf, quiet!"

509 crawled farther into the barrack. He couldn't understand the others being so apathetic. "Where's Berger?" he asked.

"Still in the crematorium," someone answered.

509 laid the coat and jacket and sweater on the floor. "Do none of you want to go out?" He glanced briefly at Westhof, who had been sullen and quarrelsome of late. Westhof didn't answer. Then 509 looked over at Bucher. Bucher was twenty-five years old and had been seven years in the camp. His father had been editor of a Social Democratic newspaper; that had been enough to have the son locked up. If he ever gets out of here, thought 509, he can live another forty years. Forty or fifty. Whereas I'm fifty. I have maybe ten, at the most twenty years. Why am I suddenly thinking of that?

As Bucher started to speak, steps could be heard, and Berger entered the barrack. He was a small man with sloping shoulders and an egg-shaped head. His eyes were inflamed and watery. "The town is burning," he said as he entered.

509 sat up. "What are they saying about it over there?"

"I don't know," answered Berger. "When the alarm came, they stopped cremating."

Bucher said: "Lohmann has been wanting to speak to you, 509."

Lohmann lay in the rear section of the barrack on a lower bunk without straw. He could no longer get up, but he managed to move one gray hand as 509 bent over him. Lohmann's eyeballs shone yellowish. "Do you see this?" he whispered, and opened his mouth wide.

"What?" 509 looked at the blue gums.

"In back, on the right—there's a gold crown. Take it out."

LOHMANN turned his head in the direction of the narrow window. The sun stood behind it and this side of the barrack was illumined by a weak, rosy light. 509 glanced over toward Berger, who had come up to stand beside him. Berger shook his head. "But it's fixed tight," said 509.

"Then pull the tooth out," said Lohmann. "It's not very tight. Berger can do it. He does it in the crematorium."

"Why do you want to have it out?"

"You know why. Gold. You must buy food with it. Lebenthal can trade it."

509 didn't answer. To trade a gold crown was a dangerous job. As a rule, gold fillings were registered when a prisoner arrived at the camp, and they were later removed in the crematorium. Whenever the SS noticed that a registered filling was missing from the mouth of a corpse, the whole barrack was made responsible. The inmates received no food until the filling turned up. The man on whom it was found was hanged.

"Pull it out!" said Lohmann, and then closed his eyes, exhausted. His lips moved, but no more words came.

509 glanced at Berger. "How is it going with him?"

"Too late for everything," Berger said.

509 nodded. It had been so often like this that he no longer felt much.

For a while, Lohmann lay still. "Promise me you'll take it out—before they fetch me," he whispered. "When I'm gone. Then it'll be easy."

"All right," said 509. "Wasn't it registered when you arrived?"

"No. Promise me! For certain!"

"For certain."

Lohmann's eyes grew calm and filmed over. "What was that—just now—outside?"

"Bombing," said Berger. "The town has been bombed. For the first time. American planes."

"Oh."

"Yes," said Berger, low and hard. "You'll be avenged, Lohmann."

509 glanced up quickly as he and Berger walked away. "Why did you say that to him? Do you really believe it?"

Berger looked at him. "No," he said.

"But—" 509 leaned against the nearest partition. "Then why did you say it?"

"I said it for Lohmann's sake. But I don't believe it. Nobody will be avenged."

"And the town? After all, the town's burning!"

"The town is burning. Many towns have burned already. That means nothing, nothing."

The barrack was dark and stinking. It was a long time since there had been any

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light in the evenings. "509," whispered Berger. "Lohmann wants to speak to you."

509 groped his way back through the Mussulmen—the Veterans' name for their barrack-mates, for whom the Small camp would be but a brief stop on the way to the crematorium. Curses followed him. He trod on bodies lying on the floor. Someone bit him in the calf. 509 beat on the unknown head until the teeth let go.

"Here!" Lohmann stretched out his arm. "Put your hand under mine. Flat. Careful."

509 felt Lohmann's thin fist. It was as dry as a lizard's skin. Slowly it opened. Something small and heavy fell into 509's hand.

"What is it?" 509 asked. "Is it—?"

"Yes," whispered Lohmann. "My tooth."

"What?" Berger shuffled nearer. "Who did it?"

Lohmann began to chuckle, ghostlike, almost soundless. "I did."

"You? How?"

They felt the satisfaction of the dying man. He seemed childish and proud and deeply reassured. "Nail. Two hours. Small iron nail. Bored the tooth loose with it."

"Where's the nail?"

Lohmann reached out and handed it to Berger. Berger held it up to the window. "Filth and rust. Did you bleed?"

Lohmann chuckled again. "Berger," he said, "I can risk blood poisoning."

"Wait." Berger searched his pocket. A match flared up.

509 stood in such a way that his bent body was between the wall and the match. Lohmann's eyes were very clear. They were too clear. 509 glanced at the stub of match that had not yet burned out, and then at Lohmann, and he thought of having known Lohmann for seven years, and he knew this was the last time that he would see him alive.

"Good night, Lohmann," said 509.

"I'll be back again later," said Berger.

"Just leave me," whispered Lohmann. "This now—is easy."

509 felt the gold crown hard and heavy in his hand. "Come out," he whispered to Berger. "We'd better talk it over outside. We're alone there."

Berger rubbed his inflamed eyes. "If the crown is registered in the office, we're lost. They'll investigate and hang a few of us—me first."

"He says it wasn't registered. When he arrived, they hadn't started that here. At that time gold teeth were knocked out, but not registered."

509 shrugged his shoulders. "We can still tell the truth and hand over the crown."

Berger shook his head. That gold was life for several days. Both men knew that now they had it, they wouldn't give it up.

509 looked at Berger. "We've got to risk it. We need the money. Especially now."

"Yes. There's nothing else left for us to do. Who's going to get rid of the tooth?"

"Lebenthal. He's the only one who can do it."

THE next day, 509 drew Lebenthal apart outside Barrack 22. "They're losing it, Leo," he said. "If that down there in the town had happened during the first year, it wouldn't have meant anything. That it's happening now, after five years, means that the others are winning."

Lebenthal glanced at him. "Why are you talking about it?"

509 was aware of the superstition of the barracks. What was said aloud lost its certainty and power, and a disappointed hope always meant a serious loss in energy. This was the reason for the caution of the others in the barrack after the bombing. During the first years, the camp had been fairly well informed about the course of the war. Later, however, when victories ceased, Commandant Neubauer had forbidden the bringing in of newspapers and the reporting over the camp radio of news concerning the retreat. Since then, the wildest rumors had spread through the barracks until no one knew any longer what really to believe. The war was going badly for Germany, that everyone knew; but the revolution, for which many had been waiting for years, had never come.

"I'm talking about it because now we've got to talk about it," 509 said. He pointed at the town and the burning church. "That down there—wasn't there something in the Old Testament?"

"What have you got to do with the Old Testament?" asked Lebenthal.

"Wasn't there something like this in the time of Moses? A pillar of fire that led the people out of slavery?"

Lebenthal blinked. "A cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night."

"Yes, and wasn't God in it?"

"Jehovah."

"All right, Jehovah. And what happened down there—it's something like that in the Bible. It's hope, Leo, hope for us! Damn it, can't you see that? The time for it has come. Now it'll help us to pull through. This time it's no latrine password. It can't last much longer. We must—" He stopped.

"What?" asked Lebenthal.

509 was not sure himself. Pull through, he thought. Pull through and even more. "It's a race," he said finally. "A race, Leo, with—" With death, he thought; but he didn't say it aloud. He pointed in the direction of the SS barracks. "With them! We can't afford to lose now. The end's in sight, Leo." He seized Lebenthal's arm. "Now we've got to do everything—"

"But what can we do?"

NO LONGER accustomed to thinking or speaking much, 509 felt his head swim as though he had been drinking. And for a long time he hadn't thought as much as he had today. "Here's something," he said, and produced the gold tooth from his pocket. "From Lohmann. Probably not registered. Can we sell it?"

Lebenthal weighed the lump in his hand. He didn't show any surprise. "Dangerous."

"Can't you do it tonight?"

Lebenthal let the hand with the tooth drop. "509," he said, "yesterday you were still reasonable."

"Yesterday is long ago."

A crash came up from the town and immediately afterward the clear, reverberating sound of a bell. The fire had eaten through the beams of the church tower, and the bell had collapsed.

Lebenthal held the tooth out to 509.

"What'll I do with it?" asked 509, surprised. "Mustn't you take it with you?"

Lebenthal shook his head with slight contempt. "Now we see what you know about business! Do you imagine I'd get anything for it once one of those pigs got his paws on it? If all goes well, I'll come back and fetch it. Meanwhile, hide it." . . .

Commandant Neubauer sat in his office. Opposite him sat the surgeon major, Wiese, a small monkeylike man with freckles and a straggly reddish mustache.

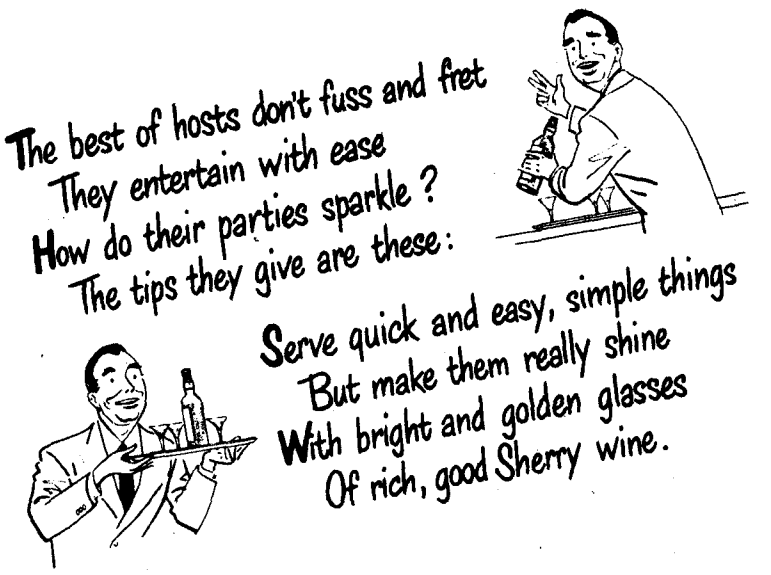
Neubauer, a heavy-set, middle-aged man, was in a bad mood. He was having one of those days when everything seemed to go wrong. The bombing of the town the day before had frightened him, and the news in the papers had been more than cautious; at home, his wife had grumbled around; his daughter had crept through the house with red eyes. And now, on top of all that, came this lousy pillmonger with his requests.

"How many men do you want, then?" Neubauer asked sulkily.

"Six will be enough for the time being. Physically rather run-down."

Wiese did not belong to the camp. He owned a small hospital outside the town and was ambitious to be a man of science. Like many other physicians, he made experiments on living human beings, and several times the camp had put prisoners at his disposal for this purpose. He had been on friendly terms with the former *Gauleiter* of the province, and for this reason no one had asked many questions as to what the men were to be used for. Later on, the corpses had always been duly handed over to the crematorium; this had been sufficient.

"And you need the men for clinical experiments?" asked Neubauer.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"Yes. Experiments for the army. Secret, for the moment, of course." Wiese smiled. The teeth under his mustache were surprisingly large.

"So—secret," Neubauer breathed heavily. He couldn't stand these superior academicians. They meddled into everything. "You can have as many as you want," he said. "We're only too glad if these men can be made some use of. All we need for it here is an order of assignment."

Wiese looked up, surprised. "An order of assignment?"

"Certainly. An order of assignment from my superior board."

"But why—I don't understand—"

Neubauer suppressed his satisfaction. He had expected Wiese's surprise. "I really don't understand," said the surgeon major once more. "Up to now, I've never needed such a thing!"

WIESE had said his experiments were for the army merely as a pretext, a fact of which Neubauer was well aware. *"Herr Doktor,"* he said, "you formerly requested men for light work and got them. Our labor board does such things without formalities. Every day we supply dozens of factories with labor gangs. In these cases the men remain under the supervision of the camp. Your case today is different. You are demanding them for clinical experiments. The men leave the camp officially. For that I need an order."

Wiese wagged his head. "But surely that comes to the same thing," he declared irritably. "The men were used for experiments as much before as now."

"Of that I know nothing." Neubauer leaned back.

Wiese remained silent for a moment. He realized that he had trapped himself. "Had I claimed men for light work, would I have got them?" he asked.

"Certainly. That's what our labor board is there for."

"Then I demand six men for light work."

"But *Herr* Surgeon Major!" Neubauer was enjoying the situation. "Frankly, I'm at a loss to comprehend so sudden a change in your requests. First you want men as physically run-down as possible and then you demand them for light work. This is surely a contradiction! Men here as 'physically run-down as possible' can no longer even darn stockings, you can take that from me. This is an education and labor camp, run on the lines of Prussian discipline."

Wiese swallowed, got up briskly and took his cap. Neubauer also rose. He was pleased at having annoyed Wiese. So he said: "I have another suggestion, *Herr Doktor*. If you need the men so urgently you could ask for volunteers. That disposes of formalities. If a prisoner wishes to render a service to science, we have nothing against it. It's not entirely official, but I'll take that on my shoulders, especially with those useless gluttons in the Small camp. The men will sign a declaration, that's all."

"So I can have six volunteers?"

"Six and more, if you wish. I'll even give you our first camp leader to accompany you on your tour; he can show you round the Small camp. Storm Leader Weber. Thoroughly capable man."

Wiese thanked him and left. Neubauer picked up the telephone and gave Weber instructions. "Let him wear himself out. No orders! Only volunteers. So far as I'm concerned, he can talk himself into consumption. If nobody volunteers, we just can't help him." He smirked and laid down the receiver. His bad mood had vanished. Wiese would find it difficult to lay his hands on any volunteers. Almost all the prisoners knew what going to his hospital meant. . . .

Berger was on his way to the crematorium when he saw Weber and Wiese. He limped back to the barrack at once. "Weber's coming! With Handke and a civilian. I think it's the guinea-pig doctor. Look out!"

In the barracks a turmoil started. Handke was an especially brutish *kapo*—one of the common criminal inmates of the camp to whom minor authority over the political prisoners was delegated. And high-ranking SS officers like Weber hardly ever came to the Small camp. Everyone knew there must be a special reason. "The sheep dog, Ahasver!" called 509. "Hide him!"

"Do you think they'll inspect the barrack, too?" someone asked.

The sheep dog lay down obediently while Ahasver stroked him and 509 stuffed a rag into his mouth so that he could breathe, but not bark. Then they pushed him into the darkest corner.

"Stay there!" Ahasver raised his hand. "Quiet! Sit!" The sheep dog had tried to get up. "Lie down! Quiet! Stay there!" The madman sank back.

"Step out!" Handke shouted outside. The skeletons hustled out and lined up. Those unable to walk were supported or carried and laid on the ground. It was a miserable heap of half-dead, dying, and starving men. Weber turned to Wiese. "Is this what you need?"

Wiese's nostrils sniffed the air as though he were smelling a roast. "Excellent specimens," he muttered. Then he put on his horn-rimmed spectacles and looked benevolently at the lines of men.

"Alice, we've been going together for two years now and we've gotten to know each other pretty well. Don't you think it's about time we broke up?"

COLLIER'S — BILL KING

"Do you want to make a choice?" asked Weber.

Wiese coughed slightly. "Yes—well, there was some talk of volunteers."

"All right," answered Weber. "As you wish. Six men forward for light work!"

No one moved. Weber turned red. The block seniors—*kapos* like Handke—repeated the shouted command and began hastily pushing the men forward.

Ahasver stepped forward. "Too old," muttered Wiese, and held Weber back. "Just a moment," Wiese said. "I think we must handle this differently.

"Men," he said gently, "you should be in the hospital. All of you. There's no more room in the camp hospital. I can provide quarters for six of you elsewhere. You need soup, meat, nourishing food. The six of you who need it most, step forward."

No one stepped forward. No one in the camp believed such fairy tales. Besides, the Veterans had recognized Wiese. They knew he had taken men away several times before. None had returned.

"It seems you've still too much to eat, eh?" snapped Weber. "That will be changed. Six men step forward!"

From Section B, a skeleton staggered forward and stood still. "Good," said Wiese and inspected it. "You are sensible, dear man. We'll feed you up all right."

A second one followed. Then another. They were newcomers to the Small camp.

"Come on! Three more!" Weber shouted angrily. He considered Neubauer's suggestion about the volunteers a crazy idea. One gave orders in the office, and six men were supplied; that was that.

The corners of Wiese's mouth twitched. "I personally guarantee you good food, men. Meat, cocoa, nourishing soups."

"Herr Surgeon Major," said Weber, "these tramps don't understand being talked to like that."

"Meat?" asked the skeleton Wassya, who stood as though hypnotized beside 509.

"Of course, my dear man." Wiese turned toward him. "Every day. Meat every day."

Wassya chewed. 509 gave him a warning shove with his elbow.

Though it had been hardly a movement, Weber had nevertheless noticed it. "Filthy pig!" He kicked 509 in the belly. It was not an excessively vicious kick; it was a kick of warning, not a punishing one. But 509 promptly fell over.

"Get up, you swindler!"

"Not like that, not like that," muttered Wiese, holding Weber back. "I must have them intact."

He bent over 509 and examined him. After a while 509 opened his eyes. He did not look at Wiese. He looked at Weber.

Wiese straightened up. "You've got to go to the hospital, dear man. We'll take care of you."

"I'm not hurt," panted 509, getting up with difficulty.

Wiese smiled. "As a physician, I know better." He turned toward Weber. "That makes two more. Now the last, a younger one." He pointed at Bucher, who had been standing beside 509. "This one, perhaps."

"March! Step out!"

Bucher stepped up to 509 and the others. Through the gap thus caused, Weber now saw the Czech boy, Karel. "There's still half a portion. Would you like it as a supplement?"

"Thanks. I need full-grown people. These will do. Many thanks."

"All right. You six report to the office in fifteen minutes. Block Senior, take down the numbers! Get washed, you dirty swine!" Weber walked away with Wiese and Handke.

The six stood as though a flash of lightning had struck them. No one spoke. They knew what it meant. Only Wassya grinned. He was feeble-minded from hunger and believed what Wiese had said. The three new ones stared apathetically into the void; they would have followed any order without resisting, even an order to run into the electrically charged wire.

"Josef!" A weak voice came over from the women's camp.

Bucher did not move. Berger nudged him. "There's Ruth Holland."

The women's camp lay to the left of the Small camp, separated from it by a double strand of uncharged barbed wire. It consisted of only two small barracks which had been installed during the war, when the new mass arrests had started. Formerly there had been no women in the camp. Two years ago Bucher had worked over there as a carpenter. This was how he had met Ruth Holland. Off and on they had been able to meet and speak secretly for a short while; then Bucher had been transferred to another gang, and they had not seen each other again until Bucher had been handed over to the Small camp. Then, occasionally at night or in fog, they had talked to each other.

Ruth Holland stood behind the barbed wire separating the two camps. The wind blew her striped smock around her thin legs. "Josef!" she called again.

Bucher raised his head. "Get away from the wire, Ruth! The guard might fire!"

She shook her head. Her hair was short and entirely gray. "Not you! Stay here! Don't go! Stay here, Josef!"

Bucher looked helplessly over at 509. "We'll come back," 509 said for him.

"He won't come back. I know it. And you know it, too." She pressed her hands against the wire. "No one comes back."

"Go back, Ruth." Bucher glanced toward the watchtowers. "It's dangerous to stand there."

"He won't come back! You all know it!"

509 did not reply. There was nothing to be said. He was deaf within himself. He no longer had any feelings left. Neither for others nor for himself. Everything was over; he didn't feel it yet, but he knew it.

"He must not go," said Ruth Holland. It was like a litany, monotonous, without emotion. It was already beyond all emotion. "Someone else must go. He's young. Someone else must go for him."

No one answered. Everyone knew that Bucher had to go. The numbers had been written down by Handke. And who would have gone in his place, anyway?

THEY stood and looked at each other: those who had to go and those who stayed behind. Had a flash of lightning struck and killed 509, it would have been more bearable. This brief wait was unbearable; in this last glance was the agony of the unspoken: Why I? Just I? on the one side—and the: Thank God, not I! on the other.

"We must go," said 509.

"Where's the tooth?" asked Lebenthal.

509 groped in his pocket and held it out.

Lebenthal took it. He trembled. "Your God!" he stammered, and made a vague gesture down toward the town and the burned-out church.

509 fumbled again in his pocket. While he was getting the tooth he had felt a piece of bread he had been saving. What good had it done not to eat it? He held it out to Lebenthal.

"Eat it yourself," said Lebenthal, furious and helpless. "It's yours."

"It's no longer any use to me."

A Mussulman had seen the piece of bread. He stumbled fast toward it, his mouth wide open; clutching 509's arm, he snapped at the bread. 509 shoved him away and pushed the bread into the hand of Karel, who all this time had been standing silent beside him. The Mussulman clutched at Karel, who kicked him calmly and precisely on the shin. The Mussulman reeled back. Karel looked at 509. "Are you going to be gassed?" he asked in a matter-of-fact tone.

"There aren't any gas chambers here. You know that," Berger said angrily.

"That's what they said in Birkenau, too. When they give you towels and tell you to take a bath, then it's gas. Weber told you to wash—"

Berger shoved him aside. "Eat your bread, or someone'll take it from you."

"I'll watch out." Karel crammed the bread into his mouth. He had inquired as one does about a traveler's destination, and had not meant any harm. He had grown up in concentration camps and knew nothing else.

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"Come along," said 509.

Ruth Holland began to sob. Her hands hung like bird claws on the barbed wire. She bared her teeth and moaned. She had no tears.

"Come along," said 509 once more. He let his eyes wander over those remaining behind. Most of them had crawled indifferently back into the barrack. Only the Veterans and a few others stood there. Suddenly it seemed to 509 as if he still had something of enormous importance to say, something on which everything depended. He tried as hard as he could but he was unable to put it into thoughts and words. "Don't forget this," was all he finally said.

No one answered. He knew they would forget it. They had seen similar things too often. Perhaps Bucher would not have forgotten it—he was young—but Bucher had to go with him.

THEY stumbled along the road. They had not washed. That was one of Weber's jokes; the camp never had enough water. They walked ahead without looking to one side or the other. They passed through the barbed-wire gate which fenced off the Small camp. The croak-gate. Wassya smacked his lips. The three new ones walked like automatons. They passed the first barracks of the labor camp. The barracks were empty and dismal, but to 509 they appeared now to be the most desirable place in the world. He thought of the bombing of the town, and of the hope that had been born in him. The barracks were suddenly security, life and safety. He would have liked to crawl in and hide himself away from this merciless walk to death. Two months too early, he thought apathetically. Maybe only two weeks too early. Everything in vain. In vain.

"Comrade," someone next to him said suddenly. 509 looked up. A man, his face black with stubble, stood in a barrack doorway. "Don't forget this," 509 murmured. He didn't know the man.

"We won't forget it," answered the man. "Where are you going?"

Those who had stayed behind in the labor camp had seen Weber and Wiese. They knew this must mean something special.

509 stood and looked at the man. All of a sudden he was no longer apathetic. He felt again the importance of what he still had to say, of that which must not be allowed to get lost. "Don't forget it," he whispered insistently. "Never! Never!"

"Never!" repeated the man in a firm voice. "Where have you got to go?"

"To a hospital. As a guinea pig. What's your name?"

"Lewinsky, Stanislaus."

"Don't forget it, Lewinsky," said 509. With the name, it seemed to have more force. "Lewinsky, don't forget it!"

Lewinsky touched 509's shoulder with his hand. "I won't forget it." 509 felt the touch spread farther than his shoulder. He looked once more at Lewinsky. The man's face was not like those in the Small camp. 509 was aware that he had been understood. He walked on.

Bucher had waited for him. They joined the four others who had trudged on.

"Meat," muttered Wassya. "Soup and meat!"

The office smelled of stale air and boot polish. The office *kapo* had prepared the papers. He looked blankly at the six men. "You've got to sign this."

509 glanced at the table. He didn't understand why there should be anything to sign. Prisoners were usually commandeered and that was the end of it. Then he became aware that someone was looking at him. It was one of the prisoner-clerks sitting behind the *kapo*. He had carrot-red hair. When he saw that 509 had noticed him, he moved his head almost imperceptibly from right to left and promptly looked down again at his desk.

Weber came in. Everyone stood at attention.

"Carry on!" Weber commanded and took the papers from the table. "Not through yet? Get on. Sign this!"

"I don't know how to write," said Wassya, who stood nearest the table.

"Then make three crosses."

Wassya made three crosses.

"Next!"

The three new ones stepped forward one after the other. 509 tried desperately to collect himself. It seemed to him that somewhere there must still be a way out. He glanced once more at the clerk, but the clerk didn't look up again. "Now your turn!" growled Weber. "Come on!"

509 picked up the form. His eyes were dim. The few typewritten lines wouldn't stand still.

"Even want to read, eh?" Weber gave him a kick. "Sign, you lousy dog!"

509 had read enough. He had read the words, *I herewith declare myself a volunteer* . . . He let the paper drop onto the table. This was the last desperate opportunity. This was what the clerk had meant.

"Get on, you quivering pig! Shall I guide your hand?"

"I'm not volunteering," said 509.

The *kapo* stared at him. The clerks raised their heads and immediately ducked again over their papers. For one moment it was very quiet.

"What?" asked Weber incredulously.

509 took a deep breath. "I'm not volunteering."

"You refuse to sign?"

"Yes."

Weber licked his lips. He took 509's left hand, twisted it and jerked it up across his back. 509 fell forward to the floor. Weber, still holding on to the twisted hand, pulled 509 up by it and kicked him in the back. 509 screamed and fell.

Weber seized him by the collar with his other hand and put him back on his feet. 509 collapsed again.

"Weakling!" growled Weber. Then he opened a door.

"Kleinert! Just take this wretch in there and leave him. I'll come over."

They dragged 509 out.

"Now you," said Weber to Bucher. "Sign!"

Bucher trembled. He did not mean to tremble, but he had no control over himself. He was suddenly alone. 509 was no longer there. Everything in him gave way. He had to do fast what 509 had done, or else it would be too late and he would carry out like an automaton whatever command he was given.

"I won't sign either," he stammered.

Weber grinned. "Imagine! Another one! This is just like the good old days!"

Bucher hardly felt the blow. A crashing darkness broke over him. When he came to, Weber was standing above him. *509*, he thought numbly, *509 is twenty years older than I. Weber did the same with him. I've got to pull through!* He felt the jerking, the fire, like a knife in his shoulders; he didn't hear that he yelled. Then came the darkness again.

WHEN Bucher came to for the second time, he lay beside 509 on the concrete floor of another room. Through a roar came Weber's voice.

"I could easily have that signed for you, and the thing would be settled, but I'm not going to do it. I will break your stubbornness. You will sign this yourselves. You will beg me on your knees to be allowed to sign it, provided you're still able to."

509 saw Weber's head dark against the window high in the wall. The head seemed very big with the sky behind it. The head was death and the sky behind it was suddenly life, life no matter where and how—beaten, bleeding, louse-ridden—life, in spite of everything, for one fierce moment. Then the numbness broke over him again, the pain became mercifully dim once more and nothing was left but the dull roaring. *Why am I resisting?* he thought dejectedly when he came to again. *What's the difference whether I'm clubbed to death here or I sign and am finished off with an injection, quicker than this, less painful?* Then he heard a voice beside him, his own voice, with which someone else seemed to be

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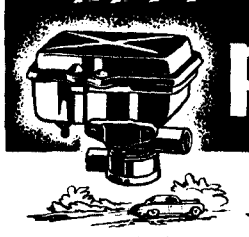

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speaking. "No! I won't sign—and if you beat me to death—"

Weber laughed. "That's what you'd like, you carcass! To get it over, eh? With us, beating to death takes weeks. We're only just beginning."

He picked up the belt he had been using. The blow caught 509 across the eyes. It did not harm them; they were sunk too deep. The second blow got his lips. They split like dry parchment. After a few more cracks across the skull with the belt buckle, 509 fainted again.

Weber shoved him aside and started on Bucher. Bucher tried to duck, but he was far too slow. The blow hit him across the nose. He doubled up, and Weber kicked him between the legs. Bucher screamed. He was aware of the belt buckle crashing several times into the back of his neck, then once more he fell into darkness.

BUCHER heard confused voices, but he didn't move. As long as he appeared unconscious, they wouldn't continue beating him. The voices passed over him endlessly. He tried not to listen, but they came closer and pierced his ears and his brain.

"I regret, *Herr Doktor,* but if the men won't volunteer—Weber, as you see, has done his best to persuade them." Neubauer was in excellent spirits. His expectations had been far surpassed.

Bucher tried carefully not to blink. But he could not control his eyelids. They snapped open like those of a mechanical doll. He saw Wiese and Neubauer. Weber was no longer there.

"As a man of culture—" Wiese began.

"As a man of culture," Neubauer interrupted him, "you need these men for your experiments. Isn't that so?"

"That is a matter of science. Our experiments may save the lives of ten thousand others. Perhaps you don't understand—"

"Oh, yes, indeed. But perhaps you don't understand this situation here. It's a simple matter of discipline. Eminently important, too."

"Every man to his taste," Weise declared haughtily.

"Certainly, certainly. I regret that I cannot be more helpful to you. But we don't coerce any of our protégés. And the people here seem to have an aversion to leaving the camp." He turned to 509 and Bucher. "You'd rather remain in the camp?"

509 moved his lips. "What?" asked Neubauer sharply.

"Yes," said 509.

"And you there?"

"Me, too," whispered Bucher.

"You see, *Herr* Surgeon Major?" Neubauer smiled. "The people like it here. There's nothing to be done."

Wiese did not smile. "Louts!" he said contemptuously in the direction of 509 and Bucher. "This time we really didn't intend to do anything but make feeding experiments."

Neubauer blew his cigar smoke away. "All the better. These two will receive double punishment for insubordination. If you'd still like to try and find others in the camp, it's at your disposal, *Herr Doktor.*"

"Thanks," said Wiese coldly.

Neubauer closed the door behind him and came back into the room. The blue, aromatic clouds of tobacco smoke hovered around him. 509 smelled them and he suddenly felt a tearing greed in his lungs. It seemed to have nothing to do with him, personally; it was a strange, independent greed which clawed itself into his lungs. Unconsciously, he breathed deep and tasted the smoke, all the while watching Neubauer.

For a moment, he couldn't understand why he and Bucher hadn't been sent out with Wiese; but then he knew. There was only one explanation: they had disobeyed an SS officer and would be punished for it in the camp. The punishment could be foreseen—men had been hanged for disobeying a mere *kapo.* It had been wrong not to sign, he suddenly thought. With Wiese, they might perhaps still have stood a chance. Now they were lost. A choking remorse welled up in him.

Neubauer contemplated the number on 509's chest. It was a low number. "How long have you been here?" he asked.

"Ten years, *Herr Obersturmbannführer.*"

"Ten years." Neubauer had not realized that prisoners from the early days still existed. Actually a sign of my leniency, he thought. I'll bet there aren't many camps with anything like that. He pulled on his cigar. One day something like this might come in quite handy. One never knew what might happen. The war wasn't won yet, by any means.

Weber came in. Neubauer took the cigar from his mouth, and belched. At breakfast he had eaten scrambled eggs and sausage—one of his favorite dishes. "Storm Leader Weber," he said, looking down at the prisoners, "this was not ordered."

Weber glanced at him. He waited for the joke. The joke didn't come. "We'll hang them tonight at the roll call," he said finally.

Neubauer belched once more. "It was not ordered," he repeated.

Weber had lately become rather independent. It would not do any harm to make him realize who gave orders here. Neubauer turned again to 509 and Bucher. Hang them, Weber had said. He was right, of course. But why? The day had taken a better turn than could have been expected. And besides, it was just as well to show Weber that not everything had to happen his way. "It wasn't a direct refusal to obey," he declared coldly. "I had given orders for volunteers. This doesn't look like it. Give those men two days' bunker, nothing else. Nothing else, Weber. You understand? I want my orders carried out."

"Very well."

NEUBAUER left. He felt superior and contented. Weber followed him with a contemptuous glance. Nerves, he thought. The old boy's turning soft. Probably scared by the bombing. Two days' bunker!

A shaft of sun fell across 509's face. Weber looked at him more carefully. "Where did you get those wounds?"

"I fell down, *Herr* Storm Leader." 509 almost sighed with relief. This was the old routine again. Still a joke from the early days. No one was ever allowed to admit that he had been flogged.

Weber looked at him once more. Then he opened the door. "Throw these two here into the bunker. Two days." He turned again to 509 and Bucher. "Don't you think you're getting away with this, you muckworms! I'll hang you yet!"

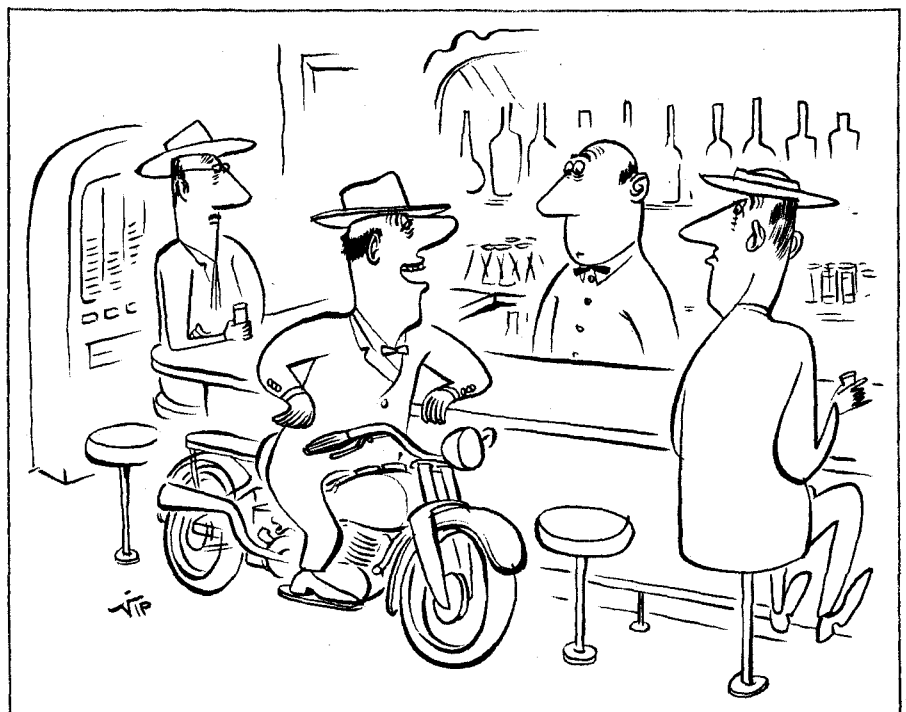
509 closed his eyes from pain as he and Bucher were lugged out. Then he felt the air outside. He opened his eyes again. There was the sky, blue and endless. He turned his head over toward Bucher and looked at him. They had got away—so far, at least. It was hard to believe. . . .

They fell out of the bunkers when the squad leader on duty had the doors opened two days later. During the last thirty hours, both of them had tumbled from semiconsciousness into unconsciousness as they squatted in the tiny stone coffins. On the first day they had been able to communicate off and on by knocking; then no more.

They were carried to the dance ground and dropped beside the wall surrounding the crematorium. Hundreds of men saw them; no one touched them; no one took them away. No one acted as though he saw them. No orders had been given as to what should be done with them; thus they didn't exist. Anyone who touched them would have ended up in the bunker himself.

Two hours later, the last dead of the day were brought to the crematorium.

"What about these?" the SS man on duty at the crematorium asked lazily. "Are they going in, too?"



COLLIER'S **"One for the road, please"** VIRGIL PARTCH

"They're two out of the bunker," the squad leader said.

"Have they kicked off?"

"Looks like it."

The SS man watched 509's hand closing slowly and opening again. "Not quite," he said. "Ask in the office where they belong," he said to one of the corpse bearers.

The man returned. The red-haired clerk came hurrying along beside him. "These two are discharged from the bunker," he announced. "They belong to the Small camp. Supposed to have been discharged today at noon. Orders from the commandant's quarters."

"Then take them away from here." The SS man looked lazily at his list. "I have thirty-eight goners." He counted the corpses which were lined up before the entrance. "Thirty-eight. Correct. Away with these here, or there'll be a mix-up again."

"Four men! Take these two to the Small camp!" called the corpse *kapo.*

Four men seized them. "Over here," whispered the red-haired clerk. "Quick! Away from the dead. Over here!"

They carried 509 and Bucher away from the wall. The clerk bent over them and listened. "They're not dead. Get some stretchers. Quick!"

He looked around. He was afraid Weber might arrive. He remained on the spot until the men came with the stretchers—broad boards on which corpses were usually transported. "Load them on! Quick!"

The ground around the gate and the crematorium was always dangerous. SS men loafed about there. Neubauer's order had been executed with the men's discharge from the bunker, and 509 and Bucher were once more at large. Anyone could vent his bad temper on them—especially Weber, whose honor, had he known they still lived, would almost have required him to have them liquidated.

"Crazy idea!" said one of the bearers, annoyed. "They won't even last a few more hours."

"Here," said an older man, lifting an end of the stretcher on which 509 was lying. "Who are they? Something special?"

The clerk looked around. "These are the men who refused to sign."

"Sign what?"

"The declaration for the guinea-pig doctor. The other four he took along."

"What? And they're not going to be hanged?"

The clerk shook his head.

The four bearers now walked fast and in silence until they had passed the administration buildings. The sun was setting.

The leading bearer turned around. "Say, what's up? Are these special big shots?"

"No. But they are two of the six whom Weber had lugged out of the Small camp on Friday."

"What's happened to them? They look as if they've been battered to bits."

"So they have. They refused to go with the surgeon major who wanted them—experiment station outside the town, so the red-haired clerk said."

The leading bearer let out a whistle.

"Good God, and they're still alive?"

"See for yourself."

The first man shook his head. "And now they're even being sent back from the bunkers! Not hanged! What's it all about? I haven't seen anything like this for years!"

THEY came to the first barrack of the labor camp. It was Sunday. The labor gangs had worked through the day and had just marched in. The roads were filled with prisoners, and the news spread fast.

"Come," said someone out of the crowd to the rear bearer. "I'll give you a hand. It'll make it easier."

He seized one of the stretcher's handles. Another man came up and took the other front handle. Soon each stretcher was being carried by four prisoners. It wasn't necessary; 509 and Bucher were not heavy, but the prisoners wanted to do something for them, and at the moment there was nothing else they could do. They carried the stretchers as though they were made of glass, and the news ran ahead of them: two men who had disobeyed an order were returning alive. Two from the Small camp. Two from the barrack of the dying Mussulmen. It was unheard of. No one realized that it was due simply to a whim of Neubauer's—and that wasn't important either. The important thing was that they had disobeyed and were returning alive.

Lewinsky, the man 509 had spoken to on his way to Neubauer's office, stood in front of Barrack 13. "Is it true?" he asked.

"Yes. That's them."

Lewinsky came closer and bent over the stretchers.

"I believe—yes—yes, that's the one I spoke to. Are the other four dead?"

"There were only these two in the bunker," said one of the bearers. "The clerk says the others went along. These didn't. They refused."

Lewinsky slowly straightened up. "Refused. Would you have believed that?"

"No. Not of people from the Small camp." The stretcher-bearers moved off.

More and more prisoners appeared from the doors. A few came up shyly and quickly and glanced at the two bodies. One of 509's arms had fallen over the side of the stretcher and it trailed along the ground; two men sprang up to him and carefully laid it back.

Another prisoner spoke to Lewinsky as they followed the stretchers with their eyes. "Hell of a lot of courage for two living corpses just to refuse like that, eh? Would never have expected that from any of the croak division."

"Nor would I." Lewinsky still stared

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down the road. "They must be kept alive," he said. "They must be kept from dying. Only then will it become important for all of us here. If they croak, by tomorrow it'll be forgotten. If not—"

If not, then it'll be a proof for the camp that something has changed, thought Lewinsky. He did not say it aloud. Instead he said, "We can use that. Especially now."

THE bearers walked on toward the Small camp. In the sky, the sun was setting. Its glaring reflection fell on the right side of Barrack 22. The left side lay in blue shadows. The faces at the windows on the shaded side were, as usual, pale and blurred; but those on the other side were flooded by the strong light as though by a sudden burst of borrowed life. The bearers walked straight through the light. It fell on the bodies that lay smeared over with blood and dirt on the stretchers, and suddenly it seemed as though these were not just two beaten-up prisoners being dragged back; it seemed, on the contrary, to be almost like a pitiful triumphal march. They had resisted. They still breathed. They had not been defeated. . . .

Berger worked on them. Lebenthal had provided some turnip soup. They had drunk some water and, half unconscious, had gone to sleep again. Then, out of a gradually dissolving torpor, 509 felt something warm on his hand. A shy, fleeting memory. Far away. Warmth. He opened his eyes.

The sheep dog was licking his hand.

"Water," whispered 509.

Berger was applying iodine to his cuts. He looked up, fetched the mug of soup and held it to 509's mouth. "Here, drink this."

509 drank. "How is Bucher?" he asked.

"He's lying beside you."

509 wanted to ask more. "He's alive," said Berger. "Get some rest."

For the roll call they had to be carried out. They were laid on the ground in front of the barrack with the sick who could no longer walk. It was already dark and the night was clear.

The squad leader was taking the roll call. He contemplated the faces of 509 and Bucher as one inspects crushed insects. "Those two are dead," he said. "Why are they lying here with the sick?"

"They are not dead, *Herr* Squad Leader," said Berger.

"Not yet," declared the *kapo,* Handke. "Tomorrow, then. They'll go up the chimney. You can bet your heads on that."

The Veterans carried Bucher and 509 back with great care. Handke saw it and grinned. "Are these two made of china?"

"That swine!" growled Westhof when Handke was out of hearing. "That filthy swine!"

Berger watched him attentively. Westhof had been stir-crazy for quite a while. He brooded, talked restlessly to himself, and picked fights. "Be quiet," said Berger sharply. "Don't make a row."

Westhof stared at him. "He's a prisoner like us. And such a swine. That's—"

"We all know what it is," Berger said calmly. "There are dozens even worse. Power makes brutes of people; you should have learned that long ago."

They had made a bed free for both Bucher and 509. As a result, six men were going to sleep on the ground. One of them was Karel. "The squad leader's all wrong," Karel said to Berger.

"Really?" said Berger, over his shoulder.

"They won't go up the chimney tomorrow. Not these two. Those three over there, yes." Karel pointed at three Mussulmen lying on the floor.

Berger looked at him again. "You're right," he said.

Karel nodded without pride. He was an expert.

The following evening they were able to speak. Their faces were so thin there wasn't much in them to swell. They were black and blue, but the eyes were open and the lips only torn.

After the nightly food ration had been fetched from the kitchens, there was suddenly a knock at the door. For an instant, every heart stopped beating as each man asked himself if they were coming to take the two away after all.

"Open the door, Leo," said 509. "That's not the SS. They come—differently."

Lebenthal opened the door, and a shadow slipped in. "Lewinsky," it said in the dark. "Stanislaus. Who's awake?"

Berger came over. "Here. Sit down here. Berger's my name."

"Are they both alive?"

"Yes. They are lying to your left."

Lewinsky pushed something into Berger's hand. "Here's something—"

"What?"

"Iodine, aspirin and cotton. Here's a roll of gauze, too. And this is peroxide."

"That's a real pharmacy," said Berger, astounded. "Where did you get it all from?"

"Stolen. From the hospital. One of us cleans up there."

"Fine. We can use it."

"Here's sugar. In lumps. Give it to them in water. Sugar is good."

"Sugar?" asked Lebenthal. "Where did you get that from?"

"From somewhere. You're Lebenthal, aren't you?" asked Lewinsky into the darkness.

"Yes, why?"

"Because you asked about it. I can't tell you where it came from. It's for these two. Here's some cheese, too. These six cigarettes are from Barrack 11."

Cigarettes! Six cigarettes! An unimaginable treasure.

FOR a while, they were all silent. Then: "Lewinsky," whispered 509, "you can get out?"

"Sure. How else could I be here? I'm a mechanic. I have tools, wire." Lewinsky paused. "You didn't sign?"

"We didn't."

Lewinsky leaned forward. "We wouldn't have believed that you could pull that off."

"Nor would I," said 509.

"I don't mean only that you could stand it, but that nothing more happened to you."

"That's what I mean, too."

"Leave them alone," said Berger. "They're weak. Why do you want to know everything so exactly?"

Lewinsky moved in the dark. "That's more important than you think. Why is it you're not in the party?" he asked Berger. "The two of you. It's a pity. You should be with us."

"Why do you want to know that just now?" asked Berger. He knew what Lewinsky meant. In the camp's underground organization, the Communists formed an extremely tough, reserved and energetic group. Though they co-operated with the others, they never entirely trusted them; they pursued their own special aims, always protecting their own people first.

"You should be in the party," said Lewinsky. He bent over 509. "What were you actually before? Professionally, I mean?"

"Editor," answered 509, and was surprised at how strange it sounded.

"The party could make particularly good use of editors."

509 didn't answer. He knew that a discussion with a Communist was as pointless as one with a Nazi.

"You'll be back?" Berger asked.

"Yes." Lewinsky groped his way to the entrance. "Here, take this—read it. We got it today." Thrusting a folded paper into Lebenthal's fingers, he glided out into the shadow of the barrack.

Lebenthal groped his way over to 509. "About the sugar just now," he whispered, embarrassed. "I didn't ask about it for trading. I only meant to try and get more for you. I also still have the tooth. I haven't sold it yet."

"Okay, Leo. What else did Lewinsky give you? At the door?"

"A piece of paper. It's not money,"

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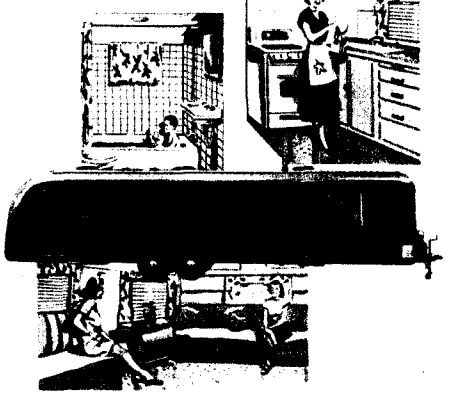

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Lebenthal said, fingering it. He crept to the door and opened it. "It's a piece of newspaper. Torn." Lebenthal raised the scrap high. "There isn't enough light."

"Open the door wider," said Berger. "Crawl out. There's a moon outside."

Lebenthal opened the door and crouched down outside. He studied the paper for a long time. "I think it's an army report."

"Read!" whispered 509. "Read, for God's sake, man!"

"Remagen—" said Lebenthal. "On the Rhine—"

"What?" asked Berger.

"The Americans are at Remagen—crossed the Rhine!"

"What, Leo? Are you reading right? Crossed the Rhine?"

"Don't talk rot! Read properly! For God's sake, Leo!" said Berger.

"It's correct," Lebenthal said. "That's what it says here."

"Then they must be in Germany! Go on reading! Read! Read!"

"Bridge," Lebenthal spelled out. "They have—crossed a bridge. The bridge is—under heavy German fire—" He stopped.

"Then the army must— Read on, Leo! It must say something more," said 509.

"I can't read the part in small print."

"Has no one a match?" asked Berger in despair.

"Here," someone answered from the dark. "Here are a couple."

"Come in, Leo."

THEY formed a group close to the door. Berger fumbled for the abrasive strip on the box. "Hold the blankets and coats in front of the windows. Crawl into the corner under the blanket, Leo. Read!"

He lighted the match. Lebenthal began to read as fast as he could. There was the usual hushing-up of facts. The bridge was worthless; the Americans were under the heaviest fire and cut off on the bank they had reached; punishment awaited the troops who had failed to destroy the bridge.

The match went out. "The bridge was not destroyed," said 509.

"That means that the West Wall has been broken through," said Berger cautiously, as though he believed he was dreaming.

"Read it once more, Leo," said 509. "We must be sure. When was that? Is there a date on it?"

Berger lighted the second match.

Lebenthal searched. "March eleventh, 1945."

No one knew exactly whether it was now the end of March or the beginning of April. In the Small camp they had lost the habit of counting. The match was dying. Berger lighted one of the cigarettes Lewinsky had brought and shoved it into 509's mouth. The match went out. 509 took a pull on the cigarette. "Here—hand it on."

"Berger," 509 whispered after a while. "Do you believe it now?"

"Yes." His voice sounded hollow.

"So it was true about the town and the bombardment."

"Yes."

"You too, Leo?"

"Yes."

509 let himself sink back. He felt dizzy. He thought it came from the cigarette. The little red spot of light, shielded by hands, wandered through the room.

"There are some more cigarettes," someone squawked. "Pass the others around!"

"Everything that was brought in is for the two out of the bunker!" Berger said.

"Rot. It's for all of us. Hand it over!"

"Look out, Berger," whispered 509. "Take a stick. We've got to trade the cigarettes for food. Create a diversion."

The Veterans could be heard crowding together. Men groped through the dark, fell, cursed, hit out, and screamed. Others on the bunks began growling and raging.

Berger waited a moment. Then he shouted: "The SS are coming!"

There was a flitting about and crawling, pushing and moaning. Then it grew quiet.

Suddenly 509 was utterly exhausted. "Bucher," he managed to ask, "did you hear it, too? About the Americans?"

"Yes."

509 felt the soft dizziness grow stronger. Across the Rhine, he thought, and felt the cigarette smoke in his lungs. He had felt the same thing a short while ago, he remembered. But when? Smoke, forcing its way greedily into the lungs, tormenting and irresistible. Neubauer, yes, the cigar smoke drifting down to him as he lay on the wet floor. It seemed already far away, and only for an instant, fear flashed through the memory; then it grew blurred and became a different smoke, the smoke of the burning town, which had come through the barbed wire and which he had also inhaled. Smoke from the town, smoke from the Rhine—and suddenly it seemed as though he were lying in a misty meadow that sloped down and down, and everything grew very gentle and, for the first time, dark without fear. . . .

Lebenthal was dickering with a fat *kapo* named Bethke over Lohmann's gold tooth. "Molar. Heavy, solid, prewar gold. Seventy-five," Lebenthal said firmly. "A special price." He had meant to ask thirty.

Bethke looked at him. "Do you know that one word from me could put you on the gallows?"

"Sure. If you can prove it. And what would you get out of it? Nothing. You want the tooth. So let's talk business."

Bethke was silent for a moment. "No money," he said then. "Food."

Lebenthal didn't answer. "A hare," said Bethke. "A dead hare. Run over."

"What kind of hare? Dog or cat?"

"A hare. I ran over it myself."

"Dog or cat?"

They stared at one another for some time. Lebenthal didn't blink. "Dog," said Bethke.

"Sheep dog?"

"Sheep dog! Why not an elephant? Medium size. Like a terrier. Fat."

Lebenthal didn't betray anything. The dog was meat—a magnificent windfall. "We can't cook it," he said. "Not even skin it. We haven't anything to do it with."

"I can deliver it skinned."

"Still difficult. We'd have to have a knife as well. We'd have to cut it up."

"All right, all right," Bethke said impatiently. "A knife, too, then."

Lebenthal realized he wouldn't be able to get much more at the moment. "A loaf of bread, of course," he said. "That goes with it. When?"

"Tomorrow evening. After dark. Behind the latrine. Bring the tooth along."

"Is it a young terrier?"

"How could I know? Are you crazy? Medium. Why?"

"If it's old, it should be cooked longer," Lebenthal said.

Bethke looked as though he were about to leap at his face. "Anything else?" he asked quietly. "Cranberry sauce? Caviar?"

Lebenthal went back to the barrack. He didn't yet fully believe in his luck. A hare, he would tell them. Not because it was a dog; that wouldn't shock anyone—there had been people who had tried to eat the flesh of corpses—but because it was part of the joy of business to exaggerate. Besides, he had been fond of Lohmann, and he was pleased with getting something out of the ordinary for his tooth. And the knife could easily be sold in the camp; that would mean more money for trading.

A day passed, and the next evening the deal was settled. The night had turned misty, and white waves of fog spread through the camp. Lebenthal slunk through the dark. He carried the dog and the bread hidden under his jacket.

A short distance from the barrack, he noticed a shadow swaying across the middle of the road. He saw at once that it was not one of the ordinary prisoners; they didn't move like that. In a moment, he recognized the block leader of Barrack 22. Handke walked as though he were aboard ship. He must have got alcohol somewhere. Lebenthal saw that it was no longer possible to get past him into the barrack unnoticed, to hide the dog and warn the others. So he sneaked behind the rear wall of the barrack and hid in the shadows.

Westhof was the first person Handke ran across. "Hi there, you!" he shouted.

Westhof stood still.

"Why aren't you in the barrack?"

"I'm on my way to the latrine."

"What's your name?"

"Westhof."

Handke reeled. "Your name's not Westhof, it's filthy stinking Jew. What's your name?"

"I'm not a Jew."

"What?" Handke struck him in the face.

Westhof remained standing. Handke came one step closer. Now Westhof saw his face and tried to run away. Handke kicked him on the shin. As a block leader, he was well fed and much stronger than anyone else in the camp. Westhof fell down, and Handke kicked him in the chest. "Lie down, Jewish swine!"

Westhof lay flat on the ground.

"Room D, step out!" shouted Handke.

The skeletons came out. They already knew what was going to happen. One of them would be beaten up. Handke's boozing days always ended this way.

Handke stared through the misty dark at the lines. Bucher and 509 stood among the others. With great difficulty they could once more stand and walk.

The men of Barrack 22 stood at attention. Handke gaped at them for a while; then he turned around and began trampling on Westhof, who still lay on the ground. Westhof tried to protect his head with his arms. Handke went on kicking him for some time. It was quiet, and nothing could be heard but the muffled thumping of Handke's boots against Westhof's ribs. Aware of Bucher moving beside him, 509 seized his wrist and held it tight. Bucher's hand twitched. 509 didn't let it go. Handke continued to trample senselessly. At last he grew tired of it and jumped several times on Westhof's back. Westhof didn't move. Handke came back. His face was wet with sweat. "Jews," he said. "You've got to be trodden on like lice. What are you?" He pointed a shaking finger at the skeletons.

"Jews," answered 509.

Handke nodded, and for several seconds stared pensively at the ground. He had come to the camp for indecent assault, and had been block leader for a year. After several minutes, he turned and, without paying heed to anyone, strode back down the camp road.

Berger and Karel turned Westhof over. He was unconscious.

"Did he break his ribs?" asked Berger.

Berger opened Westhof's jacket.

Lebenthal sneaked round the corner of the barrack. "Is he dead?"

"No," said Berger. "Not yet."

Lebenthal pressed his arm against his jacket. "I have some food."

"Quiet! Or the whole barrack will hear. What have you got?"

"Meat," whispered Lebenthal. "For the tooth."

He didn't speak of the dog as a hare. It no longer seemed appropriate. He looked at the dark figure beside which Berger was kneeling. "Maybe he can still eat some of it," he said. "It's cooked."

LATER that night, when Westhof died, 509 and Bucher were outside the barrack to escape the stench inside. "Damn it!" Bucher said. "Why didn't we help him?"

509 glanced up. "Why do you talk such rot? How could we?"

"We could. Maybe. Why not? We've managed other things."

509 was silent. Bucher let himself drop down beside him. "We managed with Weber," he said.

509 gazed into the fog. There it was again, he thought. The false heroism. The old trouble. For the first time in years, this boy had been part of a desperate revolt, which had turned out well—and within a few days his imagination was already beginning to work with the romantic falsification that forgot the risk.

"Six or eight of us should have attacked Handke? Is that what you mean?"

"No, that wouldn't have been any use," Bucher said. "He's stronger than we are."

"What should we have done, then? Talked to him? Told him he ought to be reasonable? Listen," 509 said. "With Weber we had nothing to lose. We refused and were inconceivably lucky. But if we'd done something to Handke this evening, he'd simply have killed one or two more and reported the barrack for mutiny. Berger and a few others would have been hanged. Westhof, in any case. Next thing would have been several days without food. That would have meant a few dozen more dead. Westhof was stir-crazy. If he had said what Handke wanted him to, he'd have got away with a few kicks. He was a fool." 509 turned toward Bucher. His voice was filled with bitterness. "Do you imagine you're the only one sitting here and worrying about him?"

"No."

"Maybe he would have kept his mouth shut and he'd still be alive, if we two hadn't managed to pull through with Weber. Maybe it was just that which made him reckless today. Did you ever think of that?"

COLLIER'S

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"No." Bucher stared at 509. "Do you believe that?"

"It's possible. I've seen worse foolishness. And from better men. And the better the men the greater the foolishness sometimes, when they thought they had to show courage. Damn' schoolboy twaddle! Do you know Wagner from Barrack 21?"

"Yes."

"He's a wreck. But he was a man and had courage. Too much. He hit back. For two years, he was the delight of the SS. Weber almost loved him. Then he was through. Forever. And what for? He could have helped us. But he couldn't control his courage. And there were many like him. Few of them are left. And fewer who are not done for. That's why I held on to you this evening when Handke was trampling on Westhof. Do you understand at last?"

"You think Westhof—?"

"It doesn't matter. He's dead."

BUCHER was silent. He saw 509 more clearly now. The fog had lifted a little; in one spot the moonlight filtered through it. 509 had sat up. His face was black and blue and green with bruises. Bucher suddenly remembered some old stories he had heard about him and Weber. 509 didn't talk about his ten years in the camp, but he must himself once have been one of those men about whom he had been talking, one of the men with courage.

"Listen," said 509. "And listen carefully. It's not true that a man's spirit cannot be broken. I've known good men who were no longer anything but howling animals. Those over there"—he gestured in the direction of the SS quarters—"they know it very well. And they've always been after it. The important thing about resistance is what one achieves by it; not what it looks like. Senseless courage is certain suicide. Our little bit of resistance is the only thing still left to us. We've got to hide it so they can't find it, use it only in case of extreme necessity—as we did with Weber."

The moonlight had reached Westhof's body. It shone on his face and neck. "A few of us must last out," said 509. "For afterward. A few who are not completely finished. All this must not have been in vain."

He leaned back exhausted. "A few who are not completely finished and who don't want to forget," he said weakly.

He looked at Bucher. He's more than twenty years younger than I, he thought again. He can still do a great deal. He's not yet through. And I? Time, he thought, suddenly desperate. It devoured and devoured. One would know how much only when all this was over. One would know fully whether one was finished only when one tried to make a fresh beginning outside. These ten years in the camp counted twice and three times longer than ordinary years. Who would still have enough strength left? A great deal of strength would be needed.

"When we get out of here, they won't fall on their knees before us," he said. "They'll try to deny and forget everything. Us, too. And many of us will also want to forget it."

"I'm not going to forget it," Bucher said. "Neither this, nor any of it."

"All right." The wave of exhaustion came over 509 once more. He closed his eyes but immediately opened them again. There was still something he had to say before he lost it again. Bucher had to know it. Perhaps he'd be the only one to pull through. It was important for him to know it. "Handke is not a Nazi," he said with difficulty. "He's a prisoner like ourselves. Outside he would probably never have killed a man. He does it here because he has the power to do it. He knows it doesn't do us any good to complain. He's protected. He has no responsibility. That's it. Power—too much power in the wrong hands—too much power altogether, in anyone's hands. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Bucher.

509 nodded. "This—and that down there." He pointed at the sleeping town. "The shirking of conscience; that is our misery; that's what I've been thinking about today."

THE weariness was now like a black cloud covering him. 509 pulled a piece of bread out of his pocket. "Here, I don't need this—had my meat—give it to Ruth. Give it to her. It is"—his head fell forward, but he raised it once more, and the skull, colored with bruises, was suddenly smiling—"also important—to give."

Bucher took the bread and went over to the fence surrounding the women's camp. Now the fog floated at shoulder height. Below, everything was clear. It produced a ghostly effect, as if the Mussulmen were stumbling headless to the latrine. After some time, Ruth appeared. She, too, had no head. "Bend down," whispered Bucher.

Both crouched on the ground. Bucher threw the bread over. "Ruth," he said. "I think we'll get out of here."

She could not answer; her mouth was full of bread. But her eyes were wide open, and she looked at him. "I really believe it now," said Bucher.

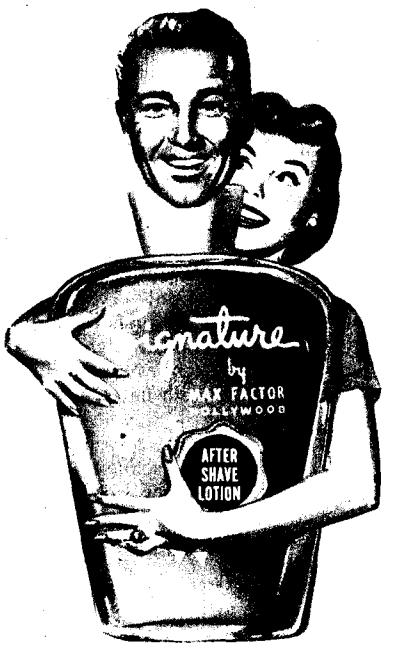
He didn't know why he suddenly believed it. It had something to do with 509 and with what he had said. He went back. 509 was fast asleep. His head lay close to Westhof's. Both faces were covered with bruises, and Bucher could hardly tell which of them was still breathing. He didn't wake 509. The night was not too cold. Gently stripping Westhof of his jacket, Bucher laid it over 509.

THE END

CLANCY

COLLIER'S

JOHN RUGE



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Jiggs and I

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

the son of great dancer-singer-comedian Eddie Foy—and some others. We were talking about my oil well when suddenly a German band struck up in the street below.

Mark said, "George, you've tried everything else. Why don't you take that band down and play to the well?"

That was certainly a splendid idea. So we did it—for most of the night. Still no oil. Good party, though, even if it did cost me $74,000. That was what I lost on the well.

I think I've learned my lesson, although I'm not sure. I have a scheme, however. It was inspired by former President Herbert Hoover. At a luncheon for me in New York not long ago, Mr. Hoover was seated on my right. As we sat down he said, pointing to his left ear: "This is my bad one." I pointed to my right and said: "This is my bad one." Mr. Hoover said, "I guess that settles the conversation."

Fooling High-Pressure Boys

It did, too. We didn't say a word to each other the rest of the meal. But it gave me an idea. When a high-pressure boy begins a spiel at me these days, I cup both ears and yell: "HOW'S THAT AGAIN?" It's very discouraging.

I am now content to let Jiggs make my money for me. I should be, of course. More than 80,000,000 people in 46 countries are presently reading Bringing Up Father in about 500 newspapers that publish it daily, or Sunday, or both, in 16 languages. (The strip is not published behind the Iron Curtain, where Jiggs, obviously would be in a slave labor camp. Maggie, of course, would be in the army.)

Father never has been out of the first five in any rating of comic strips. Frequently, he has been first.

The strip has been harder to sell in some countries than in others. In Germany, for instance, there is tremendous sales resistance. The Germans can't imagine any woman treating any man the way Maggie does Jiggs. Or perhaps it's more accurate to say they can't imagine any man letting her treat him that way. To a lesser extent, this is true of the South American countries and the Far East. But Germany remains the toughest of all nations in this respect.

England was once just as tough. J. D. Gortatowsky, general manager of the Hearst newspapers, and president of King Features, tells of the time he tried to sell Father in England. This was back in 1921, and American comics—now familiar all over the world—were hardly known abroad. Gorty was hawking Father around the United Kingdom with little success. The editors, he said, told him the British public wouldn't understand it. They declared there were no *nouveaux riches* like Jiggs and Maggie in England.

That was the year of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight and the British were tremendously wrought up over it. Even Bernard Shaw got into the act and wrote about Carpentier being sure to win because of his superior mentality, or something. King Features had signed Dempsey to write about the fight and as an added attraction they had Jim Corbett, the former heavyweight champion, reporting too. The British liked Corbett because he was a gentleman and a boxer, and Gorty sold Dempsey and Corbett to the Daily Sketch in London. But it was a package deal. Bringing Up Father was thrown in.

I think my pride is pardonable when I say that a sampling of reader preference in the Sketch six months later showed Father ahead of everything, much to the genteel astonishment of the editors. He's been in England ever since, and popular, too. In England, by the way, corned beef and cabbage becomes tripe and onions. The British just wouldn't understand the other.

COLLIER'S **"The prize is in the box. If you want the cereal you mail them the box top and ten cents"** RAY HELLE

No more, indeed, would the Irish—in Ireland. Corned beef and cabbage is peculiarly American.

I decided to use that dish because when I was a boy in St. Louis, the poor Irish families always had it for Sunday dinner. It was cheap in those days—you could hardly carry 20 cents' worth. It was filling, too, and the Irish could eat to capacity. The fumes of it cooking were as bad as a Los Angeles smog; my father, whose name also was George, used to say it "stank up the Sabbath."

This business of translating, or adapting, corned beef and cabbage into the culinary vernacular of other countries has been something of a problem. When Jiggs goes abroad, the basic situation of the strip remains the same, but there is no such thing as a literal translation. Jiggs is too much in the American idiom. So the strip is "adapted" rather than "translated."

Years ago, when Bringing Up Father was first sold in China, the adaptation (usually done in this country) was, for some reason, neglected. The Chinese newspaper people addressed themselves to the task of processing the strip for local consumption and did very well, up to a point. Then there came a cable to King Features. "What," it asked, "is corned beef and cabbage?" When the matter was explained, the Chinese used rice and fish. The Japanese do the same (the strip no longer appears in China for obvious reasons.

In France, corned beef and cabbage becomes *boeuf miroton,* a kind of beef stew. It is also beef stew in the Argentine, where it is called *puchera* (Jiggs has been running in La Nación in Buenos Aires for 30 years). In Turkey it is *biftek kapuska,* or cabbage stuffed with beefsteak, and in Italy it's something called *baccala,* which is stewed codfish. Some of the other names are untranslatable.

The name of the strip itself also undergoes various metamorphoses in various countries. In Finland it is known as *Vihtori Ja Klaara,* which means Victor and Clara—a transformation that certainly would confuse Jiggs and Maggie; if they knew. They'd be equally astonished at *Gyldenspjaet,* which is what the strip is called in Denmark. That means, for some reason I've never been able to figure out, The Golden Kick. The Swedish name for the strip is *Gyllenbom,* which is even more interesting: it doesn't mean anything. In French, it's known as *La Famille Illico* (roughly, The Family Next Door); in Spanish by many names, of which I particularly like the one used in Venezuela: *Educando a Papa,* almost a literal translation of the original. When the Poles were allowed to read Father before the war, it was called *Dzygs I Megi,* about as literal as you could get it.

There is no such name as Jiggs, incidentally; I just made it up. Jiggs, indeed, is neither a first nor a last name and I don't know which its present owner prefers it to be. As for Maggie, she's just that.

Jiggs, of course, has *become* a name since I invented it. It's practically generic for English bulldogs. The bulldog mascot of the Marine Corps is called Jiggs. A chimpanzee in the Toledo zoo also was called Jiggs as was one in the Central Park zoo in New York. A pair of ostriches in the Los Angeles zoo are called Jiggs and Maggie. Even children have been called Jiggs. Dorothy Lamour refers to her son as Jiggs—"because," she told me, "he's looked like Jiggs from the day he was born." And there have been Jiggs bomber outfits in both world wars.

Speaking of names, there's a race horse named after *me,* George McManus. Walter McCarty, who has a racing stable in the San Fernando Valley, did this. He also named one horse Jiggs and another one Maggie, but George McManus is outstanding. He is, to say the least, individual.

COLLIER'S **"He's not quite the same man since that vacation in Africa"** JORGE ARGERICH

Antics of Equine Namesake

Once, while racing, he jumped the barrier and peered into the stands as if he were looking for somebody. Again, he just took off one day with two attendants hanging on him, and loped furiously down the track before the race started.

I bet on George at least a dozen times and I admit he was consistent. He didn't win once. He didn't even finish in the money. So I stopped betting on him—and the next time out, he won and paid 40 to 1. Then somebody picked him up in a claiming race in Caliente. The rumor that the man who did this was a wholesale meat dealer is not true; the horse is still running.

Concerning the origin of Jiggs and Maggie, somebody once wrote this in a newspaper feature: "Jiggs came from Ireland, expecting gold in the streets, and found bricks and cobbles instead. He was a hod carrier. Then he began selling bricks. Maggie was a waitress. She served corned beef and cabbage. Jiggs grew rich selling bricks to the belligerent Irish, who thought they were better than ordinary bricks."

That is no more erroneous than most conjectures. Maggie, for instance, is said to be my wife. She also is said to be my "divorced" wife. Again, the strip is alleged to be based on the family of my "former" wife or, in another version, the family of a girl who jilted me—the drawings, accord-

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ing to this story, being my way of taking revenge.

So far as my wife is concerned, I was married, December 23, 1908, to the most beautiful girl I ever met, and I am still married to her. Maggie, in point of fact, has no real prototype. I call her a composite of all the beautiful women of the world when they're angry and if that seems farfetched to you, pause and consider it a little.

Actually, Jiggs and Maggie and Nora, their daughter, all were born in St. Louis, but I didn't know it at the time. My father managed the Grand Opera House in St. Louis for many years and in 1895 a play called The Rising Generation came to town. It starred a little comedian named Billy Barry.

One feature of the play was a poker game on stage. The actors liked poker, and they made it a real game, with real stakes; each night for 20 minutes, while the game went on, the players ad-libbed. Barry would get really furious if he lost, with no make-believe at all, and his language was colorful, to say the least. People crowded to the show to see that poker game and to hear Billy Barry's picturesque ad-libbing, and I, just a boy then, was among them. I went several times, something I could do easily, as the old man ran the theater. He didn't, as a usual thing, like my going to the shows much; but for some reason he let me see Billy.

In the play, the participants in the poker game were all old cronies of the little Irishman. They had known him before he got rich and moved to Fifth Avenue. But his socially ambitious wife and daughter were ashamed of his uninhibited naturalness and they could not abide his old pals. Therefore, he had to sneak off to the poker game, which was in the back room of a saloon run by another old friend in the district from which the Irisher came.

The recollection of this play lingered with me long afterward. In 1910, I went to the New York American with a contract for five years. I had been drawing a Sunday comic strip for the World called The Newlyweds and Their Baby, and while I couldn't bring the title with me I could continue to draw it under another name, which I did. I called it Their Only Child. But William Randolph Hearst asked me to do a daily strip, so I began to experiment.

In November, 1911, I began a strip with some characters who eventually became Jiggs and Maggie; in January, 1913, it was formally titled Bringing Up Father. By this time, Their Only Child had been withdrawn and Father had become a daily and Sunday feature. It was, of course, based on my memory of Billy Barry and his play in St. Louis, 17 years before.

Although I'm sure I was born in St. Louis, I'm not sure when. I think it was on January 24, 1883, although it may have been 1882. My memory is like that. And there are no records. Several years ago when King Features was getting out some promotion material, they asked all the cartoonists for baby pictures of themselves. I looked everywhere and so did my brothers, Leo and Charlie. No baby picture.

But we had to have one. So I found one. Not, to be sure, my own. It was that of Her Majesty, Dowager Queen Mary, of Great Britain. Queen Mary was a cute baby.

Her picture has been appearing in King Features promotion material ever since.

More fascinating adventures of George McManus and his cartoon characters are in the second installment of Jiggs and I in next week's issue of Collier's. Be sure to order a copy from your news dealer today

Mediterranean Rescue

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

a squadron of destroyers, and numerous oilers and supply ships.

As the message to Admiral Gardner flashed out, a tense group of officers gathered around the chart table in Flag Plot of the Coral Sea. The admiral, his staff, Captain Russell and Lieutenant Campbell, the relay pilot, laid out and sifted the evidence.

"The first question," said the admiral, "is, can we handle this job ourselves or should we call out the whole fleet?"

"This ought to be a simple job," said one of the staff officers. "We should find them about 30 miles to the west. CIC says they tracked a radar blip in to a spot 30 miles west of us on course 115° [25° south of east]. It disappeared the same time the planes ditched. Our radar planes over the ship had an electronic distress signal 30 miles away at the same time. This distance checks, but there was no bearing. The pilots of the ditched planes had been briefed to operate to the west."

"The last transmission I got from Straychicks," said Lieutenant Campbell, "was, 'Look for us to the west.' "

"That makes it look pretty definite," said the admiral. "There can't be any doubt that they survived the ditching. With gas tanks almost empty and a 30-knot wind to ease the landing, the planes should float at least 15 minutes. We've got planes on the way to that area now and if they went down 30 miles west of us, we should have them in sight in a few minutes."

All hands around the chart table nodded agreement.

"Parker," said the admiral, turning to his operations officer, Commander O. M. Parker, of Austin, Texas, "you draw up all the messages necessary to sound the general alarm. Get a full-scale search operation going and have them ready to send if necessary."

The communications orderly handed the admiral the following, hot off the air from Admiral Gardner:

FROM: COMMANDER SIXTH FLEET
TO: COMMANDER CARRIER DIVISION SIX
1325

YOU ARE DESIGNATED RESCUE COMMANDER X USE ANY SIXTH FLEET SHIPS REQUIRED X

In 10 more minutes it was obvious that the planes had not ditched exactly 30 miles to the west. A Banshee travels fast and glides far. Coming down from 30,000 feet to the surface, it can easily glide 75 miles. Draw a circle with a radius of 75 miles and you enclose an area of 17,000 square miles. The ditching point could not be considered pinpointed by any means.

The Oriskany, which had been exercising her CIC crew at anchor in Suda Bay by eavesdropping on Coral Sea's operations, now came through with this message:

WE HAD A RADAR PLOT WHICH DISAPPEARED AT EXACT TIME YOUR PLANE DITCHED IN POSITION FIFTY MILES NORTH OF YOU X

This was well within gliding range and tended to confirm the idea that the jets ditched not too far from home.

Trying to Figure Things Out

Meantime, the conferees in Flag Plot on the Coral Sea were piecing together some other fragments of evidence.

"They said their direction finder was reading 115°," said Lieutenant Campbell. "I couldn't swear to this, but I got the definite impression that they steered 115° until they went in."

"For how long?" asked Captain Russell.

"From 1230, when they were due over the ship, until they ditched at 1310—that's 40 minutes."

"Forty minutes at 400 knots would put them 270 miles east of the ship. It's almost inconceivable they would do that," said a staff officer.

"Yes, but if they figured everything right, they wouldn't have got lost," said another. "Maybe they missed us to the eastward in the first place. In which case they may be over 300 miles east of us now."

"Okay, Parker," said the admiral. "Pull the plug. Call out the fleet, notify the British Air Sea Rescue outfits at Malta and Suez, and the Air Force at Tripoli. Broadcast the notice to all merchant ships."

The following message went out:

FROM: COMMANDER CARRIER DIVISION SIX
TO: COMMANDER SIXTH FLEET
ORISKANY
CORAL SEA
DESTROYERS
R.A.F. MALTA
R.A.F. SUEZ
USAF WHEELUS, TRIPOLI
U.S. NAVY, PORT LYAUTEY, FRENCH MOROCCO
1310

TWO JET AIRCRAFT DUE OVER CORAL SEA AT 1230 FAILED TO RETURN X OTHER PLANES IN VOICE COMMUNICATION WITH THEM UNTIL 1308 WHEN JETS DITCHED TOGETHER OUT OF GAS X CORAL SEA 1230 POSITION 40 MILES SOUTHWEST OF WESTERN END OF CRETE X JETS WERE BRIEFED TO OPERATE WEST OF CORAL SEA X REQUEST AIR SEA RESCUE ASSISTANCE X

So began one of the biggest air-sea rescue operations ever conducted in the Mediterranean. It covered a stretch of salt water over 1,000 miles long, greater in area than the length of the combined states of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. It involved two large aircraft carriers, a dozen destroyers, and shore-based planes of the U.S. Air Force, U.S. Navy, Royal Air Force, and Royal Greek Navy. It involved 1,100 hours of flying over more than a quarter of a million square miles.

Any interservice, international effort, by widely scattered and independent commands, usually gets under way ponderously and spends the first day or two untangling red tape and unscrambling the command relationships. This one was functioning in high gear with all hands working toward a common end and blanketing the Mediterranean from Malta east within one and a half hours.

Shortly after the search got rolling, Commander Parker, operations officer of Commander Carrier Division Six, threw new light on the possibility that the planes might be far to the east. He pointed out that Jerusalem, over 600 miles to the east, had a homing station for commercial aircraft which was only one kilocycle removed from the frequency of the Coral Sea's homer. The identification sign of Coral Sea's homer was JV, that of Jerusalem JU. In Morse code V is - - - —, U is - - —. Could the missing jets have homed on Jerusalem instead of the Coral Sea? It seemed absurd—but, after all, they did get lost.

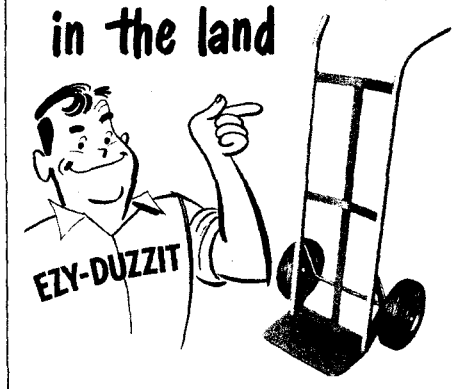
The following message went out:

FROM: COMMANDER CARRIER DIVISION SIX
TO: ALL SEARCH AGENCIES
1430

EVIDENCE POINTS TO TWO EQUALLY LIKELY DITCHING POINTS ONE ABOUT THIRTY MILES WEST OF MY 1230 POSITION X THE OTHER OUT TO 200 MILES BEARING 115° TRUE X ORISKANY SEARCH AROUND FIRST POINT CORAL SEA AROUND SECOND X

By sunset, the carrier Oriskany was sitting on the first assumed ditching position and had thoroughly searched an area of 100-mile radius around it. The Coral Sea was combing the Mediterranean from Crete to the north coast of Africa, and working her way east toward the second point. Five destroyers in a 30-mile scouting line were

the best hand truck in the land



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sweeping down-course 115° from the 1230 position, and R.A.F. planes from Malta and Suez plus United States Air Force planes from Wheelus Field, Tripoli, were covering the sea west of Crete.

Up to sunset, nothing was sighted, but this didn't prove that the lost men were not in that area. In hazy weather, with the wind whipping the sea into a mass of whitecaps, it would be easy to fly over a tiny raft and not see it. That area would have to be combed several times before it could be declared empty.

During the night about 40 planes were in the air from the two carriers and the various shore bases. There were also 14 Navy ships and perhaps 20 merchantmen in the area.

As soon as the sun went down, business began picking up. It was a black, moonless night, so the gremlins got busy, and flashing lights and flares began sprouting all over the eastern Mediterranean.

FROM: COMMANDER DESTROYER SQUADRON TEN
TO: COMMANDER CARRIER DIVISION SIX
2300

AT 2230 FLARES SIGHTED TO WEST X HAVE RUN DOWN THAT BEARING FOR 12 MILES WITHOUT RESULT X SUGGEST PLANES WITH FLARES SEARCH AHEAD OF ME X

FROM: COMMANDER DESTROYER TEN
TO: COMMANDER CARRIER DIVISION SIX
0050

LOOKOUTS INCLUDING THREE OFFICERS INSIST TWO FLARES SIGHTED X UNLESS OTHERWISE DIRECTED WILL CONTINUE SEARCH THIS AREA TILL AFTER DAWN X

FROM: ORISKANY
TO: COMMANDER CARRIER DIVISION SIX
0230

AT 0002 AIR FORCE 5580 REPORTED WEAK LIGHT ON WATER SENDING SOS AND STAYED WITH CONTACT X ORISKANY SENT TWO NIGHT SEARCH PLANES WITH FLARES X MERCHANT TANKER IN VICINITY CHANGED COURSE TOWARD FLARES USING SEARCHLIGHTS ON APPROACH X WAS SEEN TO LOWER BOAT AND PICK UP OBJECT RESEMBLING LIFE RAFT X COULD NOT DETERMINE IF PILOT WAS IN RAFT NOR IDENTITY OF TANKER X DESTROYER EN ROUTE TO SCENE X PLANES WILL STAY OVER TANKER TILL SHE ARRIVES X DO NOT EXPECT POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION TILL DAYLIGHT X

FROM: (UNIDENTIFIED SENDER)
TO: COMMANDER CARRIER DIVISION SIX
0330

FOLLOWING INTERCEPTED ON INTERNATIONAL DISTRESS FREQUENCY FROM ESSO FAWLEY X HAVE FOUND NOTHING YET X HAVE LOWERED BOAT BUT SEE NO TRACE OF WRECKAGE X POSITION LATER X

The above messages, and others in similar vein, aroused strong hopes that perhaps something definite would develop at sunrise.

Came the dawn and the gremlins vanished, leaving all concerned gaping at an empty sea. The result of the night search was negative—but as will appear later, the searchers hadn't heard the last of it yet.

Careless Pilot Lands in Sea

An hour or so after sunrise, one of the Coral Sea's planes demonstrated that there are other ways in which careless aviators can wind up in the water besides getting lost. One intrepid birdman, returning from an early search mission, came up the groove to land with his gas suction on a nearly empty belly tank, instead of on his amply filled main tank. He got a "roger" from the landing signal officer all the way up the groove, but seconds before he was due to get the "cut," his belly tank ran dry. He barely had room to dodge the stern and splash into the sea, where he was fished out of the wreck by a helicopter.

About an hour after this incident the following bombshell burst:

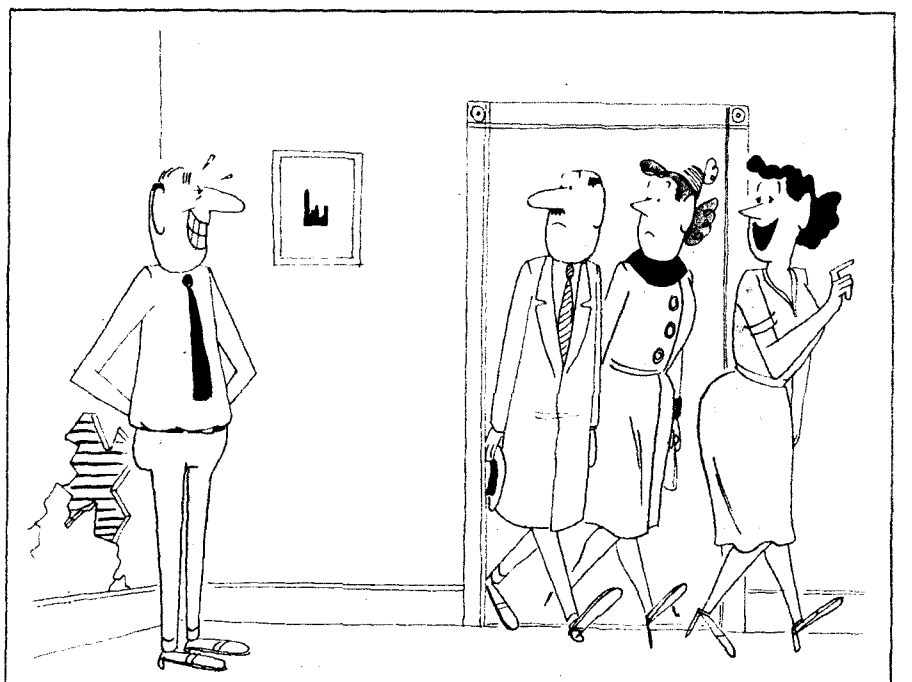
FROM: ORISKANY
TO: COMMANDER CARRIER DIVISION SIX
0832

FOLLOWING RECEIVED FROM MALTA X TWO SURVIVORS ON RAFT X AM CIRCLING AND WILL PICK UP X UNQUOTE HAVE REQUESTED POSITION X

If words mean what the dictionary says they mean, this message should have ended the search operations. There would seem no sense in wasting fuel oil and gasoline on further operations when an airplane was actually circling the missing pilots. But there was something about this message that didn't quite ring true. Commander Carrier Division Six got it thirdhand through Malta and Oriskany, no location was given, the plane alleged to be in contact was not identified.

Commander Carrier Division Six decided to let the operation continue for a while until confirmation of the good news came through. He also made mental note of the fact that this sighting was in the western area somewhere near the first assumed ditching position and so his operations with the Coral Sea and seven destroyers scouring around 200 miles farther east looked rather silly at the moment.

Commander Carrier Division Six passed the good news on to Commander Sixth Fleet and paced the deck awaiting developments. For the next hour a dead silence set in on the radio waves. Finally the Oriskany opened up again:



"That's my husband over there. . . . Now, I suppose you'd like to see the bedrooms"

COLLIER'S — DICK CAVALLI

TO: COMMANDER CARRIER DIVISION SIX
0930

MALTA REPORTS POSITION OF PLANE OVER SURVIVORS UNKNOWN X HAVE LAUNCHED RADAR SEARCH PLANES TO CONTACT RESCUE PLANE X

That sounded both bad and good. The radar planes should soon sniff out the circling plane and locate the downed pilots.

But another half hour of thunderous silence followed; then:

FROM: COMMANDER CARRIER DIVISION SIX
TO: ORISKANY
1000

SEND DESTROYERS TO PICK UP SURVIVORS AS SOON AS POSITION IS KNOWN X

Inaction Is Hard to Endure

This of course looks like a stupid message telling Oriskany to do the obvious. But you can't just sit back and do nothing for an hour and a half while ships and planes continue on what appears to be a wild-goose chase to the east. You have to assume your people on the spot are using their heads and doing what should be done, but you can't hold your breath forever.

Finally, after two hours of uncertainty, Commander Carrier Division Six could control his impatience no longer.

FROM: COMMANDER CARRIER DIVISION SIX
TO: MALTA
1030

WHAT IS LATEST INFORMATION FROM PLANE PREVIOUSLY REPORTED CIRCLING SURVIVORS X WHAT IS ESTIMATED POSITION X

Malta replied shortly as follows:

FOLLOWING RECEIVED FROM WHEELUS FIELD X C54 NUMBER 5580 MADE INITIAL SIGHTING X AIRCRAFT 4503 WAS SENT TO TAKE OVER FROM C54 AND CRUISER ALSO DISPATCHED X C54 NUMBER 5580 LANDED AT ATHENS X 0307 MALTA HAS NO FURTHER KNOWLEDGE REQUEST YOUR INSTRUCTIONS X

This just muddled things even further. Commander Carrier Division Six filled the air with peremptory messages to everybody and his brother who had a radio station on the shores of the Mediterranean, asking what they knew about the identity and location of the plane that sent the survivor message.

For the rest of the morning, vague, indefinite and evasive replies came in from all corners of the Mediterranean. The two most significant were:

FROM: MALTA
TO: ORISKANY
1130

REPLYING TO COMCARDIV-6 QUERY WHEELUS STATES PLANE SIGHTED DINGHY WITH TWO OCCUPANTS BUT CANNOT GIVE POSITION X

FROM: MALTA
TO: COMMANDER CARRIER DIVISION SIX
1230

BELIEVE MY 11:30 TO ORISKANY REFERS ONLY TO ESSO FAWLEY INCIDENT AND THAT AIRCRAFT 4503 WAS OURS AND CRUISER WAS DESTROYER FITCH X THEREFORE WHEELUS REPORT OF CIRCLING TO PICK UP TWO SURVIVORS ON RAFT AS RELAYED BY ME IS NOT RELATED TO ANY OTHER CONTACTS AND REMAINS THE ONLY TANGIBLE EVIDENCE WORTHY OF DEVELOPMENT ALTHOUGH EFFORTS TO PIN DOWN WHEELUS NEGATIVE X

In this last message Malta said they still thought somebody somewhere sighted two survivors at 0832. But Commander Carrier Division Six is beginning to doubt it.

Comes now another incident, not to be confused with the two survivors on the raft:

FROM: MALTA
TO: COMMANDER CARRIER DIVISION SIX
1245

FOLLOWING OVERHEARD FROM SUEZ ADDRESSED TO ATHENS AT 1107 BY PLANE 60 MILES WEST OF CRETE QUOTE SIGHTED RECTANGULAR LIFE RAFT, YELLOW COLOR, NO SURVIVORS UNQUOTE REQUEST INSTRUCTIONS X

Oriskany was directed to pick up this alleged raft and check serial numbers, if any. At the same time Commander Carrier Division Six decided to kill the survivor rumor if possible.

FROM: COMMANDER CARRIER DIVISION SIX
TO: ALL SEARCH AGENCIES
1330

NO SURVIVORS HAVE YET BEEN SIGHTED X CONTINUE SEARCH AS PREVIOUSLY PLANNED

Finally the mystery was cleared up:

FROM: WHEELUS
TO: COMMANDER CARRIER DIVISION SIX
1345

LIFE RAFT WAS SIGHTED AT 2:30 A.M. X PLANE CIRCLED TILL RAFT PICKED UP BY MERCHANT VESSEL X NO SURVIVORS X

It is now clear that the whole mix-up stemmed from the Esso Fawley incident. A pilot from Wheelus, flying in the blackness, thought he saw something on the surface and dropped a float light to mark the spot.

A light floating in the swells appears to blink because it disappears periodically behind the swells.

An observer in the air with a good imagination can easily read SOS into this blinking. So he keeps dropping more float lights to mark the spot and calls the nearest merchant ship to the scene.

On arrival, the Esso Fawley lowered a two-man lifeboat which naturally found the ocean littered with burned-out aircraft float lights. While this boat was picking up the debris, our industrious friend in the air popped off a parachute flare which was seen by every ship for miles around and

"We have a terrible problem around here. There's a gang of wild kids that roam the neighborhood after eleven o'clock, smashing car windshields, letting air out of tires . . ."

COLLIER'S — IRWIN CAPLAN

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variously reported as a parachute flare, a Very-pistol star, a skyrocket and a weak flashing light on the horizon.

By the light of this same flare our intrepid birdmen saw the Esso Fawley's lifeboat with two merchant seamen pulling the oars. So the report flashed from one end of the Mediterranean to the other: "AM CIRCLING LIFE RAFT WITH TWO SURVIVORS."

All this shows how an idle rumor, if it once gets started, can snowball on a naval radio circuit just as fast as a rumor in a small town—and get just as distorted. One careless transmission, overheard and relayed a couple of times, can soon have everyone on the circuit believing it to be gospel truth.

Fortunately, the search had gone on uninterrupted by the false report. Deck crews and mechanics worked feverishly, servicing airplanes, respotting carrier decks, and doing hurry-up up-air jobs on planes which ordinarily would have gone into the hangar deck for a leisurely overhaul. Pilots droned back and forth over the sea on search plans which gave them corridors only a mile wide to scan. They wore their eyes out eagerly searching every wave and ripple time and time again. To insure thoroughness, the search area crept, rather than swept, to the east as the afternoon wore on.

Two Men on Navy Life Rafts

The scene of our story now shifts to a location which for the time being can only be identified as somewhere in the Mediterranean. Two Navy one-man life rafts are lashed together, drifting lazily in a northerly breeze under the blazing afternoon sun.

The commander of this naval task group, whose flagship is the port raft, is a lieutenant (junior grade) whom we will call Joe. The commanding officer of the starboard raft, until 24 hours ago Joe's wing man, is an ensign, hereafter referred to as Bill.

"Say, Joe," said Bill. "They've got Kon-Tiki in the library on the ship. I'm going to draw it out and read it when we get back."

"Bill, I'm just as sorry as I can be about this," said Joe. "It was all my fault."

"Aw, for gosh sakes, forget it, will you?" replied Bill.

"I never thought I could be so stupid," mused Joe. "We flew almost a solid hour on course 115° at 400 knots. I don't know why I didn't start an expanding square after 15 minutes like the book says to do. We must be way the hell and gone southeast of Crete."

"Yeah," said Bill. "We went over all that about a dozen times before. Remember? One thing they keep pounding into us all the time is that you've got to believe your instruments, and our direction finders said 115° and the signal was getting stronger. You did what they're always telling us to do."

"I know that," said Joe. "But I got hypnotized by just one instrument. We also had a clock, an air-speed meter and a compass. If I had paid some attention to them, we wouldn't be here now."

There followed a long pause during which Ensign Bill busied himself tightening the moorings of the parachute sea anchor, inspecting the lashings of the two rafts, squaring up the mast of the kitchen screen radar reflector. "All secure and shipshape in raft number two, sir," said Bill.

He continued: "So they don't find us for a week. This little solar still we've got is putting out more fresh water than we need. You can live for a month without food. They *will* find us eventually, you can bank on that. Now if we were Russians, it would be different. Uncle Joe would write us off 10 minutes after we were overdue and forget us. But this funny Navy of ours will keep on searching for at least a week after they are convinced that we crashed and went down with the planes. That's one of the reasons why they can get guys like us to fly off of carriers."

"I wonder what they'll do to us for losing a million dollars' worth of airplanes," mused Joe.

"Let's cross that bridge when we come to it," replied Bill.

"You know," Joe said, "I like this little mirror. It doesn't ever wear out. Now you take those eight smoke candles and the dye markers we've got, and after you use 'em, they're finished—we can't draw any more on this cruise. But as long as old Sol is shining up there, this little mirror will make flashes that can be seen a long way."

"You're absolutely right. Commander," said Bill facetiously. "Speaking of the sun reminds me, *we're* not the first aviators to wind up in the water around Crete."

"I guess not," said Joe. "Didn't old Belly Tank Bates off the Midway (Lieutenant Commander George B. Bates, of Philadelphia) go in around here somewhere last cruise?"

Bill suddenly shouted: "HEY . . . Don't look now, but I *think* I see a Banshee coming this way . . . I KNOW I see one—GIMME THAT MIRROR!"

Search Planning Interrupted

As Bill almost goes overboard grabbing for the mirror, we now shift back to Flag Plot on the Coral Sea. For two hours, after the uproar over the two-survivors message subsided, Flag Plot was relatively quiet. At 1514, the staff officers were huddled around the chart table laying out tomorrow's search farther to the eastward when the squawkbox from Combat Information Center blared forth:

Combat to flag—Banshee No. 7 reports flashing light in sight on water

A dozen heads jammed around the squawkbox immediately. Then in quick succession:

1515

Combat to flag—Banshee No. 7 reports dye marker and smoke in sight . . .

1516

Combat to flag—Banshee No. 7 circling two rafts lashed together, wing tip tanks in vicinity, both survivors in good shape

From then on, the operation became a breeze as the rafts were only 84 miles from the Coral Sea. They were 350 miles east of the 1230 rendezvous for the previous day—just barely inside the search area laid out for the second day. Propeller planes relieved the jets to act as beacons over the raft and a destroyer took off at full speed for the spot, while Coral Sea recalled and landed the rest of her air group. Lieutenant (jg) G. R. Lewis, of Whittier, California, the jet pilot who sighted the rafts, had his hand shaken so much it was sore for a week.

Just before sunset, the destroyer Stribling picked up the two lost sheep and transferred them later by high line to the Coral Sea. Two destroyers remained at the spot for an hour or so picking up debris and tidying up the ocean before proceeding to Suda Bay.

As soon as the glad tidings were relayed to Commander Sixth Fleet, he followed the time-honored naval tradition for situations of this kind, by coming through with "a pat on the back and a kick in the pants":

FROM: COMMANDER SIXTH FLEET
TO: COMMANDER CARRIER DIVISION SIX

CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU AND YOUR STAFF ON THE PROMPTNESS OF INITIATING SEARCH OPERATIONS, THE VIGOR WITH WHICH CONDUCTED AND THE SOUND ASSUMPTIONS ON WHICH BASED X SUCCESS WAS WELL MERITED X

REQUEST FULL INVESTIGATION AND REPORT OF THE UNDERLYING CAUSES AND CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE DITCHING WHICH NECESSITATED THIS EXTENSIVE OPERATION NOT TO MENTION LOSS OF VALUABLE AIRCRAFT X

Before the downed pilots had been aboard five minutes, it was verified that they had indeed been on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. So Commander Carrier Division Six replied:

FROM: COMMANDER CARRIER DIVISION SIX
TO: COMMANDER SIXTH FLEET

APPRECIATE VERY MUCH YOUR MESSAGE X DOWNED PILOTS MADE IT DIFFICULT FOR US BY VIOLATING THE OLD NAVY RULE, WHEN IN DANGER OR IN DOUBT RUN IN CIRCLES SCREAM AND SHOUT X THEY FLEW IN A STRAIGHT LINE AND DIDN'T SAY MUCH X

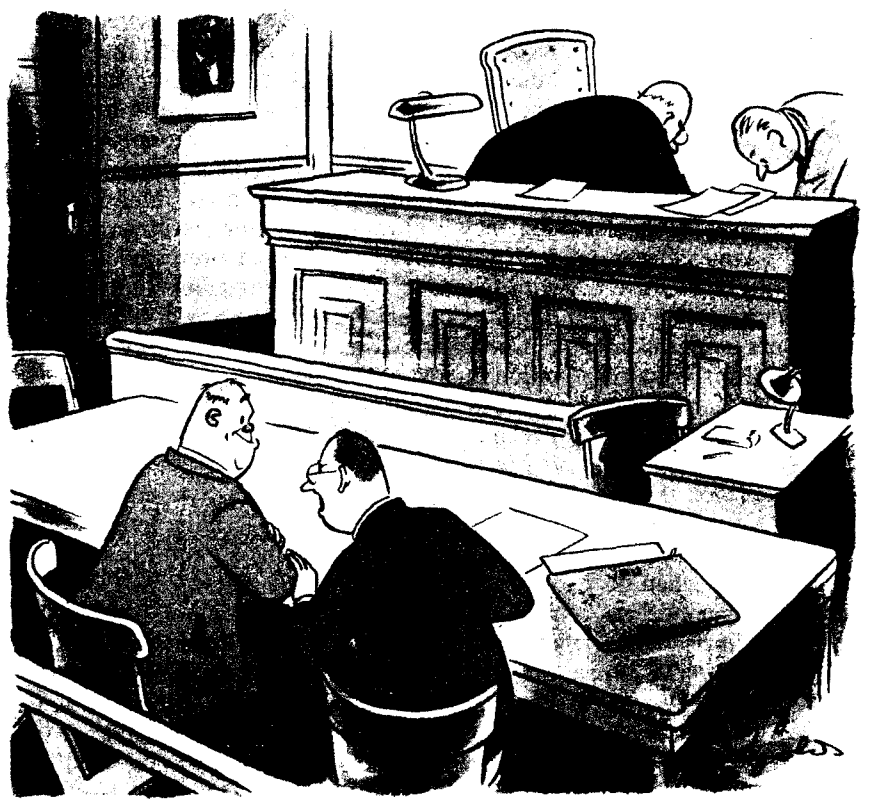
Admiral Robert B. Carney, in Naples, Commander in Chief, North East Atlantic and Mediterranean, wrote finis to the story with:

FROM: CINCNELM
TO: COMMANDER SIXTH FLEET

THAT WAS A GRAND RESCUE JOB X WELL DONE X

THE END

BUTCH



COLLIER'S

"Our case is as good as lost, you know, if he does find out where his gavel is"

LARRY REYNOLDS

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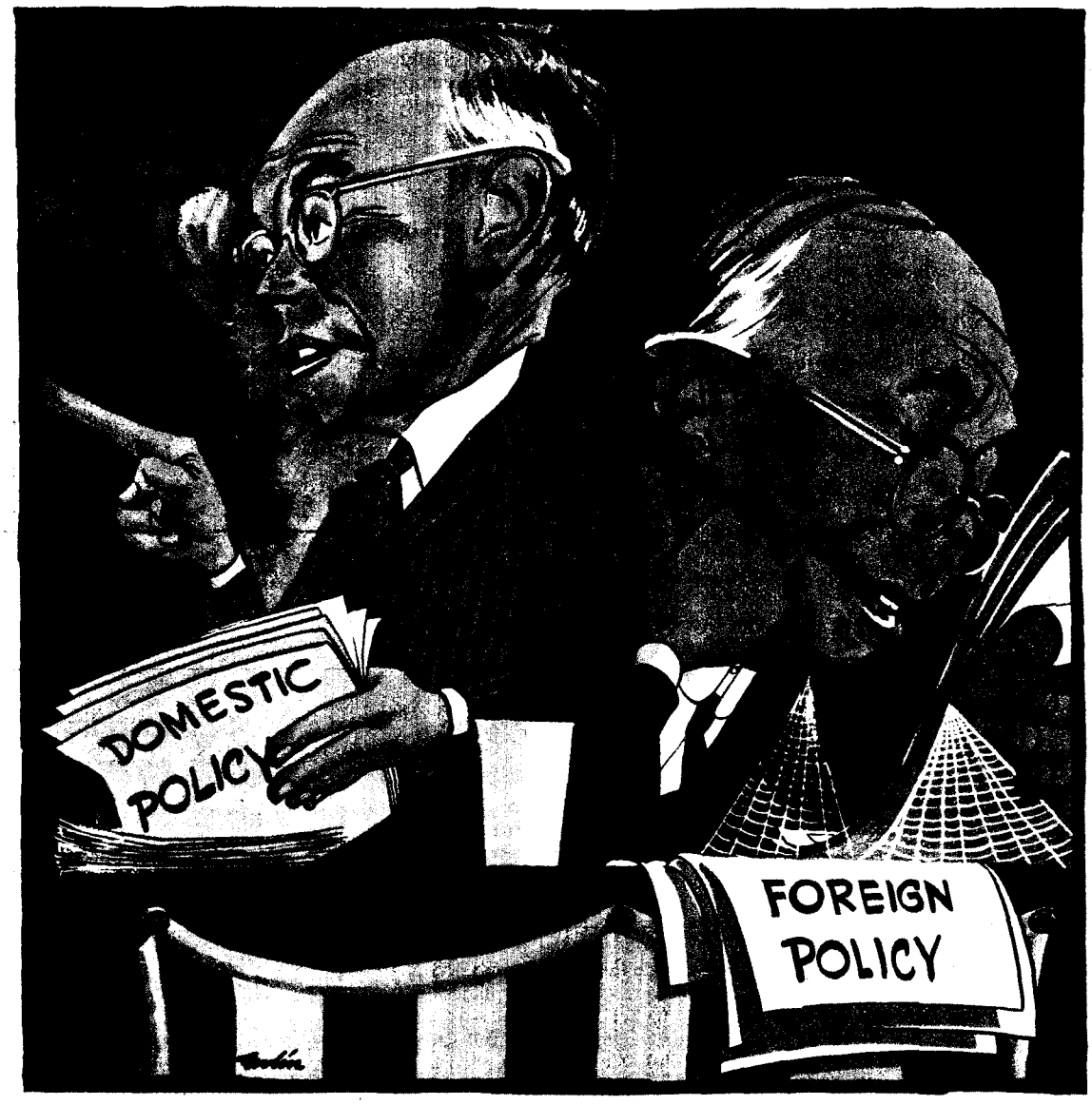

HARRY DEVLIN

But, Senator, They Don't Fit

SINCE SENATOR ROBERT A. TAFT aspires to be President, we hope that his recent book, A Foreign Policy for Americans, will sell well. For we hope that there are a lot of people who take their politics seriously enough to have some curiosity about the probable conduct of our foreign relations if the voters should put Mr. Taft in the White House.

Readers of Mr. Taft's book will get a pretty good picture of the author, as well as his views on foreign policy. The senator reveals himself as a cautious man, a deeply serious student, a distinct individualist, and one whose primary concern is with the letter of the law—including law which doesn't exist but which he thinks ought to be written.

There is much sound wisdom in what Mr. Taft has to say, including a good deal that his foes as well as his friends could readily agree with. The foes will naturally not be pleased with the detailed indictment of what the senator considers the mistakes of Roosevelt and Truman policy, from Tehran on. But the indictment strikes us as logical and convincing, even though Mr. Taft does a lot of second guessing—and second guessers, of course, are never wrong.

But all is not wisdom and logic. There are contradictions which leave the reader wondering just what Senator Taft believes, if indeed he knows himself. For instance, in the foreword he states that "today Stalin has atomic bombs and long-range bombers capable of delivering them on the United States." Later he writes, "I somewhat doubt whether the Russians really can deliver an atomic bomb."

Though the author feels that "the United Nations has shown that it is wholly ineffective under its present charter," he says that while he approved of the warning given Russia by ratification of the Atlantic Pact, "I voted against it because it was contrary to the whole theory of the United Nations Charter"—the same charter, of course, that he considers wholly ineffective.

Mr. Taft includes the punishment of aggression in Korea among those wars undertaken "for justifiable purposes," yet he also speaks of "the brazen disregard of law in the Korean enterprise." At another point he declares that "it seemed to me wise to notify Russia (through the Atlantic Pact) that if they undertook such a war they would find themselves at war with the United States." But one starts looking for the senator's firm support of that warning when he says elsewhere, "I doubt that, on principle, we should enter into any definite commitments in advance in time of peace, or undertake the job (of committing land troops) at all, unless we are sure it is well within our capacity and almost certain of success."

But we should not dwell too much on the discrepancies, for they are greatly outweighed by the senator's unequivocal statements. So, taking his book as a guide, we might expect the following developments in foreign policy if Senator Taft is elected President:

More White House consultation with Congress in the conduct of international relations. Mr. Taft feels that Mr. Truman has exceeded his authority on several occasions, and that "if the present trend continues, it seems to me obvious that the President will become a complete dictator in the entire field of foreign policy . . ."

A move to form a new organization of the Atlantic Pact nations "based on law and justice without veto," which would settle all disputes among the members on a legal basis. Mr. Taft thinks this might become the real power within the UN, although it seems to us that it would do nothing further to deter possible Russian aggression.

An emphasis on a bigger air force, with an inclination to play down the importance of a big army in event of war.

A probable curtailment in the amount of foreign aid, consistent with Mr. Taft's concern about "the economic limitation in time of peace on government expenditures and a military program."

A continued anti-Communist program on a world scale, with more emphasis on the East, less on the West, a more positive propaganda program, infiltration of Iron Curtain countries, and a stepped-up search for Communists and Communist sympathizers in government.

The march of events has carried Senator Taft far from where he stood in 1940, when he opposed selective service and Lend-Lease and when, as he says in his book, he did not feel that "a Hitler victory would make Germany a serious threat to the liberty of the United States." It has even carried him a good way since he voted against a loan to Britain in 1946, voted to cut European aid bills in 1947 and 1948, voted against the North Atlantic Treaty in 1949 and, in the same year, opposed a foreign military assistance bill which included funds for the defense of Korea, among other things.

But we have the feeling, both from reading Mr. Taft's book and examining his legislative record, that he has moved hesitantly and reluctantly. The book's jacket carries the statement that "the senator from Ohio substitutes sane analysis for expediency," and certainly nobody can accuse Mr. Taft of expediency, or even great mental flexibility. Yet we do not think that expediency is always or even primarily wrong. In fact, we believe that it is a pretty good tactic with which to oppose the devious and slippery diplomatic maneuvers of the Soviet Union.

Collier's respects Senator Taft and has admired many of his acts of statesmanship. It broke an editorial precedent two years ago to declare its support of him in his campaign for re-election to the Senate. But, after reading A Foreign Policy for Americans, we are not convinced that he has the awareness, imagination, optimism, open-mindedness and personality which will be required of a new President. We recognize that, more often than not, a successful candidate makes a better President than his campaign would indicate, since, as an office seeker, he must try to be all things to all voters. Still, on the evidence at hand, we would not say that Mr. Taft is the best man to lead the people of the United States and inspire the peoples of the free world in overcoming the stupendous difficulties which we all know lie before us.

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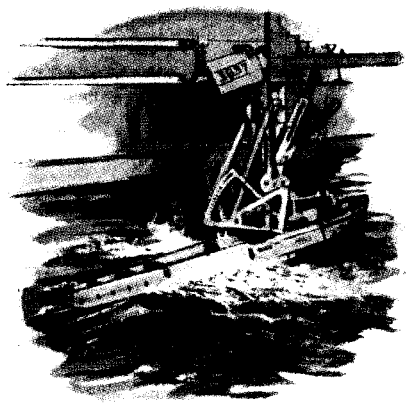

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